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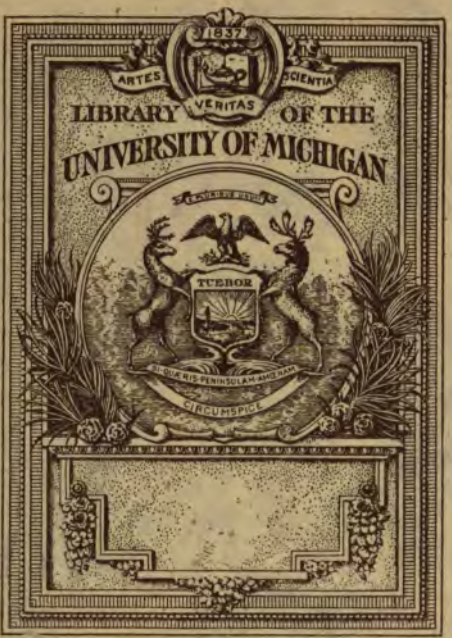
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Susanna Blamire

THE

WORTHIES

OF

CUMBERLAND.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,
SUSANNA BLAMIRE,
THOMAS TICKELL,
JANE CHRISTIAN BLAMIRE,
THE LOSHES OF WOODSIDE,
DR THOMAS ADDISON,
HUGH LEE PATTINSON.

BY

HENRY LONSDALE, M.D.

ο. ε. μ.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.
1873.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

To

My Daughters,

NORA, HARRIETT,

and

FLORENCE.

391062

PREFACE.

MANY worthy Cumbrians have invoked the Muse, and earned more than local fame—men and women to whose meritorious endeavours I should gladly offer a tribute of regard. In selecting for the present issue the names of William Wordsworth, Susanna Blamire, and Thomas Tickell, I have kept in view the refined lyrics and more historic of our poetic representatives. As Wordsworth's fame has been the theme of countless writers, and his *life* is to be found in his *works*, a brief sketch of his character and history may content my readers. For reasons assigned in the text, Miss Susanna Blamire is treated at greater length. Interwoven with her biography will be found the best of her songs and ballads—indeed the cream of her poesy, and fresh matter of interest. The examples drawn from Tickell's works are confined to his "Ode on the Death of Addison," and his ballad of "Colin and Lucy."

Miss Jane Christian Blamire, so long and estimably known as the Lady of Thackwood, offers a study of one of the best types of feminine worth to be

met with among the landed gentry of Cumberland. Her intimate friend, Miss Sara Losh of Woodside, ranked with the higher intellectual class, and displayed a marvellous aptitude for art and architectural design, as well as various branches of science; her knowledge of ancient and modern languages was no less noted and special.

Dr Thomas Addison was one of the most distinguished physicians of the century. In describing his career I have felt myself checked by the fear of obtruding the scientific relations of his life upon the general reader—a circumstance that may hold my brevity excusable among my medical brethren.

In the lives of the Brothers Losh and Mr H. L. Pattinson may be traced the development of practical genius, and its happy influence in promoting our industrial resources, thereby adding largely to our national enterprise and wealth.

Rose Hill, Carlisle,
September 3, 1873.

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ERRATA.

Page 242, lines 5 and 6 from bottom, *for* Burdoswald, *read* Birdoswald ; and *for* Amboglana, *read* Amboglanna.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BORN A.D. 1770. DIED A.D. 1850.

"Thy art be Nature."

HAIL, the poet of Nature! and chief son of verse born to Cumberland—he who loved Nature in all her largeness of view *ad infinitum*, and portrayed her in all her littleness *ad infinitesimum*. Agreeing with Pliny's observation—"*Rerum Natura tota est nunquam magis quam in minimis*"—to him the mountains

> "Breathed immortality, revolving life,
> And greatness still revolving; infinite:
> There littleness was not; the least of things
> Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped
> Her prospects, nor did he believe—he *saw*."

A musing, meditative, metaphysical man, living too much in a world of his own, amid the byways of pastoral life; a recluse in thought and manner, with step and stoop slightly bent earthwards, yet

> —— "endowed with highest gifts,
> The vision and the faculty divine,"

that aye soared heavenwards, prompted by a strong

belief in his own mission to enlighten mankind. Whilst possessing an aptitude for the deeper meanings of our psychological nature, and the setting forth of a lofty ideal in poesy, his writings, whether prose or verse, displayed strong sympathy with the virtues to be found in every grade of English life. Humanity in its humblest walks claimed his special regard; nor was he unmindful of the interest attached to the lower forms of organic life, shadowing forth in their progressive development the higher types in the great creative scheme. Listen to his proclamation and argument in the following passage:—

> "My voice proclaims
> How exquisitely the individual mind
> (And the progressive powers, perhaps, no less
> Of the whole species) to the external world
> Is fitted; and how exquisitely too—
> Theme this but little heard of among men—
> The external world is fitted to the mind;
> And the Creation (by no lower name
> Can it be called) which they with blended might
> Accomplish—this is our high argument."

Though apparently a lone enthusiast, roaming among unpeopled glens and mountainous retirements, he was neither monk nor hermit, but vulgarly looked upon by rustic neighbours as rather polygamic, in having two feminine props to his roof-tree —one a devoted sister, the companion of his wanderings, his amanuensis, critic, and *alter ego;* the other his loving wife, in every way meet for domestic and connubial duties; both blessed women in their way, and, if double stars in their affinity for *him,* they revolved in different orbits and reflected very different light.

Daily surveying the patch of territory around his dwelling, he found pabulum for his verse in the primrosed bank, the mossed stone, the lichened bough, and daisied forms decking the green lawn. All Nature was alike a fertile theme for his pantheistic muse. He sought the shady nook of hazels, the privacy of groves, and the dells without a name; he watched the pluvious collections of the hills fall over precipitous heights, and in the dropping spray enjoyed a mental polarisation more akin to his natural feeling than a study of the optical phenomena or the science fashioned by the learned author of the "Principia."

A mounded mossy turf, under oaken boughs and foliage, well befitted this high priest of nature in the temple of his worship; there he could indulge his poetic proclivities amid the hum of bees and song of birds, and from time to time be awakened by the lark, or lulled again by falling waters. Outside his own little paradise of arboreal growth, mobile nature, and units of delight, were the translucent lakes, which, in their sunny favours, reflected endless atmospheric groupings—the grey homestead and orchard tufts nestling under the massive foliage of the sycamore, the dark pines on the ascending steeps, the golden lights and purple shadows on the mountains, now capped with clouds, now crowned in beautiful azure, the loveliest of all Nature's transparencies, the glorious medium linking earth to heaven.

Overflowing in his admiration of the excellence of the creative scheme in which man plays the superior part, and, if a very insignificant one in the universe, assuredly the highest on the organic throne on earth,

our poet, with Nature "still uppermost at his heart," gathered

> ——— "her hues,
> Her forms; and with the spirit of her forms
> He clothed the nakedness of austère truth"

in endless webs of verse. Some of the woven textures were weak and fragile, and not for the world's wear; others offered a firmer thread and warmer tone; and not a few shone in durability and brilliancy like the tapestry of old, wont to be treasured as ancestral heirlooms in baronial halls.

Large imaginative power, a thorough sincerity of belief, and the hope that exalteth, were the spiritual fosterings of his muse; yet its workings, it is to be regretted, were apt to simulate a professional and everyday cast rather than the rarer outcome of a grand inspiration. That the spirit of Song hovered over Rydal Mount, and educed some of the happiest illuminations of Nature's page, must be at once conceded; but its halo did not fire the hearts of men, like the genius of Burns and the patriotic fervour of Byron, whilst it fell short of the lofty æsthetic of Goethe, or the philosophic ideal of Shelley, and did not prove that deeper insight into the soul of humanity that gave such fame and dying immortality to those masters of a grander age—Shakespeare and Milton.

The poet had a long and fitful part to perform on the world's stage, and suffered no small rebuffs in his time. His duodecimos were for years unsold, nay, his copyright valued at *nil;* and, worse than these, he was ridiculed by reviewers, and sarcastically dealt with, if not discomfited beyond resuscitation. Nevertheless, he had faith in the coinage of his issue prov-

ing a circulating medium with the English public. Being singularly calm and contemplative, and religious in thought, and possessing the art of perseverance, the best of all aids to success, he struggled against the Fates, overcame them, and realised the goal of his life's hopes—the laurel wreath of victory.

> " Becalmed in her divinest height
> Lives Nature's ever-musing sage ;"

and in his musings he recognised the intellectual principle governing the world, and the need of his own application to gain a footing amid the onward march of ideas that characterised the era in which he lived. The display of his own powers, long and arduously cultivated, at length earned for him the proud distinction of the " English Philosophical Poet." He interpreted by his own method the psychological semblances, and the theological and political speculations pervading society ; and, by a faithful adhesion to his own programme, gained converts to his theories amid the disciples of poesy in a manner that proved the potency of his influence on the development and culture of English literature. After throwing off the Republican fever, and becoming an official of a Tory Government, a thorough conservatism guided his pen, and that pen should have been more serviceable to the cause he espoused had its pencillings been less prosaic and shady, and his style of writing less didactive and diffusive. The mood of the preacher, or the disquisitive manner of the metaphysician, seemed more consonant with his naturally pensive disposition than his tentative efforts towards a political indoctrination of the public mind of England—loving as

England does, in her exigencies, Saxon homeliness of speech and clear expression, and, above all, the breath of song that sways the emotional instincts and gives warmth to the patriotic heart. Yet he was in nowise wanting in *life* and real strength; for what can be grander in intonation of song and cymbal than the following?—

> "The pipe of Pan, to shepherds
> Couched in the shadow of Mænalian pines,
> Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the leopards,
> That in high triumph drew the Lord of vines,
> How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang!
> While Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground
> In cadence, and Silenus swang
> This way and that, with wildflowers crowned."

Though conversant with the classics, history, and general lore, and trained academically in

> "The sacred nurseries of blooming youth,
> In whose collegiate shelter England's flowers
> Expand, enjoying through their vernal hours
> The air of LIBERTY, the light of TRUTH,"—

and continually musing

> "On man, on nature, and on human life,"—

he showed comparatively small regard for the natural sciences, those happy adjuncts to the enjoyment of the country, and the fuller appreciation not less of the life that is past, embedded in the crust of the earth, than of the innumerable organisms distributed on its surface, ever in action, and matchless in form, variety, and beauty. How much of the puerile that bordered upon inanity might have been spared admiring readers, had the poet's mind been tutored beyond the ocular initiative of Nature's domain, and

been less disposed to the egotistical line of thought recurring so incongruously in his conversation, and made patent to the world in his prefaces and dedicatory epistles!

He read Rousseau, and imbibed a share of his socialism and sentimentality, but made no advance to a knowledge of Jean Jacques' researches in phytology, upon which scientific botany rests its higher reasoning. Nor, as a German scholar admiring Goethe, does he seem to have recognised the doctrine of animal morphology, propounded by his philosophic friend as early as 1791. Had he comprehended these instructive, nay, strikingly imposing, generalisations —and they had large affinity to his idealistic soarings —he would have garnered many fruitful images from Nature's *arcana* that would have lent character and colouring to his nobler efforts.

In giving utterance, in much too numerous verse, to his

> —— "emotions, whencesoe'er they come,
> Whether from breath of outward circumstance,
> Or from the soul—an impulse to herself,"—

he gave but little heed to the past and the present of history and science, and so overlooked much that would have enlivened his pages and given substance and strength to his philosophic aspirations. What fine subjects for an illustrative pencil were to be found in historical characters; in tracing the growth of the inductive philosophy in England; in the Cuvierian explorations of the pre-historic world; in geographical discovery; in the rise of chemistry and the industrial arts; and other paths betokening the progress of the times and the rapid march of ideas

tending to a higher grade of human knowledge and human excellence! These noble achievements, collaterally touched upon, offered subjects for poetic treatment on the part of one professing, nay, boasting of, a lofty calling and large sympathies with the aims and purposes of the national life. He sets forth his claim in his address to Haydon the painter—

> "High is our calling, friend!—Creative Art
> (Whether the instrument of words she use,
> Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues)
> Demands the service of a mind and heart,
> Though sensitive, yet in their weakest part
> Heroically esteemed—to infuse
> Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse;"

and in numerous departments of his "creative art" showed himself worthy of his own definition.

He who proclaimed to brother poet, "Thy art be Nature," showed some affinity to the early Britannic bard described by Cæsar—Celtic in race and habitat, and no less Celtic in their tones and imagery, that fitfully breathed the low and melancholic strain, or soared in unison with the grand, the superstitious, and the mystical. His long cultivation of the muse would have emulated high place among the Druids, who exacted a life's discipline from their novitiates to the order of bards. But it may be asked—

> "Where is the Orphean lyre or Druid harp
> To accompany the verse?"

Both the Druid and the modern Poet-Laureate found the sources of their inspiration in the same fascinating, picturesque, and awe-inspiring scenery of the Lake District. And reasonably enough of the ancient bard; for what could exercise a more weird

influence on the souls of nomadic tribes than the interminable forests and lonely dells, the rugged crags on which eagles nestled, and yet higher alpine ranges upon which floated the Protean-formed and blackening clouds, occasionally overcharged with electricity, striking the hills in loud reverberation, or emitting vivid light, evanescent and subtle, yet ever grand and sublime? The modern poet, looking daily upon the same imagery of Nature in bold, broad, and beauteous expanse, built his imagery of words—

> "The mountain blast
> Shall be our *hand* of music; he shall sweep
> The rocks, and quivering trees, and billowy lake."

From our poet's powerful and original nature flowed abundant and excellent thought, which he "courteously employed"—

> "In framing models to improve the scheme
> Of man's existence."

In intellectual vigour he proved himself equal to the best of his school excepting Coleridge, who was a giant in the realms of thought; and notwithstanding some defects and shortcomings, not least visible in his anatomy of human passion and perception, that rendered his mark on the age less influential than was anticipated; he was a true poet and a man of genius, worthy of Goethe's estimate—and no higher need be educed in his favour—couched in the following grand lines:—

> "Wherewith bestirs he human spirits?
> Wherewith makes he the elements obey?
> Is't not the stream of song that out his bosom springs,
> And to his heart the world back coiling brings?"

This imperfect survey, pertaining in nowise to an

historical or critical exposition of the poet's works, should be viewed as pencillings by the way of an inexperienced artist, who would rather offer his own sketch in all its crudeness than go over the lines of the countless many who have exercised their powers on the same picture. Simple outlines, where brevity of description is essential, will serve my purpose, provided they can be rendered suggestive of the pleasure to accrue to my Cumberland friends from a perusal and study of the writings of their renowned countyman.*

Many able writers and learned critics, with whom my feeble efforts can in no way vie, have discussed Wordsworth's merits as an English poet, and to their opinions those who wish for more ample details of his life, and a larger criticism of his works, are referred. The most reliable authority is the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., and now Bishop of Lincoln, who has done every justice to his uncle's memory in two octavo volumes, entitled, "Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet-Laureate," &c. (Moxon, 1851). But Wordsworth himself was of opinion that a poet's *life* is written in his *works;* and his own instance specially supported this dictum. There were no great tide-marks in his long career. After his ardent love for Republicanism had been replaced by a more healthful patriotism, his life was quite uneventful, nay,

* A London publisher, on his commercial rounds, visited Cockermouth, naturally supposing he would sell copies of Wordsworth's works. What was his surprise, on inquiring of three booksellers, that there was no market for any edition of Wordsworth, and that not a single copy of the smallest of his works was to be had in the place of his birth! How significantly are their prophets esteemed by the men of Cumberland!

serene and placid in an eminent degree. He lived for the art of poesy, and that art was entire mistress of his thoughts, ever centred upon Nature, recognising from time to time the tiniest and tenderest forms of life, or the ministration and dispositions of men, or dwelling with a seer's eye on the everlasting hills and the great heavenward of the universe. Probably his *forte* lay in investing the minutest details of Nature with an atmosphere of sentiment peculiarly his own. It was this mental feature that may have led him to admire with enthusiasm the landscape compositions, and faithful transcripts of Nature, evidenced in the works of the "Old Masters."

But to return to his history. The name of Wordsworth, as written by the family for some centuries, if originating from the good old Saxon *worth*, applied as an epithet to *Words*, and not territorial holdings, is a happy patronymic; and he who earned it surely enjoyed the confidence of the parochial mind, or the good opinion of his feudal lord, from which sources names oft emanated. The Wordsworths were North-countrymen, located at Peniston, near Doncaster, in Yorkshire; and whether Norman or Scandinavian in origin, they seem to have borne themselves well in middle-class English life. Attached to the soil with the tenacity attributed to the "yeomen bold," and mindful of the healthful traditions of the family, they made the most of their respective callings by holding a steadfast course of well-doing in the world. A branch of the family having crossed the Pennine chain of northern England, and settled down in the Vale of Eden, got engrafted with some good Cumberland stock, that led to a happy genesis

and advance of the family status—a grafting from which arose a new historic stem,* enriching English history and literature by its foliage, its flowers, and its fruits. The William Wordsworth who gave such exaltation to his birthright and honour to his name was born, bred, and happily nurtured amid the beautiful scenery of Cumberland. He ranks as chief among those favoured by the muse of his native county—a county that produced Tickell whom Addison loved, that inspired the loving song of Susanna Blamire, and brought forth the full ballad power of Robert Anderson, Mark Lonsdale, and others of varied fame and homely verse.

In the first instance of its kind that has fallen in my way in discussing the "Worthies of Cumberland," I can appeal in part to the autobiography of my hero for the great facts in his history. Wordsworth wrote:

"I was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on 7th April 1770, the second son of John Wordsworth, attorney-at-law, as lawyers of this class were then called, and law-agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale. My mother was Anne, only daughter of William Cookson, mercer, of Penrith, and of Dorothy, born Crackanthorp, of the ancient family of

* The poet was not the only one of his family born to literary distinction and high merit. His youngest brother (born 1744, died 1846), the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., was a man of rare ability, and the author of valuable works, *e.g.*, "Ecclesiastical Biography." He rose to the high position of Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, an office he held from 1820 till he resigned in 1841. Of the sons born to the Master of Trinity, the second, the Rev. Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L., is the worthy Bishop of St Andrews, Scotland, and known as an author; the third son, named after his father, is now Bishop of Lincoln, known as the biographer of his uncle the poet, the author of "Greece, Pictorial and Descriptive," and various literary works, theological, classical, and historic, proving him to be a scholar of great excellence.

that name who from the times of Edward the Third had lived in Newbiggen Hall, Westmoreland. My grandfather was the first of the name of Wordsworth who came into Westmoreland, where he purchased the small estate of Sockbridge. He was descended from a family who had been settled at Peniston, in Yorkshire, near the sources of the Don, probably before the Norman Conquest. Their names appear on different occasions in all the transactions, personal and public, connected with that parish; and I possess, through the kindness of Colonel Beaumont, an almery made in 1525, at the expense of a William Wordsworth, as is expressed in a Latin inscription carved upon it, which carries the pedigree of the family back four generations from himself.

"The time of my infancy and early boyhood was passed partly at Cockermouth, and partly with my mother's parents at Penrith, where my mother, in the year 1778, died of a decline. . . . . My father never recovered his usual cheerfulness of mind after this loss, and died when I was in my fourteenth year—a schoolboy just returned from Hawkshead, whither I had been sent with my elder brother, Richard, in my ninth year.

"I remember my mother only in some few situations, one of which was her pinning a nosegay to my breast when I was going to say the catechism in the church, as was customary before Easter. . . . My last impression was having a glimpse of her on passing the door of her bedroom during her last illness, when she was reclining in her easy-chair. An intimate friend of hers, Miss Hamilton by name, who was used to visit her at Cockermouth, told me that she once said to her that the only one of her five children about whose future life she was anxious, was William; and he, she said, would be remarkable either for good or for evil. The cause of this was, that I was of a stiff, moody, and violent temper; so much so, that I remember going once into the attics of my grandfather's house at Penrith, upon some indignity having been put upon me, with an intention of destroying myself with one of the foils which I knew was kept there. I took the foil in hand, but my heart failed. Upon another occasion, while I was at my grandfather's house at Penrith along with my eldest brother, Richard, we were whipping tops together in the large drawing-room, on which the carpet was only laid down upon particular occasions. The walls were hung round with family pictures,

and I said to my brother, 'Dare you strike your whip through that old lady's petticoat?' He replied, 'No, I won't.' 'Then,' said I, 'here goes;' and I struck my lash through her hooped petticoat, for which, no doubt, though I have forgotten it, I was properly punished. But possibly, from some want of judgment in punishments inflicted, I had become perverse and obstinate in defying chastisement, and rather proud of it than otherwise.

"Of my earliest days at school I have little to say, but that they were very happy ones, chiefly because I was left at liberty then, and in the vacations, to read whatever books I liked. For example, I read all Fielding's works, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and any part of Swift that I liked; 'Gulliver's Travels' and the 'Tale of the Tub' being both much to my taste. I was very much indebted to one of the ushers at Hawkshead School, by name Shaw, who taught me more of Latin in a fortnight than I had learnt during two preceding years at the school of Cockermouth. . . . The first verses which I wrote were a task imposed by my master, the subject, 'The Summer Vacation;' and of my own accord I added others upon 'Return to School." There was nothing remarkable in either poem; but I was called upon, among other scholars, to write verses upon the completion of the second centenary from the foundation of the school in 1585 by Archbishop Sandys. These verses were much admired, far more than they deserved, for they were but a tame imitation of Pope's versification, and a little in his style. This exercise, however, put it into my head to compose verses from the impulse of my own mind, and I wrote, while yet a schoolboy, a long poem running upon my own adventures, and the scenery of the country in which I was brought up. The only part of that poem which has been preserved is the conclusion of it, which stands at the beginning of my collected poems.

"In the month of October 1787, I was sent to St John's College, Cambridge, of which my uncle, Dr Cookson, had been a Fellow.

. . . . . .

"When at school, I, with the other boys of the same standing, was put upon reading the first six books of Euclid, with the exception of the fifth; and also in Algebra I learnt simple and quadratic equations; and this was for me unlucky, because I had a full twelvemonth's start of the fresh men of my year;

and accordingly got into rather an idle way, reading nothing but classic authors according to my fancy, and Italian poetry. My Italian master was named Isola, and had been well acquainted with Gray, the poet. As I took to these studies with much interest, he was proud of the progress I made. Under his correction, I translated the 'Vision of Mirza,' and two or three other papers of the *Spectator*, into Italian. In the month of August 1790, I set off for the Continent, in companionship with Robert Jones, a Welshman, a fellow-collegian. We went staff-in-hand, without knapsacks, and carrying each his needments tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, with about twenty pounds apiece in our pockets. We crossed from Dover and landed at Calais on the eve of the day when the King was to swear fidelity to the new constitution, an event which was solemnised with due pomp at Calais. . . . In the autumn of 1791, I went to Paris, where I stayed some little time, and then went to Orleans, with a view of being out of the way of my own countrymen, that I might learn to speak the language fluently. At Orleans, and Blois, and Paris, on my return, I passed fifteen or sixteen months. It was a stirring time. The King was dethroned when I was at Blois, and the massacres of September took place when I was at Orleans. . . . I came home before the execution of the King, and passed the subsequent time among my friends in London and elsewhere, till I settled with my only sister at Racedown, in Dorsetshire, in the year 1796.

"Here we were visited by Mr Coleridge, then residing at Bristol; and for the sake of being near him when he had removed to Nether-Stowey, in Somersetshire, we removed to Alfoxden, three miles from that place. This was a very pleasant and productive time of my life. Coleridge, my sister, and I set off on a tour to Linton and other places in Devonshire; and in order to defray his part of the expense, Coleridge on the same afternoon commenced his poem of the 'Ancient Mariner,' in which I was to have borne my part, and a few verses were written by me, and some assistance given in planning the poem; but our styles agreed so little that I withdrew from the concern, and he finished it himself.

"In the course of that spring I composed many poems, most of which were printed at Bristol, in one volume, by my friend Joseph Cottle, along with Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' and two or three other of his pieces.

"In the autumn of 1798, Mr Coleridge, a friend of his, Mr Chester, my sister, and I, crossed from Yarmouth to Hamburgh, where we remained a few days, and saw several times Klopstock, the poet. Mr Coleridge and his friend went to Ratzburg, in the north of Germany, and my sister and I preferred going southward; and, for the sake of cheapness and the neighbourhood of the Hartz mountains, we spent the winter at the old imperial city of Goslar. The winter was perishingly cold—the coldest of this century—and the good people with whom we lodged told me one morning that they expected to find me frozen to death, my little sleeping-room being immediately over an archway. However, neither my sister nor I took any harm.

"We returned to England in the following spring, and went on a visit to our friends the Hutchinsons, at Sockburn-on-Tees, in the county of Durham, with whom we remained till the 19th of December. We then came, on St Thomas' Day, the 21st, to a small cottage at Townend, Grassmere, which, in the course of a tour some months previously with Mr Coleridge, I had been pleased with and hired. This we furnished for about a hundred pounds, which sum had come to my sister by a legacy from her uncle Crackanthorp.

"I fell to composition immediately, and published, in 1800, the second volume of the 'Lyrical Ballads.'

"In the year 1802, I married Mary Hutchinson at Brompton, near Scarborough, to which part of the country the family had removed from Sockburn. We had known each other from childhood, and had practised reading and spelling under the same old dame at Penrith—a remarkable personage, who had taught three generations, of the upper classes principally, of the town of Penrith and its neighbourhood.

"After our marriage we dwelt together with our sister at Townend, where three of our children were born. In the spring of 1808, the increase of our family caused us to remove to a larger house, then just built—Allan Bank, in the same vale—where our two younger children were born, and who died at the Rectory. The house we afterwards occupied for two years. They died in 1812, and in 1813 we came to Rydal Mount, where we have since lived with no further sorrow till 1835, when my sister became a confirmed invalid, and our sister, Sarah Hutchinson, died. She lived alternately with her brother and with us."

Wordsworth, in his autobiography, omits to mention that he was born in a large mansion, with high-walled front, on the left-hand side of the main street on entering Cockermouth from Workington: it is the property of Lord Lonsdale, and is now occupied by Mr W. Wood, who kindly offers free access to all visitors.

The picturesque locality of the ancient borough of Cockermouth, with the blue mountains in amphitheatrical contiguity, and the sublime peaks of Borrowdale and Buttermere in horizoned distance, could hardly fail to impress the young poet, whose testimony to the happy influence of the river Derwent—a mountain stream that coursed by his father's garden wall—is worth quoting:—

> "One, the fairest of all rivers, loved
> To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,
> And from his fords and shallows sent a voice
> That flowed along my dreams."

The baronial Castle of Cockermouth, a shattered monument of feudal sway, the shadow of whose towers was seen reflected on the river as it passed

> "Along the margin of our terrace walk,"

and its historical and traditional legends, would contribute a valuable contingent to the cravings of his imagination.

His mother, "a woman of piety and wisdom," seems to have educated her children in a confiding and enlarged spirit. Her care of William, the poet, could only extend to his eighth year, for he writes—

> " Early died
> My honoured mother, she who was the heart
> And hinge of all our learnings and our loves.
> She left us destitute."

Dame Birkett of Penrith was the poet's first instructress; and on the same school-benches sat Mary Hutchinson, but a few months younger than himself, who afterwards became his " beloved wife for nearly forty-eight years."

In the year 1778, soon after his mother's death, Wordsworth, then in his ninth year, was sent to a school of repute at Hawkshead, a small market-town in the Vale of Esthwaite, Lancashire, on the confines of Westmoreland. In his " Prelude," he elaborates every fact pertaining to his school-life—the dame with whom he lodged, her garden, its brook, and dark pine-tree; nor was he insensible to the beauties of the surrounding scenery, from which he afterwards drew materials for the exercise of his descriptive poetry. He oft recurred to " the beloved Vale " of Esthwaite. He was, much like other boys, fond of active exercise, boating, skating; but those who knew him in advanced life would hardly have credited this description of himself:—

> " Nothing at that time
> So welcome, no temptation half so dear,
> As that which urged me to a daring feat:
> Deep pools, tall trees, black chasms, and dizzy crags,
> And tottering towers—I loved to stand and read
> Their looks."

At an early age he learnt portions of the works of Shakespeare, Milton, and Spenser. In his fourteenth year he lost his father. This second bereavement drew him more to his only sister, Dorothy, for whom he

bore through life the deepest love. Her influence upon him is thus set forth:—

> "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
> And humble cares and delicate fears,
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
> And love, and thought, and joy."

By the death of his father, the poet and his three brothers and sister, became orphans in the year 1783. "His father's estate," his biographer says, "was derived mainly from professional labour, and at his death the bulk of his fortune consisted in sums due to him from Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale, whose agent he was. This debt was claimed on behalf of the orphans; but in vain. It remained unpaid till the Earl's death, in 1802,* when it was liquidated in a prompt and liberal manner by his successor, William, Earl of Lonsdale." During these nineteen years of waiting for their rights, the orphaned family might have fallen into the direst poverty, had they not had excellent and monied uncles in Richard Wordsworth and Christopher Crackanthorpe.

In October 1787, Wordsworth was sent to St John's College, Cambridge; and there, it is said, assumed the character of a beau in silk stockings, powdered hair, and other perquisites of a "dandy." In 1791, he took his Bachelor's degree. His academic life, beyond mere academic work, a little Italian, and "the Humanities," was pretty nearly fruitless. During

* Other sufferers by the "Bad Earl's" dishonesty were not so lucky as the Wordsworths in getting their own. One of "Jemmy Lowther's" agents expended about £5000 on his behalf at the great election of 1768, but never realised a penny of this large sum; nor did his children meet with any redress; but then, be it remembered, they had no poet in the family to sing pœans of adulation to the House of Lowther.

the Cambridge vacations he rambled through various parts of England, and made a pedestrian tour through France, Switzerland, and Germany. This tour furnished materials for his "Descriptive Sketches." His second visit to France was made in November 1791, when Madame Roland and her friends were in the ascendant. He remained there till the end of the year 1792, a period marked by the exciting events of the Revolution, of which he was no indifferent spectator, but rather an active partisan of the cause of republicanism, glorying, like Coleridge and Southey, in the new day of liberty; and as

> "Before him shone a glorious world,
> Fresh as a banner, bright, unfurled,"

he wished to become a naturalised Frenchman, and to aid in the struggle for man's freedom. Fortunately his good star drew him to England, or he would probably have come under the notice of *Monsieur de Paris* and the guillotine.

Safely at home, he was pressed by his relations to take "holy orders;" but, as an enemy to monarchical and autocratical governments, and believing that hereditary distinctions and privileged orders of every species counteracted the progress of human improvement, he was hardly in the train of mind to believe in trinities, much less to swear by a State Church. He spent part of the summer of 1793 in the Isle of Wight, with his friend Raisley Calvert, a Cumberland gentleman; and in the following spring proposed issuing a monthly miscellany, *The Philanthropist*, for the advocacy of republican opinions; but this scheme failed. He was now in his twenty-fifth year and had

hitherto done nothing for himself, and was still dependent on his uncles, who sued James, Earl of Lonsdale, in vain for the debts due to the poet's father. Whilst seeking employment as a writer in a London newspaper of liberal principles, he was called upon to nurse his sick friend Calvert, who died early in 1795, bequeathing the sum of £900 to the companion of his last hours, in the confidence that the poet would display powers and attainments of use to mankind. This was the first piece of good luck to Wordsworth, and the basis of his prosperity in life. In writing to a friend some years afterwards concerning this legacy and the uses to which it was put, he remarked that, "upon the interest of the £900, £400 being laid out in annuity, with £200 deducted from the principal, and a £100, a legacy to my sister, and a £100 more which the 'Lyrical Ballads' have brought me, my sister and I contrived to live nearly eight years." Such marvellous economy entitled him to the second piece of good fortune, arising from Lord Lonsdale's death in 1802, and his successor paying Wordsworth's father's estate £8500, of which the poet probably got from £1200 to £1400.

In the autumn of 1795, Wordsworth and his sister settled at Racedoun Lodge, near Crewkerne, in Dorsetshire. Here he wrote his "Salisbury Plain; or, Guilt and Sorrow," and made some translations of Juvenal; and towards the end of the same year and following spring, composed his tragedy of "The Borderers," which the managers of Covent Garden Theatre unhesitatingly rejected, and which remained unpublished till 1842.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge paid Wordsworth a visit

in June 1797, and was delighted with the poet and his sister; and they, being as favourably impressed, agreed to move to Alfoxden, in the neighbourhood of Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, so as to be near "that wonderful man, whose conversation teemed with soul, mind, and spirit." The two poets were on visiting terms with John Thelwall, who had been subjected to a trial for high treason; and as all three were looked upon as radicals of the deepest dye, they came under the surveillance of the police. Coleridge, in his "Biographia Literaria," tells a story about a Government spy dogging him and Wordsworth in their rural excursions, without collecting anything to criminate them. The poets talked to each other, now in blame, now in praise, of Spinoza; and this praise and blame of one *Spy Nosy*, "the honest spy," writes De Quincey, "very naturally took to himself, seeing that the world accused him of having a *nose* of unreasonable dimensions, and his own conscience accused him of being a spy."

In January 1798, Coleridge, being liberated from a ministerial engagement with a Socinian congregation at Shrewsbury, by the munificent generosity of the Wedgewoods, of pottery fame, who settled on him an annuity of £150 a year, arranged to spend the summer with the Wordsworths. It appears from Miss Eliza Meteyard's work, "A Group of Englishmen"—specially concerning the Wedgewood family—that Wordsworth also benefited by the bounty of the rich potters, and received money gifts of no small value in 1803. Wordsworth's pen was fertile in 1798, the year of issuing his "Lyrical Ballads," a duodecimo volume of 210 pages, published by Cottle of Bristol,

who gave the poet thirty guineas for the copyright. The edition consisted of five hundred copies, but the sale was so low, and the severity of the reviewers so damaging, that Cottle parted with the largest proportion of the issue at a loss; and valuing the copyright as *nil*, presented that *nil* to the author! Yet the first piece in the collection was Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and the concluding poem Wordsworth's charming lines on revisiting Tintern Abbey, where he dwelt on his recognition of nature and the language of the senses as

> "The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my moral being."

After a tour in Germany, for a time accompanied by Coleridge, and some months' residence there, the poet and his sister settled down in a cottage at Grasmere, Westmoreland, on St Thomas' Day, 1799. This roadside cottage was their residence for eight years. In 1800, his "Lyrical Ballads" were published in two volumes, for which Longman & Co. offered the poet £100. The first volume was a reprint of the previous series; the second contained "Hartleap Well," "Ruth," &c. Another edition of the Ballads appeared in 1802, and a third in 1805.

On Monday, 4th October 1802, Wordsworth was married to Mary Hutchinson, at Brompton, Yorkshire; and the bridal party arrived at the Grasmere cottage on the evening of October 6th. If Mary was a "phantom of delight" to the poet at the end of the third year of their married life, and twenty years subsequently apostrophised as "Oh! dearer far than life and light are dear!" she must have earned the devoted

love of her husband, blessed as few poets have been matrimonially. In 1803, the poet and his wife and sister made a tour in Scotland. Coleridge, then residing at Keswick, accompanied the party for a few days. The diary of the tour is only a mediocre production. He stood by the grave of Burns, and he talked with Walter Scott, and both the Nith and Gala Water furnished inspiriting themes for a propitious muse; but neither seems to have elicited much real poesy or pathetic feeling.

Among other happy friendships of Wordsworth's was that of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., of Coleorton, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, a descendant of the dramatist, Francis Beaumont, and himself a person of refined taste in art and literature. Sir George happening to be in lodgings with Mr S. T. Coleridge at Greta Hall, Keswick, in 1803, and discerning the genius of Wordsworth, and his affinity with Coleridge, wished to bring the two poets in closer relations, and therefore presented Wordsworth with a beautiful spot at Applethwaite, near Keswick. The best of Wordsworth's letters, and many of his poetical musings, were addressed to his generous friend Sir George Beaumont, who died in 1827, bequeathing to Wordsworth an annuity of £100, to defray the expenses of a yearly tour. William, first Earl of Lonsdale, also placed £800 to the poet's credit, so that he might become the purchaser of a small estate at Patterdale; of this sum only a fourth part was accepted.

In 1808, Wordsworth and family moved to Allan Bank, in Grasmere, and the following year appeared his political prose "Essay on the Convention of

Cintra." This work was published contemporaneously with the first numbers of Coleridge's *Friend*, to which Wordsworth contributed his "Essay on Epitaphs." In 1810, the poet wrote a portion of the letterpress for a volume entitled, "Select Views in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire," edited by the Rev. Joseph Wilkinson. Wordsworth published "A Guide through the Lakes," which one of his great admirers styles "singularly prosaic." In 1813 he took up his residence at Rydal Mount, about two miles from his former habitation, and about a mile and a half distant from Ambleside; and here he remained till his death, thirty-seven years afterwards.

It was his long residence in the Lake District, and his associations with Coleridge, Southey, De Quincey, Professor Wilson, and other kindred spirits, that led him and his disciples to be designated the "Lake School of Poets." The severe strictures of Francis Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*,* all potent in their day, gave piquancy to the nickname, and added greatly to the ridicule heaped upon the fraternity of the "Lake School." Though sarcasm and invective marked Jeffrey's pen, there was too much reason given by the poet for the criticism to which he was subjected; indeed, the quotations cited by the reviewer justified the motto of the buff and blue:—*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*" There was no occasion, as Sir Walter Scott said, that Wordsworth should "crawl upon all fours, when God had given him so noble a countenance to lift up to heaven." Perhaps Jeffrey

* Wordsworth's biographer wrote:—"The effect of these strictures in checking the sale of the poems was such that no edition of them was required between 1807 and 1815."

(as the author of the article "Wordsworth" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" writes) would not or could not see that Wordsworth was leading the public taste into pure and natural channels, and reclaiming poetry from its alliance with false excitement and immorality, as well as from the stiff conventional restraints of the old regime. The poet, on the other hand, with characteristic firmness or obstinacy, seemed determined on persevering in opposition to the public taste, and defended his views as to the proper subjects for poetry, and the nature of poetic fiction, in prefaces and essays which savoured strongly of paradox and egotism. Gradually, however, a reaction took place, and there were concessions on both sides.

Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, with which Wordsworth's name will ever be associated, stands upon the sloping side of a rocky hill, called Nab's Scar, overlooking the village of Rydal. Every topographical feature of this favourite residence has been minutely described by his friendly worshippers and visitors from afar, looking upon his home as a sanctuary for their thoughts; its picturesque views of the vale of the Rothay and the Lake of Windermere gladdening its southern aspect, and the waters of Rydal at its base; the rocky hill of Louchrigg; its own gravelled walks and stone steps, its arbour lined by fir cones, its terraces, its trees and shrubs, its ferns and mosses and wildflowers. Miss Jewsbury, for whom Wordsworth entertained an affectionate regard, wrote of the poet's home—

> "Low and white, yet scarcely seen,
> Are its walls of mantling green;
> Not a window lets in light
> But through flowers clustering bright;

Not a glance may wander there,
But it falls on something fair;
Garden choice and fairy mound,
Only that no elves are found;
Winding walk and sheltered nook,
For student grave and graver book;
Or a birdlike bower, perchance,
Fit for maiden and romance."

The "Far Terrace" on the mountain's side, where the poet

——"scattered to the heedless winds,
The vocal raptures of fresh poesy."

And here he was often

——"locked
In earnest converse with beloved friends."

The same terrace led to a beautiful well of clear water called the "Nab Well," the water of which he thus described—

"Thou hast cheered a simple board
With beverage pure as ever fixed the choice
Of hermit dubious where to scoop his cell,
Which Persian kings might envy."

Soon after his removal to Rydal Mount (March 1813), Wordsworth, through Lord Lonsdale's influence, obtained the office of Distributor of Stamps in the county of Westmoreland, a post which, with light duties, and the greater advantage of permitting him to remain amid his home affections, afforded him about £500 a year.* The duties of this office he discharged by deputy, and, luckily for the poet, he found

* Lord Byron, in his dedication to "Don Juan," fell foul of Wordsworth for "accepting place in the Excise and another place at Lord Lonsdale's table," describing him as a political parasite, licking up the crumbs with a hardened alacrity.

in his clerk or coadjutor, Mr John Carter, not only a person well qualified to administer his affairs, but also a vigilant corrector of the press, a sound scholar, and judicious critic.

In 1814, he published his elaborate work, "The Excursion," a poem in blank verse, somewhat irregular in design, and full of moral and political disquisition, but containing episodes of great beauty and pathos. Jeffrey's verdict, "This will never do," was counterbalanced by others claiming for the poem a lofty eloquence. Perhaps as rational an interpretation would be found between these two extremes. His next work, published in 1815, was a feudal story, "The White Doe of Rylstone," founded on a tradition connected with Bolton Abbey, that brought him into comparison with the better-known poets of his day—Byron, Scott, and others. His picture of Rylstone Hall by moonlight, as well as the conclusion of the poem, took high place in our descriptive and imaginative poetry. In 1819, he issued "Peter Bell," and dedicated it to Southey; and this was soon followed by his "Waggoner," dedicated to Charles Lamb. Both works had long been in manuscript; and, like several of his earlier efforts, were not without grievous faults. But little time elapsed, when "Sonnets on the River Duddon," "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," and "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent," were published. His name was now acknowledged, and justly so, among the national poets. Fresh editions of his works were called for, and a general success befriended his ever-varying walk across Nature's wide domain. Sonnets by hundreds and verses in thousands, good, bad, and indifferent, got shaped into volumes of varied

character, to gratify the public eye and taste. In 1835, he published and dedicated to his brother poet and friend, Rogers, "Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems," the result chiefly of his recent Scottish tour. These poems contained his opinions on public affairs, the Reform Bill of 1832, &c. From time to time other portions of his muse appeared in print; and, in 1842, he published a collected edition of his poems in seven volumes. After his death, an autobiographical poem, "The Prelude," written forty-five years previously, was issued along with his other works.

Had the poet had the art of condensing his seven-volumed work into smaller compass, by cleansing "his bosom of such perilous stuff" as the childishly simple, the nebulous, and metaphysical portions, the residue, in the crucible of his deeper cogitations, would have shown a finer ore, of which the prefatory part of this memoir offers trite examples. Moreover, the outpourings of his faith would have been listened to with greater alacrity, and claimed attention over a wider region, and produced a happier effect upon the sympathies of his countrymen.

His life was wholly devoted to the creation of verse, following his fancies by the hour. Now continually brooding over his poetical conceptions, and reducing them to his theoretical views of the art, was hardly consonant with the educts of a rarer manifestation of the Muse. He communed with Nature beyond Nature's behests, and came to look upon himself as her chief interpreter, if not her only high priest; yet there were many good men and true, if not so poetical, at least as philosophical in aim, who were worthy of officiating under the great dome of the cathedral of

immensity. He was disposed to elaborate each theme or mental conceit that fell in his way, reconsidering and reiterating the language in which his ideas should be couched, with the care and polish due to the manipulative skill of the artist; hence his mind, instead of occasionally presenting a *tabula rasa* for the impress of a happy inspiration, resembled the operations of a piece of mechanism spinning verses according to a prescribed method. No wonder the rustic neighbours, meeting him in his meditative moods, and muttering or talking aloud to himself on the roads, viewed his midnight wanderings from the point of view shadowed in his own lines—

> "We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
> But thereof come in the end despondency and madness;"

and that Hartley Coleridge, on inquiring the news of the day from a bucolic friend, who had not seen the poet for some weeks till that very morning, and thereby augured that he was at times under personal restraint, got the significant reply—"Oh! I see old Wordsworth has *broken loose* again."

The poet, in his slight eccentricity, was looked upon as a quiet, inoffensive sort of man, more prized for his negative than his positive qualities, and more ready to give pennies to beggars than to interest himself in the domesticity and welfare of the Dalesmen generally. As a proof of the ignorance prevailing respecting his avocations, the vulgar class around Ambleside viewed his book-making in the same light as their own spinning of yarn for webs of cloth to be sold at their nearest market of Kendal; so that when the aged poet died, and the sad news spread through

the vales, amid various tones of sympathy and regret, one old woman remarked—"Ay! it 's a pity he 's gane; but what then? I 'se warn't the widow can carry on the business aw t' seame."

Though his writings have not been highly welcomed by the middle classes, and now, twenty-three years after his death, scarcely if at all recognised by the industrial population, Wordsworth could justly boast of the approval of men of culture and refined taste. Some of his too admiring friends would fain exalt their favourite poet to the highest historical line of English bards; but who can reasonably anticipate for Wordsworth the glorious height attained by Shakespeare, whose creative skill, so original and subtle, yet so full and comprehensive in its grasp of both man and nature, is still felt in all its freshness, lending colour and grace to each page of modern literature; and whose dramatic personages appear to us as living actors strutting on the world's stage, their discourse entering into our daily thoughts, nay, as familiar as household words to all classes of Englishmen and every English-speaking community? The Lake Muse was bland, sober, and highly moral, but not sympathetic of the glow and thrill of life so redundant in every page of Byron and Burns. Though not wanting in personal sympathy, Wordsworth, dwelling upon his abstract theories, and with a partiality to the retrospective, had not obtained a practical knowledge of the varied attitudes of English life. Had he possessed a deeper insight into the aims and beliefs guiding his own age, he would hardly have sought in pedlars and waggoners for generic illustrations of national type, poetical or historical. His intercourse with the

chiefs of literature and a mingled society, his rambles through England when his mind was young, and his many Continental tours, embracing so much, and including classic Italy and great Rome herself, should have furnished him with excellent materials, out of which, if guided by the philosophic spirit he claimed for himself, should have been educed the highest sentiments and feelings of poesy.

Admitting the circumstance of his placing but small value on anything but contemporaneous history, and his refusal to go along with the world in their high estimate of Sir Walter Scott's semi-historical novels, his own selected characters could not at all times be viewed as the best incentives to poetic enlightenment, or the suggestion by the image of noble grounds for noble emotion. However, he had undoubted faith in himself; and, in writing to the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, in 1816, hesitated not to claim for his inspiration "a pure source," and for his principles of composition a trustworthy character. This pardonable egotism may be contrasted with a letter he addressed to Moxon, his publisher, in 1833:—"There does not appear to be much genuine relish for poetical publications in Cumberland, if I may judge from the fact of not a copy of my poems having been sold there by one of the leading booksellers, though Cumberland is my native county. Byron and Scott are, I am persuaded, the only *popular* writers in that line—perhaps the word ought rather to be that they are *fashionable* writers."

Wordsworth ardently loved his country, as is evidenced in various noble passages in which he extolled her heroism and patriotic independence. He

felt deeply for the nations groaning under Napoleon's rule, and, as an earnest of his opinions, joined a volunteer corps established at Grasmere, donning his military uniform in October 1803, prepared to act in defence of England against the tyrant of Europe.

In politics he passed from pole to pole—from Red Republicanism to Eldon Toryism, under which *régime* he became a placeman. He wished to restrict the liberty of the press; he opposed Parliamentary Reform, and was dreadfully afraid of the effects of Roman Catholic Emancipation. In 1818 he published two addresses to the "Freeholders of Westmoreland," advocating the claims of the Tory ministry—an unnecessary appeal, seeing that Westmoreland was in the hands of the Lowthers. Moreover, his language was not of the pithy kind to influence the bucolic mind, then but little informed on political affairs. Versification was more in his way.

> "The moving accident is not my trade;
> To freeze the blood I have no ready arts:
> 'Tis my delight, alone, in summer shade,
> To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts."

He believed in the Church of England, that his fathers worshipped in, and his brother and nephews have helped to adorn by their learning and piety.

> "Hail to the State of England! and conjoin
> With this a salutation as devout,
> Made to the spiritual fabric of her Church,
> Founded in truth."

His biographer was of opinion that he had no leanings towards a Puritan system of theology or Church politics, but rather sympathised with a form of religion which afforded exercise for the imaginative faculty.

He was in favour of public education and the diffusion of knowledge, thus nobly set forth in his "Excursion," published in 1814:—

> "Oh! for the coming of that glorious time,
> When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
> And best protection, this imperial Realm,
> While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
> An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
> Them who are born to serve her, and obey;
> Binding herself by statute to secure
> For all the children whom her soil maintains
> The rudiments of letters, and inform
> The mind with moral and religious truth,
> Both understood and practised."

He objected, however, to infant schools, and seemed wary of the higher education of girls, as if fearing an inharmonious co-operation between these schools and home influences.

The condition of his eyes oft stood in the way of his reading, particularly by candlelight; but this nardly lessened the surprise I felt on finding him avow, in one of his letters in 1819 to Archdeacon Wrangham, that he had not spent five shillings on new books for five years. Benjamin Disraeli is credited with having proudly said that when he wanted a book to *read* he *wrote* one; but he was no more original in this matter than on a memorable occasion in the House of Commons, when he stole the faded laurels from the tomb of a second-rate French general to deck the fresh-made grave of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo.

Among many honours conferred on Wordsworth, the degree of D.C.L. by the Oxford University in 1839 gratified him most; though he seemed fully sensible of the distinction of the Poet-Laureateship,

awarded him in March 1843, shortly after the death of Southey.

In 1842, he resigned his office as stamp distributor in favour of his son William; and in October of the same year, Sir Robert Peel placed the poet on the Civil List for an annual provision of £300 a year for life. By this time his lyre was almost silent, and the only public manifestation of it was the ode he indited on Prince Albert's installation as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

Wordsworth was a man to be noted; of more than average stature, with certain imperfections in his framework, deficient in the bust, rather drooping about the shoulders, and not well provided with locomotory limbs. Hazlitt saw in him "an air somewhat stately and Quixotic." If slightly wanting in statuesque personality, his head and face claimed marked approval. His was an excellent instance of the highly nervous temperament that has done so much in the world of thought—a somewhat too fervid thing for the continued exercise of the energies of the brain, and apt to kill the bloom before its time; yet the sap must have been pretty succulent that lasted him so well for eighty years. His head was of ample breadth and contour; his forehead not so exalted as some of his compeers of the bard fraternity, yet "well filled out," and expressive of power and character. The natural aspect of his eyes was solemn and spiritual; his nose slightly aquiline and long, and his ears well lobed. The only less pleasant feature in his face was a swell and protrusion of the parts around the mouth—itself rather large. Lockhart noted his large, dim, and pensive eye, his "smile of

placid abstraction," and his "long, tremulous, and melancholy lips." De Quincey said, "Many such heads, and finer, have I seen among the portraits of Titian, and, in a later period, among those of Vandyke, but none that has more impressed me in my time." Leigh Hunt "never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or intellectual." Wordsworth reminded Hazlitt of some of Holbein's heads, "grave, saturnine, with a slight indication of sly humour, kept under by the manners of the age, or by the pretensions of the person. He has a peculiar sweetness in his smile, and great depth and manliness and a rugged harmony in the tone of his voice. . . . In company, even in a *tête-à-tête* he is often silent, indolent, and reserved. He shone most (because he seemed most roused and animated) in reciting his own poetry, or in talking about it." Hazlitt's estimate accords pretty much with my own, derived from two long conversations with the poet, then in his *seventies*, who talked fluently on art, its historical and religious aspects; and on another occasion, entered with much spirit upon the medico-psychological relations of that part of the population of the Lake District, living in narrow pent-up valleys, much isolated from the rest of the community, and apt to intermarry rather closely. He was clearly of opinion that these circumstances had large influence in generating goître and insanity among Dalesmen situated as above, and assuredly to a degree not met with amid the same class living in the more open country, and under the restraining influences of better breeding, and higher moral and physical instincts.

Portraits, small and great, and busts have helped

to make Wordsworth's physiognomy well known to the general public. He spoke of having sat upwards of twenty times to artists of different walks. Pickersgill's portrait seems to be most approved by his family, and Haydon's and Chantrey's works are looked upon as successful. The medallion by Woolner, the sculptor, in Grasmere Church strikes me as a happy effort.

Among the poets of England, as far as can be judged from artistic models of the men, Wordsworth's head resembles most that of John Milton's; indeed, some of his own family, as well as other persons, are disposed to see an almost perfect likeness of the Rydal poet in Richardson's portrait of the Cromwellian bard. Critics also have traced an analogy of thought in these renowned men. There were, however, considerable differences in their poetic creations, and but little correspondence in their public calling. The Poet-Laureate of our day was more partial to the domestic and natural than the mythological attributes; the author of "Paradise Lost" sought to blend his portrayal of humanity with the spiritual and heavenly choir. Wordsworth's official post was so insignificant that it could be, nay, *was*, done by deputy; but Milton rose to be the counsellor and right hand of the greatest prince that ever ruled the dynasties of the British Empire. Wordsworth took his political stand by the *status quo* of affairs, however imperfect and antiquated; Milton, on the other hand, advocated the ennobling claims of progressive thought both at home and abroad, and earned a name that will be linked for ever with that of Cromwell and liberty. How grand is the accompaniment of the names, and

what a glorious thrill of soul arises from contemplating the alliance of Oliver Cromwell and John Milton in the cause of political and religious freedom; or, if you prefer, John Milton and Oliver Cromwell—the one the erudite scholar and inspired prophetic seer of a grand era, the other potent in welding mighty antagonistic forces for the good of the Commonwealth, and making this fair England of ours honoured at home and respected among the nations of the world.

Writing from personal inquiries of men of culture and others of good society, I find that Wordsworth's works in translations have made but small way on the Continent of Europe, an indication to some extent that his thoughts do not appeal to the general sympathies of nations. The Germans, who so truly admire Shakespeare, upon whose writings they have bestowed a large share of critical acumen sembling the most able and subtle analysis of character, would appear comparatively indifferent about Wordsworth. In France there is, if possible, less regard for him; whilst Holland—nature-loving Holland, that might have been held in unison with our poet of nature—does not feel her heart touched by the beauty of his verse, but reads with avidity every line of Dickens. Across the Atlantic, on the other hand, in the United States, as well as British America, Wordsworth is a great favourite; his poesy ranks in popularity with De Quincey's prose, and both are very highly esteemed.

In the possession of competency, home comforts, and good health, Wordsworth had but to enjoy life to his heart's content. The prosperous and the sunny

lines of the world were very much at his command during a long and happy career. He possessed, as De Quincey observed, all the conditions for the perfect culture of his gifts—"the leisure, the ease, the solitude, the society, the domestic peace, the local scenery, Paradise for his eye, in Miltonic beauty, lying outside his windows; Paradise for his heart in the perpetual happiness of his own fireside." The troubles he had to bear sprang from the parental nurture of his tender flock in their hours of sickness, and when the dark shadow of death crossed his threshold and carried away his children—"the delight of our hearts and beloved by everybody." Then he pined and sorrowed, and sorrowed most of all at the loss of his very dear and sweet Dora, the wife of Mr Quillinan, who died of consumption, 9th July 1847, in her forty-fourth year. His two sons were still left, and yet survive—the Rev. John Wordsworth, M.A., Vicar of Brigham, Cumberland, and Mr William Wordsworth, now of Carlisle; both of whom have male issue.

The poet was in his usual health up to March 1850, when the severe east winds brought on an attack of pleurisy, attended by great debility, from which he never rallied. His sufferings were happily not great, and on the 23d April 1850 he "breathed his last, calmly passing away, almost insensibly, exactly at twelve o'clock (noon)." His mortal remains were laid near those of his children and his friend Hartley Coleridge, in Grasmere Churchyard; and there "he reposes, according to his own wish, beneath the green turf, among the Dalesmen of Grasmere, under the sycamore and yews of a country churchyard, by the side of a beautiful stream, amid the mountains which he

loved." A smooth blue slab of mountain stone, upon which is inscribed, "William Wordsworth" and "Mary Wordsworth," is the simple memorial to the great poet and his affectionate wife.

If the people of Cockermouth in part overlooked the living poet, they sought to make amends after his death by filling the east window of their new church of All Saints with stained glass, containing figures of saints and evangelists, at a cost of £300; and, as a brass tablet within the chancel records, "to the glory of God and the honoured name of William Wordsworth, Poet-Laureate, the east window of this church is raised in this his native place, by public subscription, A.D. 1853." If the sum expended in church-emblazoning had been bestowed in circulating the poet's works, every hamlet, school, and news-room in Cumberland would have been well supplied with them.

These general and insufficient observations may be concluded in the poet's own words:—

> "Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
> The Poets who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

SUSANNA BLAMIRE

OF THE OAKS AND THACKWOOD.

BORN A.D. 1747. DIED A.D. 1794.

"Where are the spirits, light as air,
That, self-amused, would carol loud?
Would find out pleasure everywhere,
And all her paths with garlands strowed?"

THE POETESS.

IN early boyhood I was a pupil of Miss Julia Thompson of Carlisle, whose schoolrooms in Finkle Street occupied the upper storey of a house, the gable of which rested upon the outer wall of the ancient city, at its north-eastern junction with the lofty ramparts of the Castle. The south windows of the school looked over the Quakers' burial-ground, from which the dame would oft point a moral, and clench the argument with "a ruler" applied to the backs of naughty boys, when she might with more advantage have adorned a tale from the eastern window, embracing ground of historic interest, the last phase of which pertained to "bonnie Prince Charlie" and the Scottish rebellion of 1745. Moreover, the landscape was inviting; and when

"The sun shone fair on Carlisle wall,"

it lighted up a pretty pastoral scene of wooded banks

and holme-land, through which the broad Eden calmly flows on its way to the Solway Firth—the river-banks and meadows affording recreation-ground and walks to the citizens of "merrie Carlisle."

Miss Thompson, instead of using copy-heads of the stereotyped form, gave her scholars pieces of poetry in her own handwriting to transcribe as exercises. The poetry so furnished came from one pen, and that pen she lovingly admired, as well as the authoress, who had spent many winters in Carlisle, and passed her last hours in a house only three doors higher up the street.

Whilst studying medicine in Edinburgh, in 1836, Mr Patrick Maxwell of that city sought an introduction to me, hoping to elicit some information regarding the poetess Miss Blamire. He showed me his "Blamire treasures," all of which were old acquaintances of mine, obtained, too, from the same source—Julia Thompson. Mr Maxwell's zeal had led him to cross the Borders to institute inquiries regarding the poetess, but beyond the dozen songs his journey was almost fruitless. And so matters stood in the year 1839, when I had the good fortune to secure the friendship, as cordial as it was lasting, of Miss Jane Christian Blamire, niece of Susanna the poetess. Living for a time within a mile of Thackwood, in the district where the Blamire name was no less historical than popular, I oft listened to the songs, and was enabled to gather what fragmentary remains were available of the life of Susanna Blamire. Seeking earnestly for additional proofs of the Blamire muse, I at length found a response in Miss Christian Blamire, the lady of Thackwood, who ransacked

the oak cabinets and cupboards of the old manor-house for the family archives, and amid a multitude of grey and musty, torn and worm-eaten documents, were passages of letters in which the prose of other writers had become less legible than the poesy of a bold feminine hand—ballads *per se*, and other poetical effusions in the handwriting of Susanna Blamire. The examination of these papers not only gave a *couleur de rose* to my first literary search, but obtained for me the love and confidence of one of the sweetest of women. That confidence, it may at once be observed, constituted the groundwork of all that has been done in the way of publicity to Susanna Blamire's poesy. The few songs of hers that were known in days gone by had touched the hearts of our grandsires, and enlivened many a social circle within the confines of Skiddaw and Crossfell, and also o'er the Borders. The additional works brought to light in 1839-40 will doubtless live in public estimation wherever a true lyric sentiment obtains a hearing, and as long as Cumbrians have souls to appreciate the choicest of Cumberland ballads.

The collection of the data, and the pleasant discussions incident to their discovery, sufficed in due season to dispel the fears entertained by Miss Christian Blamire and her brother William, the Tithe Commissioner, regarding their publication; so the whole of the manuscripts bearing the impress of Susanna Blamire's pen were most kindly and unreservedly placed in my hands for that purpose. Time had scarcely ripened the project, when circumstances induced me to undertake a course of lectures on

anatomy and physiology in Edinburgh. Finding science enough to engage me, and taking for granted that anatomy and poesy would appear more or less incongruous, I committed my memoranda of Susanna Blamire's life and all her writings to Mr Patrick Maxwell, in the belief that he would do justice to the proposed undertaking—an undertaking in which we were both united and on equal terms; nor were we less agreed as to the desirability of not publishing manuscripts less worthy of the character of the poetess than those given to the world. In May 1842 the poetical works of Miss Susanna Blamire were published;* and every statement of real historical value set forth in it, as Mr Maxwell justly acknowledged, was elicited by myself, not without much journeying to and fro and varied search, and a large correspondence beyond the immediate circle of the Blamire family.†

The reader is referred to a previous volume of the "Cumberland Worthies" and the Biography of William Blamire, the Tithe Commissioner, for a brief history of the De Blamyrs, or Blamires, a family of yeomen

* "The Poetical Works of Miss Susanna Blamire, 'the Muse of Cumberland,' now for the first time collected by Henry Lonsdale, M.D.; with a Preface, Memoir, and Notes, by Patrick Maxwell." Edinburgh: John Menzies.

† The above narrative, and the introduction of the personal, have been forced upon me by the conduct of plagiarists. Thus, a person yclept "Sydney Gilpin," whose name appears along with that of *Coward* in a book of ballads, calls Maxwell's memoir "somewhat lumbering and egotistic," yet makes full use of it without adding a single fact of his own to the history of the poetess! Moreover, all regard for copyright and the *meum* and *tuum* of literature have been ignored by this duality in unity. In the autumn of 1871 were issued two volumes, entitled "The Songstresses of Scotland, by Sarah Tytler and J. L. Watson." The first of these volumes contains fifty-four pages extracted

residing at Hawksdale, by the banks of the Cauda, not far distant from Rose Castle, in the days of Edward I. Coming down four centuries, we find John Blamire the representative Blamire, and the proprietor of a good estate, called "The Hollin;" to-day known as "The Oaks." He married, in 1700, Jane, only child of John Ritson of Hawksdale, and had issue an only child, William, his heir. His second marriage with Miss Annie Barker of Thethwaite, and the sons and daughters born of that marriage, do not concern this narrative. To make the alliances of the Blamires clearly understood, it is needful to revert to the family of Simpson of Thackwood Nook, and that of the Richmonds of High Head Castle, both places situated about four miles south of "The Hollin."

The Simpsons for long had a footing in the parish of Castlesowerby, and in 1614 they came into possession of Thackwood Nook, at the north-east boundary of the said parish. Their name held sway in this famed "Red Spear House" till the death of widow Mary Simpson in April 1785. The Simpsons found good alliances in East Cumberland; for instance, one of them married a daughter of Sir Timothy Fetherstonhaugh of the College—he who was exe-

from the poetical works of Miss Blamire and the Biography of William Blamire! As the authoresses designate Miss Blamire "the daughter of an ancient yeoman family of Cumberland," the placing of her name among Scottish authors is a clear perversion of history, almost as bad as the piracy itself. The lady editors, too wary to copy verbatim, adopted the paraphrasing method in all its fulness; they mention the real author once, and then most slightly; and this is the only halfpennyworth of *honesty* in their fifty-four pages of literary *sack*. The errors in their memoir are such as could only have arisen from borrowing other people's ideas, and bookmaking at any price.

cuted at Chester Castle for his brave loyalty to Charles I.

The neighbouring manor to Thackwood Nook, and scarcely a mile distant, was High Head Castle, which, after many changes in its proprietorship—Harclas, Dacres, and others—at length fell to the Richmonds in 1550—a family name that passed away, like that of the Simpsons, before the close of the last century.

The Richmonds and Simpsons were excellent neighbours, and to cement more closely the ties of goodwill, George Simpson of Thackwood Nook, towards the close of the seventeenth century, married Sarah, fifth daughter of Christopher Richmond of High Head Castle. To this marriage were born a son, George, in 1703-4, and a daughter, Isabella, March 30, 1709, also Mary, if not others. George, the heir, married Mary Stevenson of Dentons, in the parish of Hesket-in-the-Forest, and died without issue in March 1745. His sister Isabella in 1736 became the wife of William Blamire, already spoken of as the son and heir of John Blamire of "The Hollin."

During the lifetime of John Blamire the paternal, and the proprietor of "The Hollin," William Blamire and his wife Isabella tenanted Cardew Hall, a neighbouring farm; and there their children, consisting of two sons and two daughters, were born—Sarah, born in 1739; William, the heir, born in 1740; Richmond, born in 1742; and Susanna, the poetess, born on 12th January 1747. On 2d March 1748, there is an entry on the Court Rolls showing "the admittance of William Blamire, eldest son of John Blamire, late of 'The Hollin,' who died seized and possessed of

several messuages and tenements, with the appurtenances, at 'The Hollin' aforesaid."* In June 1754, Mrs Isabella Blamire died, her oldest son being then fourteen years of age, and her youngest daughter less than seven and a half years old. The widower, William Blamire, in August 1755, took for second wife Bridget (Ritson), the widow of John Simpson of Lonning Head, Sebergham, and by her had one daughter, Bridget, who married George Brown of Newcastle-on-Tyne. In June 1758, William Blamire himself died, leaving "The Hollin" estate to his eldest son William, then eighteen years of age, under the trusteeship of Thomas Blamire of Hawksdale, and Mary Simpson, widow of George Simpson of Thackwood Nook.

This last-named lady claims attention in this narrative, as she played a very important part in bringing up and educating the two lads, William and Richmond, and the two lassies, Sarah and Susanna Blamire. As the wife, and after March 1745 the widow, of George Simpson of Thackwood, she was aunt to "The Hollin" Blamires, who from their earliest lispings loved "Aunt Mary." She loved them in return, and all the more that she had not been blessed with children of her own. The love was well chosen, and led to happy results to all parties concerned. Having some misgivings as to a stepmother doing full justice to the young Blamires, Aunt Simpson

* The yearly copyhold rent of "The Hollin" was twenty shillings and twopence; the same sum is paid to-day for "The Oaks," the name given to "The Hollin" in 1790 by the famous Dr Paley, who christened the new building erected by Doctor Blamire in that year, and also his son and heir, afterwards the Tithe Commissioner, on the same day.—See the Commissioner's Biography.

requested their newly-wedded father to place them under her care at Thackwood Nook in 1755; and as he died (1758) within three years of this arrangement being concluded, the nephews and nieces eventually came under her entire guardianship. A most worthy woman was Aunt Simpson! rich in a dowry she brought her husband; richer in the essentials of good housewifery; and richest of all in hearty neighbourly feeling and kindness. Though a practical-minded person, suited to the age and the rural economy of Cumberland, she was by no means insensible to the more graceful colouring of life. In her judicious treatment of her nephews and nieces, she fulfilled every duty that a parent could well have discharged. Thus *William*,* the heir, was promoted to the study of medicine, and became a naval surgeon of repute; *Richmond* was pushed forward as a London bookseller; and *Sarah* and *Susanna* were educated as far as the locality could confer; all endeavour being made to equip them for the world of life, be it single blessedness or matrimonial duality. She addressed the girls as her own pets, and some folk thought she petted them too much. But what right-minded person could have done otherwise, seeing that they were as lively as the liveliest, as clever as the cleverest, and as bonny as the bonniest; and in every way deserving of an aunt's affection.

The "reading made easy" of the girls was sought at the village school of Raughton Head, a mile dis-

* William was born in one of the coldest winters ever experienced in Cumberland; and was carried to Dalston Church to be christened in a well-blanketed hopper, to avoid the danger of exposure to what might have been termed a Spitzbergen cold.

tant by the fields, among a mixed class of boys and girls of the yeomen and farming class. Governesses were uncommonly rare a century ago, so that juveniles of the higher rural class in Cumberland had occasionally to pass through a rough sort of schooling, or fare worse by hanging on by their mother's apron-strings. The Thackwood girls were but a short time at the mixed school; and it is not improbable they were taught at home by ushers obtained from the village of Sebergham, less than three miles distant, possessing at that time a school of some celebrity.

If reading, writing, and arithmetic sufficed for country girls, Susanna, the subject of this memoir, would soon be free from scholastic training. Other gifts of the graceful sort flow from Nature, and bloom as bonny as the hawthorn under the influence of a sunny May. Time and circumstances, presently to be noted, favoured the growth of the higher accomplishments in which both sisters were said greatly to shine in their womanhood. They owed more than can well be set forth to the example of their aunt, who took such lively interest in other people's welfare, and proved her goodwill in a way regardless of all cost. The basins in which she kept her golden guineas and her silver and copper coins on the table of her sitting-room, open to the household, were oft the theme of her loving nieces, and of others beyond the grateful recipients of her charity. These basins should have been preserved as mementoes of a noble woman, whose character comes down clothed in language that savours of fiction rather than sober fact. Of honest mind and purpose herself, she must have believed in the honesty of others, or the guinea basin

would hardly have been placed in such a tempting position.

"Aunt Mary," or "Aunt Simpson," was truly a character, and a model of a woman, who covered every page of her own social life with lines of sympathy, kindness, and goodwill, and left nothing but pleasant memories to her adopted children and their worthy successors at Thackwood. Her days were long in the land, extending to eighty-two years; and were full of well-doing to the last. Oft have I heard my good friend Mr Blamire say, when pointing to the trees Aunt Simpson had planted in front of the old manor-house, "Ah! she was a noble woman; she was the making of the family."

Susanna showed the rhyming faculty very early in life, and oft amused the family by lively couplets on home incidents, or in portraying the characteristics of an old-fashioned neighbour, or occasionally venturing on a series of stanzas depicting a pastoral scene, lighted up by the atmosphere of her own fancy. These juvenile efforts were viewed as ephemeral displays of a lively girl catching the spirit of the hour, and making it subservient to the pleasant hearth of a winter's evening at Thackwood; for having created amusement, they were oft consigned to the fire. They were not understood as indications of a higher promise; and if they had, it is doubtful if matter-of-fact Aunt Simpson would have shown the authoress any encouragement, seeing that poets were not held up as types of prosperity, but rather of poverty, waywardness, and do nothingism. Rhyme might be allowed to gratify hours of idleness, but sober sense pointed to other motives ruling at Thackwood. However,

young women who are disposed to indulge the imagination seldom hide their talents, or any other gift, under a bushel; and Susanna, though claiming no credit for her rhyming propensity, would not deny its manifestation. Nay, it has been said, that in her gay humour, and wishing others to partake of that gaiety, she would pin her scraps of verse to the oaken boughs hanging over the winding walks of the plantation in front of Thackwood, and more or less visible to passers by the public road.

Miss Blamire fulfilled Horace's definition of being a poet *born* and not *made*. The breathings of her muse happily came unsought, and as naturally found exercise amid the humanities and topography of the district, apparently deriving but slender aid from classic or historic culture. Those who have dwelt upon the scenery of the Cauda and Raugh as a proximate cause of Miss Blamire's lyrical powers, have shown their incomprehension of the psychological markings of her nature, the "divine afflatus" that endowed her muse with lively sensibility, enthusiasm, and tenderness. The genesis of a true poesy, the poesy that captivates and thrills, resembles the genesis of high art;* it originates with the individual man, and is but a manifestation of his cerebral development, susceptible, it is true, of the benign influences arising from observation and steady culture.

Bucolic life afforded her many a theme illustrative of simple manners and rural felicity, and not the less when aided by stories of love and war; and these domestic subjects with family or personal interests,

* This argument has been illustrated in my "Life of Musgrave Lewthwaite Watson, the Sculptor."

blending with their scenic adjuncts, seemed the most suited to her poetic canvas. Like Wilkie's pictures—a *genre* sort of illustration of British life—they were of local growth; in short, home studies; and as they touched home feelings, they were her special delight.

The first of her short poems that happened to be saved from the destruction generally awaiting all her earlier efforts was "written in a churchyard, on seeing a number of cattle grazing in it," and bears date 1766. Two or three passages will suffice to show its character. The poetess was then nineteen years of age:—

"What beauty or what charms adorned the frame
Of this cold image now to earth consigned;
Or what just praise the heart's high worth might claim,
The time-worn letters now no more remind.
Then what is honour?—what is wealth or fame?
Since the possessor waits the common doom!
As much revered we find the peasant's name
As the rich lord's when in the levelling tomb.
To both alike this tribute we may send,
The heart-swollen sigh, or the lamenting tear;
And without difference o'er their ashes bend,
For all distinctions find a level here.
For nought avails the marble o'er each head,
Nor all the art which sculpture can bestow,
To save the memory of the honoured dead,
Or strike the living with their wonted awe.
. . . . . .
Yet still the thought of Nature's sad decay,
And the reception in the world unknown,
Must cast a cloud o'er hope's celestial ray,
If not dispelled by conscious worth alone.
May this support me in the awful hour,
When earthly prospects fade before my view!
O! then, my friends, into my bosom pour
Some soothing balsam at the last adieu.
Say in Elysium we shall meet again,
Nor there shall error hold th' enchanting rod;

But, freed from earth, at once we'll break the chain,
And thus released shall ne'er offend our God.
Then hence aversion to the body's doom,
Nor let this scene a pensive murmur raise;
Nor let thought grieve when pondering o'er the tomb,
Though on my grave the senseless herd should graze."

"Sally" and "Sukey" Blamire, as the loving sisters were familiarly termed, soon established their domestic repute, and the service of the daughters of the squirearchy was pretty utilitarian in those days. Nor were they slow to work up what are called "the feminine accomplishments" becoming their position—embroidery and water-coloured drawings, alternating with spinning and the more applicable work. The spinning-wheel is happily introduced in the following song, that conveys a moral worthy of study to the feminine class:—

I'VE GOTTEN A ROCK, I'VE GOTTEN A REEL.

AIR—"*The White Cockade.*"

"I've gotten a rock, I've gotten a reel,
I've gotten a wee bit spinning-wheel;
An' by the whirling rim I've found
How the weary, weary warl' goes round.
'Tis roun' an' roun' the spokes they go,
Now ane is up, an' ane is low;
'Tis by ups and downs in Fortune's wheel
That mony ane gets a rock to reel.

"I've seen a lassie barefoot gae,
Look dashed an' blate, wi' nought to say;
But as the wheel turned round again,
She chirped an' talked, nor seemed the same;
Sae fine she goes, sae far aglee,
That folks she kenned she canna see;
An' fleeching chiels around her thrang,
Till she miskens her a' day lang.

"There's Jock, when the bit lass was poor,
Ne'er trudged o'er the lang mossy moor;
Though now to the knees he wades, I trow,
Through winter's weet an' winter's snow.
An' Pate declared the ither morn,
She was like a lily amang the corn;
Though ance he swore her dazzling een
Were bits o' glass that blacked had been.

"Now, lassies, I hae found it out
What men make a' this phrase about;
For when they praise your blinking e'e,
'Tis certain that your gowd they see;
An' when they talk o' roses bland,
They think o' the roses o' your land;
But should Dame Fortune turn her wheel,
They'd aff in a dance o' a threesome reel."

The poem of "A North Country Village," or Stockdalewath, was her largest effort, and embraced a description of the village of that name bordering the "Raw" or Raugh, a tributary stream of the Cauda, and in close proximity to Thackwood. She gives a homely lifelike picture of this Cumbrian hamlet, its alehouse, and mill, and fruitful orchards, as seen one hundred years ago; and in portraying her bucolic characters, introduces many pretty episodes:—

"Where the clear stream its useful tenor holds,
And the shorn flocks come whitened from the folds;
Where on each side the cottages are seen,
Which orchards shelter, and which poplars screen;
There many an apple, in autumnal pride,
Glows with red cheek, and blushes side by side,
Which with nice care is locked in oaken chest,
Till Christmas comes, and tarts draw out the feast.
Nor does the garden useful herbs deny;
Fenced round with thorns that point their spears on high,
There the thyme blows, from which brown bees distil
The sweets that all their waxen storehouse fill;

The parsley next extends its useful row,
And marjorum sweet is ever taught to grow;
Next balm, and sage, and hyssop physic yield,
With cordial mint, the doctor of the field;
There spreading cabbage all their strength produce,
And take firm root to stand for winter's use;
Carrots and turnips Sunday feasts supply,
Till blest potatoes meet the thankful eye;
There the tall pea in stately grandeur stalks,
And humbler bean 'midst her own fragrance walks.

. . . . . .

And look where ornament her care bestows!
Above the lily nods the blushing rose;
The fringing poppy and the peony vie
Which shall look gayest in the village eye.
Nor think not these unmeet for Sunday's pride,
When with a woollen thread the nosegay's tied!
There southernwood, and thyme, like broom, behold
Spreading their shade o'er the dark marigold;
Sweet-william next, in wig of early pride,
Smiles on himself as if his bob he eyed;
The rose and lily round the posy stray,
And in the church waft faintness far away,
When tired with walking many a sultry morn
Through new cut hay or fields of standing corn;
E'en while at prayers a sudden chillness steals,
And all the heart the creeping sickness feels;
No salts are there,—yet thyme and mint renew
The wasting sense, and cheer from pew to pew."

The domestic purpose, and the bleaching of the web resulting from the winter's spinning, are concisely drawn in the following passage, itself historical of times which can never return to Cumberland :—

"The morning toils are now completely o'er,
The bowls well scalded, and well swept the floor;
The daughter at the needle plies the seam,
While the good mother hastens to the stream:
There the long webs, that wintry moons began,
Lie stretched and beaming in the summer's sun;

And, lest he scorch them in his fervid hours,
She scoops along the nice-conducted showers,
Till, like the snow that tips the mountain's height,
The brown's dull shade gives place to purest white;
While her sweet child knee-deep is wading seen,
Picking bright stones, or tumbling on the green."

The call to dinner, its savoury character, and the relative positions of the master and his womenfolk, "the grateful sacrifice," and peace and contentment, are true to the life :—

"'Tis dinner, father!' home they panting go,
While the tired parent still pants on more slow.
Now the fried rasher meets them on the way,
And savoury pancakes welcome steams convey.
Their pace they mend, till at the pump they stand,
Deluge the face, and purify the hand,
And then to dinner. There the women wait,
And the tired father fills his chair of state;
Smoking potatoes meet their thankful eyes,
And hunger wafts the grateful sacrifice;
To her libations of sweet milk are poured,
And Peace and Plenty watch around the board."

She is happy in her description of the regrets expressed by old people on the sad changes of the times, and makes a Dame Margaret condemn the growing pride of the rising generation; possibly a similar condemnation is still to be heard in other rural districts, and not inaptly :—

"Look at the girls!—they all dress now-a-days
Like them fine folk who act their nonsense plays.
No more the decent mob surrounds the face,
Bordered with edging, or bit good bone-lace;
Gauze flappets soon, that will not last a day,
We'll see them flaunting whilst they're making hay.
All things are changed, the world's turned upside down,
And every servant wears a cotton gown,

Bit flimsy things, that have no strength to wear,
And will like any blotting-paper tear.
I made my Nelly a half-worsted gown;
She slighting told me 'twould not do in town!
This pride! this pride! it sure must have a fall,
And bring some heavy judgment on us all!
They 're grown so bold, too, and their lads allow,
When courting them, to skulk behind a cow,
Till all 's in bed. My John, when courting me,
Used after supper to come manfully;
For oft he used to say he knew no place
Where honesty need fear to show its face.

. . . . . .

In this gay village hangs a wondrous sign—
The 'Hounds and Hare' are the immense design.

. . . . . .

Around the front, inviting benches wait,
Conscious of many a glass and sage debate;
The great man of the village cracks his joke,
Reads o'er the news, and whiffs the curling smoke;
Tells tales of old, and nods, and heaves the can,
Makes fixed decrees, and seems much more than man."

An old soldier appears on the scene direct from the wars, and he tells wonderful stories of his hardships and experiences abroad. Moreover, he introduces a great deal of the history of the countries he visited, and speaks well of humanity in every clime. Filling up the canvas is a love-tale, attended by its high exaltations and resolves, its partings and disappointments; ending with a duel, which "is suicide or murder, after all!" This affords the groundwork of the following:—

"Sweet Reputation, like a lily fair,
Scents every breath that winnows through the air;
The colouring sunbeam on its whiteness plays,
And dances round and round with gilding rays.
Anon dark clouds these gilding rays withhold,
And the leaf shrivels with the sudden cold;

A blighting vapour sails along the skies,
And the meek lily droops its head, and dies:
Nor can a sword, or the defending pen,
Clear the lost female character again;
The vindication better never hear,—
That fame is safest that has nought to clear;
And female fame is such a tender flower,
It cannot even bear a pitying shower;
Courage in man is something near as nice,
Which life must buy, and wear at any price."

Wishing to show her family relations to the village, she thus alludes to her sister, her brother the doctor, and herself:—

"And now the sisters take their evening walk;
One famed for goodness, and one famed for joke,
For physic, too, some little is renowned,
With every salve that loves to heal the wound;
The pulse she feels with true mysterious air,
While Mrs Graham of strengthening broths takes care.
That sickness must be hopeless of all end,
Which her good home-made wine no way can mend;
The brother then his skill of medicine tries,
And rarely in his hands the lingering patient dies."

She concludes her poem by the following encomiums on the village that for years received so much of her attention and kindness:—

"For peace and plenty, and the cheerful tale,
For happy wives, for mirth, and honest ale,
For maidens fair, and swains of matchless truth,
And all the openness of artless youth,
Whene'er a Cumbrian village shall be famed,
Let Stoklewath be not the last that's named."

Susanna, it was supposed, succeeded best in her rhyming efforts when aided by the consonance of measure or rhythm; and the musical instrument best suited to her purpose was the guitar; she also played

admirably well on the flageolet. Those who were favoured with listening to her singing of her own songs enjoyed—

> "In the voice, the words, and harper's skill"—

a rare treat, both vocal and instrumental. Sitting on the lawn in front of the old manor-house in a summer's evening, shaded by the ancient yew-tree, Susanna, like the lively spirits of the grove, would fill the air with echoes, refreshing and placid. The recollection of those hours haunted her latter days when she asked—

> "Where are the spirits, light as air,
> That, self-amused, would carol loud?
> Would find out pleasures everywhere,
> And all her paths with garlands strowed?"

How nimbly and sweetly the air of Thackwood, stirred by her euphonies and fantasias, would recommend itself to the appreciative sense of visitors! And these were not a few; for, in addition to their family circle, men of education and ability, and women no less lively than gracious and intelligent, were oft assembled there. The worthy proprietress and her fair charges might well attract the chief denizens of the district, and make Thackwood a pleasant rendezvous. Sarah Blamire was of acknowledged bloom and beauty, nay, incomparably pretty, and the *belle* of the day in more districts than Cumberland.

> "Round her such native beauty glows,
> You'd take her cheek to be some rose
> Just spreading forth its blossoms sweet,
> Where red and white in union meet."

Susanna, joyous in life and good-humour, and as radiant as if under the spell of poetic exultation,

would minister to the happiness and gaiety of the hour. Nor should the brothers Blamire be overlooked. William, the naval surgeon, on his home visits would interest the family hearth by stories of his voyages and the dire contingencies of fighting on the main; whilst Richmond, led by his literary feeling to enter the bookselling and publishing business in London, enriched "our Aunt's" library, and conveyed all the exciting news of the metropolis to the banks of the Raugh.

In 1767 Miss Sarah Blamire was married to Colonel Græme, or Graham (42nd Regiment), of Gartmore, situated in the mid-Highlands of Scotland. This marriage was not without its happy influences on the poetess, then twenty years of age. It extended her liberties far beyond Cumberland, even to the far north, where she saw much of Scottish life and manners, and heartily enjoyed her opportunities. Her age and temperament rendered her peculiarly susceptible of fresh impressions. The novelty of travel, so exhilarating of itself, she secured in the company of her sister and the Colonel, who visited London, and stayed for short periods at the chief military stations in Ireland. The reader need not be told of the advantages accruing to a sharp-eyed, clear-witted person like the poetess, transferred from a rural home to mingle with the busy throng of life and the diversified society of the British Isles. The social panorama, the freer nature, the contiguity of superior minds, lent a new impulse to her thoughts, helped to improve her personal manner and dignity, and to give breadth and form to her literary studies. From this time the old-fashioned recesses and book-shelves of the parlour at

Thackwood continued to receive accessions of the best English classics; and notably all that constituted the English school of poesy flourishing in the reign of Queen Anne, and that for long sufficed the reading wants of the lieges of the more phlegmatic Georges. In London she met with men of intellectual calibre, and women of superior position and refinement. There, too, any deficiencies in her education could be atoned for; there masters for every department of human learning could be had, and her *penchant* for the fine arts specially gratified. Under Dr Courrier she greatly enlarged her musical attainments, and so gained his goodwill and esteem as to be presented by him with a psaltery. London society was truly a boon to the poetess in every way. Nor was her sojourn in Ireland wanting in interest. The Irish people, with their ready wit, their exuberant life, their Celtic warmth and love of song, came nearer to her own sympathies than the cooler temperament of the English Saxon.

Placed as she was by family connection with both public services, and ever sympathising with the hardships and gallantry of the soldier, as seen in her long poem of "Stockdalewath," and in other passages of her works, may have led to the following song:—

THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS.

AIR—"*The Days o' Langsyne.*"

"When war had broke in on the peace of auld men,
And frae Chelsea to arms they were summoned again
Twa vet'rans, grown grey, wi' their muskets sair soiled,
Wi' a sigh were relating how hard they had toiled;
The drum it was beating, to fight they incline,
But aye they look back to the days o' langsyne.

"Oh! Davy, man, weel thou remembers the time,
When, twa brisk young callans, and baith i' our prime,
The Duke bade us conquer, and show'd us the way,
And mony a braw chiel we laid low on that day;
Yet I'd venture, fu' cheerfu', this auld trunk o' mine,
Could William but lead, and I fight, as langsyne.

"But garrison duty is a' we can do;
Though our arms are worn weak, yet our hearts are still true;
We carena for dangers by land or by sea,
For Time is turned coward, and no thee and me;
And though at the change we should sadly repine,
Youth winna return, nor the strength o' langsyne.

"When after our conquests, it joys me to mind
How thy Janet caressed thee, and my Meg was kind;
They followed our fortunes, though never so hard,
And we cared na for plunder wi' sic a reward;
E'en now they're resolved baith their hames to resign,
And will follow us yet for the sake o' langsyne." *

She had a regular correspondence with the Græmes of Gartmore, and in one of her rhyming epistles to her friends there, we get a peep into the daily occupation of the poetess at Thackwood, done up in a free and easy measure:—

"My Gartmore friends, a blessing on ye,
And all that's good still light upon ye!
Will you allow this hobbling rhyme
To tell you how I pass my time?
'Tis true I write in shortened measure,
Because I scrawl but at my leisure;
For why?—sublimity of style
Takes up a most prodigious while;
To count with fingers six or seven,
And mind that syllables are even,—
To make the proper accent fall,
La! 'tis the very deuce of all.

* "The Chelsea Pensioners" will be found harmonised by Mr R. A. Smith, in his "Scottish Minstrel," vol. v. p. 24.

Alternate verse, too, makes me think
How to get t'other line to clink;
And then your odes with two lines rhyming,
An intermitting sort of chiming,
Just like the bells on birthdays ringing,
Or like your friend S. Blamire's singing,
Which only pleases those whose ears
Ne'er heard the music of the spheres."

She describes the engagements of the day, beginning with her morning tea, then a rarity in domestic economy:—

"First, then, I 've brought me up my tea,—
A medicine which I'd ordered me;
It 's from the coast of Labrador;
Sir Hugh, the gallant Commodore,*
Brought it to me for my rheumatics.
Oh girls! these aches play me sad tricks,—
And e'en in London had you found me,
You 'd found a yard of flannel round me.
At eight I rise—a decent time!
But Aunt would say 'tis oftener nine.
I come down-stairs, the cocoa ready—
For you must know I 'm turned fine lady,
And fancy tea gives me a pain,
Where 'tis not decent to complain.

. . . .

I sit me down and work a while,—
But here, I think, I see you smile;
At work! quoth you;—but little 's done;
Thou lik'st too well a bit of fun.
At twelve, I dress my head so smart,
Were there a man, he 'd lose his heart;
My hair is turned the loveliest brown,
There 's no such hair in London town!
Nor do I use one grain of powder,
Either the violet or the other;
Nature adopts me for her child,—
Fair is her fruit when not run wild."

* Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser.

The poetess seems to have imbibed some of her mother's delicacy of health, and occasionally been induced to seek change of air among friends, or the benefit accruing from the cherished virtues of Gilsland Spa, or the invigorating breezes of the Solway Firth. Nothing can be recognised in her portrait indicative of this tendency. She had a fair share of nervous temperament, yet not without the colour and corresponding substance of a bilio-sanguineous constitution. Looking daily at her portrait over a period of several months, I used to realise many and varied charms in her person. Her free and open countenance, so light and smiling and gracious, conveys no less special character than elegance. Active, redundant life is there; so is the witty thoughtfulness suggestive of much more than could possibly be portrayed on canvas. Prominence is given to her well-formed brow by the combing upwards and backwards of her hair, a portion of which, rolled up as a thick curl, hangs gracefully down on her shoulders, the berry-brown tresses in wanton ringlets waving over her bust, affording as happy an artistic adjunct to her face as a rich Tuscan setting showing off a precious Roman cameo. Whatever entered into the ordinary construction of the old-fashioned cushion or pad over which the hair was combed *à la mode*, the ladies of Thackwood were not loth in times of need to cut up the stiff parchments of the old deeds of their ancestors for that purpose! They surely had confidence in their holdings and inheritance when they could make such trivial use of title-deeds.* It may be noted of

* In looking over the deeds of the Blamires, from the year 1652, I have been struck with the similarity of the handwriting of several gene-

Susan's apparently grotesque mode of adjusting her hair, that the same fashion prevailed among the girls of Palmyra 1700 years ago—a fashion, by the way, that bids fair for a revival in Victoria's reign. Addison complained in his day of the variability of ladies' head-dress, that within his own memory they had risen or fallen above thirty degrees. Juvenal's experience was pretty nearly the same, for he wrote—

> "Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum.
> Ædificat caput; Andromachen a fronte videbis;
> Post minor est; aliam credas."

To revert to her portrait. Her individuality is well-defined, her eyes bright and penetrating, her nose pronounced, her upper lip short, and a mouth as graceful as if it were tuned to music. As the fashion of the day was to show the feminine attributes pretty fully, the artist, with happy effect, placed a rose and its budding leaves over a region that is all the more charming by a semi-disclosure of its beauties. There was but one drawback to her countenance, the result of a slight attack of small-pox—so universally met with in English society previous to the introduction of Jenner's discovery of vaccination.

> "That winning form, where elegance has wove
> The thousand softnesses of gentlest love;
> That meaning eye, that artless blushing cheek,
> Which leaves so little for the tongue to speak;

---

rations of the family—a fact strongly corroborative of the opinion, held by some, in a long succession of hereditary qualities in families, even to the minor matter of penmanship.

The poetess seldom attached her name to any document. The autograph beneath her portrait is copied from her will as originally sketched by her: it is bold and sweeping. Occasionally she signed "Su. Blamire," but more frequently "S. B."

The nameless graces of her polished mind ;
That laughing wit, and serious sense refined ;
That altogether, which no art can reach,
And which 'tis nature's very rare to teach ;
That nameless something which pervades the soul,
Wins not by halves, but captivates the whole."

She has been described to me by those who knew her well as "rather tall and lish ;" and of her activity there could assuredly be no doubt. Her body, like her mind, seemed inspirited ; and when her nerves were in chord-harmony, they responded to the highest notes of social impulse. At all exercises, equestrian and pedestrian, she was as apt as the best. It was imperative in her day that young ladies should ride well, and regardless of the risks of road or weather, seeing that travelling was to be done on horseback, let the distance be what it might. Grooms were not then at everybody's beck and call ; so the fairer portion of the country gentry might have occasion, without any sacrifice of dignity, to saddle their own steeds. Cumberland was calculated to test both the courage and alertness of riders : there were bad roads, and these up hill and down brae, fords to cross, and commons to scamper over ; yet no guide-posts and no Macadamization to lighten the journey.

The Carlisle Hunt included ladies, and Susan would surely rank with the most agile of her sex. Her song of the "Carlisle Hunt" implies an active participation in its enjoyments ; and one can easily fancy how well suited the costume of white and green would be to her flowing habiliments and fresh complexion. The song would hardly interest many, and she thus commences it :—

"When the last leaf forsook the tree,
And languid suns were seen,
And winter whistled o'er the lea,
And called the sportsmen keen;
The goddess of the silver bow
Stept forth, her sandals tipped with snow.
Fal, lall," &c.

She makes Diana speak of her nymphs as—

"My daughters are like snowdrops seen,
All dressed in white and trimmed with green.
Fal, lall," &c.

As if wishful to pay a compliment to the damsels assembled in the Border City, she concludes the song—

"But Hymen heard, and, with a smile,
Declared he 'd hover round Carlisle."

Aunt Simpson bought her silver plate from Mr Stalker, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the son of her nearest neighbour, Yeoman Stalker, of Lambfield. Susan was deputed to correspond with the silversmith. The subjoined letter proves a previous communication, and that Mr Stalker had sent her ribbons and earrings. The poetess had evidently heard something of her correspondent's betrothal, and was afraid she might be exciting jealousy in the breast of some fair Dulcinea. This letter is the only complete one to be found: it bears no date, but was evidently written in her "twenties," and is exceedingly characteristic of her playful humour and knowledge of human nature:

"How dangerous a thing is it, quoth Experience, for a youth to write to some girls—particularly those who have vagrant heads and idle hands! Then you may be sure that epistles will succeed each other as alternately as light and darkness. What a labyrinth of difficulties are you brought to

wander in! Politeness, and a certain kind of breeding appropriated to the sex, obliges you to behave with a degree of *politesse*—nothing rude or forbidding. On the other hand, fear of persuasion, visits of these sort of shadows (as Pope calls them), may move perhaps the fear of some fair jealous female whose tender heart can't bear a rival. This is torture indeed—racks, racks. Depend upon it you will be sent to the Inquisition. And for what? Nay, many a good Catholic knows not why he is sent to the Bastile. However, when 'tis made appear that your crime was only writing to me—a poor harmless, innocent, guileless nymph—why, I do firmly believe you may hope to come off with only the fear of the torture. But you may tell your confessor or *confessoress* that again I write by my good aunt's order, and so let her set her heart at *ease*. I should like to know vastly the name of your Dulcinea; for one you have—so saith Fame. Fame's trumpet, like the Judges' [of Assize], sounds pretty shrill (I suppose we have both heard them lately), which made me think of the simile. And, to carry it still further, you know the trumpet that so lately blew at Newcastle has since that sounded at Carlisle; so now the wonder ceases how we come to catch notes that you thought, perhaps, you had only whispered in your Dulcinea's ear.

"My aunt sends the contents of the bill by Pickeren, which she hopes you will receive safe, along with her good wishes. I will deliver yours to my dear sister, whom I hope soon to see. Notwithstanding this prospect is truly pleasing, I own I don't think of leaving your godmother without a heartache. How contrasted are our inclinations, hopes, and fears! We sometimes, I believe, almost hope what we fear. Perhaps I 'm writing an Irishism; but whether you can make English of it or no I know not, but I can reconcile the blunder well enough.

"Indeed, my good friend (and once *shepherd*), I own to you I think the smoke of Newcastle has banished the simplicity of Lambfield. Flattery is not, if I read your letter aright, entirely out of the catalogue of your *virtues*; but when given in so smooth a manner, and offered upon the terms of friendship, I own, for my part, there is so much of the woman about me that I can swallow it well enough, and don't find it so hard of digestion as some pretend to.

"'Tis now either high time to scold or thank you for the ribband and earrings. To say the truth, I am not very good at railing at my friends, though their kindness to me often deserves

it; but 'tis a grating subject to enumerate their partialities, and one's own defects. Suffice it to say, I think myself much obliged, but at the same time am sorry you should so far *overrate* a letter as to pay such high a *price* for it. If business led by curiosity prompts you to town, and you see everything that is worthy of notice, viz., the *lions*, waxworks, giants, &c., &c., I beg leave to recommend one still more to your notice, as great a curiosity as will be in town for the winter, I 'll answer for it. I won't describe it; 'tis not much like the elephant, rather more like the Queen's zebra, and it is to be found at the corner of Craven Street, Strand [her brother's publishing office], shown by your obliged

"SU. BLAMIRE.

"Mr Stalker, Jeweller in the Side, Newcastle-Tyne,
with £3, 1s. 6d."

A second letter to Mr Stalker, though slightly imperfect, is worth quoting:—

"When a young woman sits down to write to a young man by a good aunt's order, I don't see what Prudence can have to say to it. I have ever been a little afraid of her lectures, though. Perhaps you will modestly attribute a debt I left unpaid in the epistolary way to this score. I know you are a good-natured soul, and will not suppose indolence, carelessness, or any other thing which was not what it ought to have been, to have any hand in it. To be sure, S. B. employs no agents but such as are truly amiable in her affairs; they are always so properly conducted that sagacity has the largest share in the direction. Very well! you see flattery can reach even this remote [part of] the earth; and self-flattery [the most pernic]ious of all the various kinds; but truly I don't see, while your girls in towns have their share, that we country damsels mon't have ours; and if 'tis good, no matter whence it comes.

"But I 've wandered from my subject. My aunt bid me desire you to send in the bill for my sister's plate, &c. I hope to see her by the beginning of September, as I am to try what a southern clime will be indulgent enough to afford me—a better allowance of health 'tis hoped—as I find a northern one very stingy indeed. They are all well at Lambfield, I believe.

"I give you joy. It seems you were married long ago. I 'm

glad of it, for it costs a world of blushes to write to a young fellow—to poor"——

The remainder of the page, which probably contained her autograph, is torn off.

The "Red Spearman" though artistically rude in carving, and perched on the highest part of the front entrance of the old homestead, might metaphorically claim all the consideration due to "a gallant knight" offering to throw down the gauntlet of defence in honour of the "ladyes faire" of the Thackwood court of beauty; for to that court of lovely forms, good-breeding, and welcomeness, many worthy personages repaired; and not a few of those who formed the consortship of Thackwood were at the same time earning historic reputation in the higher departments of theology, law, and philosophy.

A glance at the Thackwood circle of one hundred years ago, or thereabouts, may not be altogether uninteresting. Though the ranks of the Richmonds of Highhead Castle, the nearest neighbours and relatives of the Blamires, were being thinned by death, their alliances were numerous; and among them was a Mr Barton (of the family from which sprang the Quaker-poet Barnard Barton), who anticipated the mechanism of the "spinning-frame" of Richard Arkwright, and persuaded the calico interests of Carlisle of his claim to a moiety of the Lancashire invention. The village of Sebergham, within three miles of Thackwood, could boast of an educated community, mostly developed by the tutorship of the Rev. Josiah Relph, poet, parson and scholar, who was succeeded in the incumbency by his uncle, Samuel Relph, and the Revs. Thomas Denton and William

Sheepshanks.* The Relphs, the Bouchers, and Stubbs of Sebergham drew learned deans, Scotch professors, and others of note to their delightfully retired valley, held by some as not unworthy of comparison with the vale of Avoca in Ireland.

Lower down the picturesque Cauda was Rose Castle, then presided over by Dr Edmund Law, the rational and liberal Bishop of Carlisle. One great fact in the Bishop's history and good name was his recognition of William Paley's intellectuality, and his bestowing upon him the living of Dalston, in which parish the episcopal palace is situated. Between the Bishop's residence and that of his philosophical colleague at Dalston Vicarage was Hawksdale Hall, where Joseph, nephew of the clever Bishop Nicholson, and joint-author with Richard Burn, LL.D., of the "History of Westmoreland and Cumberland," resided. Others less known to fame, and several of the squirearchy of the eastern part of the county, associated on equal terms with the Blamires, either at Thackwood or the Hollins, afterwards the "Oaks."

Mrs Law and her large progeny † were a party of themselves, and a noble party withal. Mrs Paley might

* This Rev. W. Sheepshanks became Prebendary of Carlisle. He is said to have been more partial to pedestrianism than preaching, and, if the following instance be trusted, an exceedingly laconic letter-writer, who literally would not waste a word. On being solicited by Dean Milner and another friend to join them in a walking excursion, he addressed the following reply, as curt as expressive, to his ecclesiastical superior :—"*Shanks I to-morrow.*"

† Mrs Law is said to have had a baker's dozen of children. Talking of them to a friend, she would exclaim, "Dear me! what will become of them all?" There was no fear of the Laws; they were of the right Cumberland sort: two became Bishops, and a third rose to the Chief-Justiceship of England, with the title of Lord Ellenborough.

not be so sociable as the Bishop's spouse, owing, probably, to a weakness she had for telling her own sex that "the Doctor" would philosophise too much when she claimed his home attentions, and longed for fresh bonnets and newer silks. The said Doctor, in his angling excursions along the banks of the Raugh, would "drop in" at Thackwood for his early lunch and a good draught of Mrs Simpson's home-brewed. There was much intercourse between the Laws, Paleys, and Blamires; and Aunt Simpson's larder was quite equal to the wants of the highest representatives of "Mother Church," and, considering Paley's trencher qualifications, this is saying a great deal. At the three-o'clock dinners of Thackwood, where Law and Paley met, in genial company, there could be no lack of good talk and thoughtful expression, if not of historic and scientific interpretation, for the benefit of the young people. The isolated position of the old manor-house necessarily limited the number of visitors; but its society was highly select in character, almost beyond all country precedent. The whole length and breadth of England might have been explored without finding two such able men as Law and Paley in one county, much less in one parish and at one table. They were divines, too, who had the good sense to doff off the trammels of lawn sleeves and canonicals, and participate in the pleasant intercourse and pastimes of rural life. Mingling with young and bright faces in innocent mirth and enjoyment, or even admiring the personal loveliness of the sisters Blamire, was assuredly as good in spirit, and as consistent with the healthy feelings of humanity, as lecturing the

pharisaical, or dressing up rigid theological formulas on Sundays.

If Thackwood was so invitingly pleasant, it owed much to the attractiveness of Susanna Blamire. Mrs Græme was fairer and bonnier, but she could not sustain the versatility, the mercurial flow of spirits and sportiveness of her younger sister. Susanna showed the gaiety of a French demoiselle more than an English girl nurtured on the clayey soils of Cumberland. She was aye blithe and merry in company; her conversation and manner, and no less her attire, were winsome and ingratiating. Her animation animated others, and gave a zest to the sociability, if not a distinct colour to the hours devoted to good-humour and enjoyment.

She might well write—

IN THE SEARCH OF GOOD-HUMOUR.

"In the search of good-humour I 've rambled all day,
And just now honest Truth has discovered her way;
When, rubbing his telescope perfectly clear,
Called out, 'I 've found her,' and bade me come here.

"I 'm grown weary of wit, who but dresses for show,
And strives still to sparkle as much as your beau;
For if he can shine, though at dear friend's expense,
He will raise contributions on feeling and sense.

. . . . . .

"Oh! 'tis gentle good-humour that makes life so sweet,
And picks up the flowerets that garnish our feet;
Then from them extracting the balsam of health,
Turns the blossoms of nature to true sterling wealth."

Those inclined to mirth found a responsive chord in Susanna, who, like a focus from which warmth of feeling could be irradiated, cheered and inspirited all around her.

COME, MORTALS, ENLIVEN THE HOUR.

"Come, mortals, enliven the hour that is lent,
Nor cloud with false fear the sunshine of to-day.
The ills that hang o'er us what sighs can prevent,
Or waft from the eye one moist sorrow away?
Though we see from afar, as he travels life's road,
Old Time mowing down both the shrub and the flower,
Soon or late, we all know, he must sweep our abode,
But why damp our mirth by inquiring the hour?

"In the span that 's allotted then crowd every joy;
Let the goblet run high if in dreams you delight;
Though wine to true pleasure is oft an alloy,
And sober reflection grows sick at the sight.
Disguised are our pleasures, as well as our woes,
On their choice must depend half the turn of our fate;
With the tint of the mind every circumstance glows,
And gives to life's troubles their colour and weight."

To return to the society of the Blamires. What might be hazarded for the gift of a "spiritual medium" to place one *en rapport* with the happy gatherings at Thackwood; to see the moral and political philosopher Paley condescending to the playful attitudes of the hour, and having a game at whist with the shrewd hostess; the Pauline Episcopus reticent on the speculations he had formed on the futurity of poor mortals, whilst doing an amiable part to make the most of the present "space and time" by chatting with the poetess, and probably reading her inner thoughts:—

"That in this little life 'tis oft trifles that please,"

and that he should avoid the censure couched in the following lines:—

"Unbending austerity, wrapt up in self,
Is so like a miser when hoarding his pelf."

How it must have touched the mellowed feelings of the good Bishop listening to the recitation of "The Nabob; or, The Traveller's Return," and carrying in his mind's eye the lonely old man's visit to his native place, to experience so much keen disappointment at the changes wrought in the homestead, every surrounding of which in his youth he had cherished with a heart's fondness! "The Nabob" is one of the most perfect of Susanna Blamire's productions; tender, graceful, and at times wistful and mournful; but to attempt an analysis of all its characteristics and fine touches of nature would occupy more space than the song itself.

THE NABOB; OR, THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

"When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land,
Wi' mony hopes and fears:
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne?

"As I drew near my ancient pile,
My heart beat a' the way;
Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
O' some dear former day;—
Those days that followed me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naething to langsyne!

"The ivy'd tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blaw;
Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand,
Nae weel-kenned face I saw;

Till Donald tottered to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about langsyne.

" I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to find them there;
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hang o'er mony a chair;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these e'en o' mine,
I closed the door, and sobbed aloud
To think on auld langsyne!

" Some pensy chiels, a new-sprung race,
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shuddered at my Gothic wa's,
And wished my groves away:
' Cut, cut,' they cried, ' those aged elms!
Lay low yon mournfu' pine!'
Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

" To wean me frae these waefu' thoughts,
They took me to the town;
But sair on ilka weel-kenned face
I missed the youthfu' bloom.
At balls they pointed to a nymph
Wham a' declared divine;
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne!

" In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrilled through a' my heart:
The sang had mony an artfu' turn;
My ear confessed 'twas fine;
But missed the simple melody
I listened to langsyne.

" Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgi'e an auld man's spleen,
Wha' midst your gayest scenes still mourns
The days he ance has seen:

When time has passed, and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne!"

Aunt Simpson might make the next call on her niece, and obtain the gratification of listening to

AULD ROBIN FORBES.

"And Auld Robin Forbes has gien tem a dance,
I put on my speckets to see them aw prance;
I thought o' the days when I was but fifteen,
And skipped wi' the best upon Forbes's green.
Of aw things that is, I think thought is meast queer,
It brings that that's bypast and sets it down here;
I see Willy as plain as I din this bit leace,
When he tuik his cwoat lappet and deeghted his feace.

"The lasses aw wondered what Willy could see
In yen that was dark and hard-featured leyke me;
And they wondered ay mair when they talked o' my wit,
And slily telt Willy that couldn't be it:
But Willy he laughed, and he meade me his weyfe,
And whea was mair happy through aw his lang leyfe?
It's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane,
That he often said—nea pleace was leyke his awn heame.

"I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,
Where Willy was deykin, the time to beguile,
He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,
And I hammered my noddle to mek out a jest.
But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell
There was nin o' the lave that was leyke my awn sel';
And he spak what he thought, for I'd hardly a plack
When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my back.

"When the clock had struck eight I expected him heame,
And wheyles went to meet him as far as Dumleane;
Of aw hours it telt, *eight* was dearest to me,
But now when it streykes there's a tear i' my ee.
O Willy! dear Willy! it never can be
That age, time, or death can divide thee and me!
For the yen spot on earth that's aye dearest to me
Is the turf that has covered my Willy frae me!"

Dr Paley, being told by an old clergyman of his acquaintance that he and his wife had never had a cross word in their married lives, and that everything had been pleasant and Christian-like in tone with them, replied, in opposition to this boastful serenity of domestic bliss, and in his broad dialect, "It must have been a verra dool life you spent together." With such opinions of marital life, how Paley must have enjoyed the song of the

BARLEY BROTH.

" If tempers were put up to seale,
Our Jwohn's wad bear a deuced preyce ;
He vow'd 'twas barley i' the broth,—
' Upon my word,' says I, ' it 's reyce.'

" ' I mek nea faut,' our Jwohnny says ;
' The broth is guid, and varra neyce ;
I only say—it 's barley broth.'
' Tou says what 's wrang,' says I, ' it 's reyce.'

" ' Did ever mortal hear the leyke ?
As if I hadn't sense to tell !
Tou may think reyce the better thing,
But barley broth dis just as well.'

" ' And sae it mud, if it was there ;
The deil a grain is i' the pot ;
But tou mun aways threep yen down ;
I 've drawn the deevil of a lot ! '

" ' And what 's the lot that I have drawn ?
Pervarsion is a woman's neame !
Sae fares-t'e-weel ! I 'll sarve my king,
And never, never mair come heame.'

" Now Jenny frets frae mworn to neet ;
The Sunday-cap 's nae langer neyce ;
She aye puts barley i' the broth,
And hates the varra neame o' reyce.

" Thus treyfles vex, and treyfles please,
And treyfles mek the sum o' leyfe;
And treyfles mek a bonny lass
A wretched or a happy weyfe!"

What is best known as the "Cumberland Scold," the joint production of Miss Blamire and her friend Miss Gilpin, may be quoted here:—

THE CUMBERLAND SCOLD.

AIR—"*Jack o' Latten.*"

" Our Dick's sae cross—but what o' that!
I'll tell ye aw the matter;
Pou up yer heads; ay! deil may care,
Say women-fwok mun chatter.
And sae they may; they've much to say,
But little are they meynded;
Obey! is sec a fearfu' word,
An' that the married find it.

" Our Dick came in, and said it rained,
Says I, 'It meks nae matter;'
'Ay, but it dis, tou silly fuil!
But women-fwok mun clatter;
They're here an' there, and ev'rywhere,
And meakin sec a rumble,
Wi' te-te-te, an' te-te-te,
An' grumble, grumble, grumble!'

" Says I to Dick, to Dick, says I—
'There's nought i' life can match thee!
Thy temper's ayways bursting out,
And nought I say can patch thee.
I's ass, and fuil, and silly snuil,
I's naething but a noodle;
I's ayways wrang, and never reet,
And doodle, doodle, doodle.'

" 'Deil bin!' says Dick, 'if what I say
Is nit as true as beyble!
And gin I put te into print,
The fwok wad caw 't a reyble:

For deil a clout can tou set on,
In ony form or fashion,
Or dui or say a single thing
To keep yen out o' passion.'

"'Tou is a bonny guest, indeed!'
Tou is a toppin fellow!
I think thy breast is meade o' brass,
Tou dis sae rwoar and bellow:
I nobbet wish that I were deef,
There 's ayways sec a dingin;
I never ken what I 's about,
There 's sec a ring, ring, ringin.'

"'Whea ever kens what tou's about?
Tou 's ayways in a ponder;
Ay geavin wi' thy open mouth,
And wonder, wonder, wonder!
But of aw the wonders i' this warl,
I wonder we e'er married;
It wad hae been a bonny thing
Had that breet thout miscarried.'

"'But, harkye, Dick! I'll tell ye what,—
'Twas I that made the blunder;
That I tuik up wi' leyke o' thee,
Was far the greetest wonder!
For tou was nowther guid nor rich,
And tempert leyke auld Scratchum
For deil a day gangs owre my head,
But fratchum, fratchum, fratchum!'"

If the "Scold" be perfect in its kind, the "Reconciliation" is equally characteristic, as showing the danger of obtruding upon your neighbours' quarrels, and especially those between man and wife. It was found this spring among Miss Blamire's papers; and there is no doubt in my mind of its authorship. The tune is the same as that of the "Cumberland Scold," and it is a fitting sequel to the Blamire-Gilpin song.

THE RECONCILIATION.

" Says I to Dick the t'other day,
' What makes ta luik sa grumpy ?'
' And, Jenny, woman, what ails tou,
Tou luiks sa plaguy frumpy ?
Oh, dear me ! there was nain o' this
When ye first went together ;
This wedding is auld Richie's dream,
It makes sec change o' weather.'

" ' What 's that to thee ? quoth Jen i' ith' huff,
' What if we sometimes wrangle ?
We 're not like your auld folk at hame,
For ever gangle gangle ;
For if my Dick chance to be vext,
He scaulds and there 's an end o't,
And *I* scauld tou—we tell our minds,
And then it 's ow'r, depend on't.

" ' Ay, ay ! that 's reet, my lass,' quo Dick ;
' What sinifies folk grudging,
And keeping malice i' their breasts,
Like *Needfire*,* smudging, smudging.
Troth, Jen, I like thee weel enough,
E'en when I 's maist i' anger ;
But, God forgie me, when I 's mad,
I 's sadly ge'en to wrang her.'

" ' Neer ack, my lad ; I heed not that,
Though thou said I could ' clout nin.'
' That 's my foul way—but tou can shap,
Or ought tou sets about in.
O' the harvest rig tou'—' Haad ty tongue,
' An if tou's speaking truly,
Tou 's hear nae mair ill-fav'red word,
E'en when tou 's maist unruly.' "

---

* The introduction of the word "Needfire," obtained by the friction of wood upon wood, shows her acquaintance with the superstitions of the country-side—a superstition apparently met with among most nations of the Indo-European race. The efficacy of "Needfire" in counteracting the murrain in cattle was boldly advanced within the last quarter of a century in and beyond Cumberland !

If Mr Nicholson, the historian of the two northern counties, formed one of the Thackwood group, it may be inferred that he would get his brain cleared of some of his dry-as-dust genealogies by the more visible present brought out in the song, "We 've hed sec a durdum," realising the characteristic traits of bucolic simplicity awakened in the neighbouring vale by itinerant players and mountebanks. The poetess draws a capital picture; you see the stage and dramatic staff of men, monkeys, and dogs; the laugh and fun of the spectators alternating with muffled feelings, and "gowling under cwoat-lappets."

WE 'VE HED SEC A DURDUM.

AIR—"*Come under my Plaidie.*"

"We 've hed sec a durdum at Gobbleston parish,
For twonty lang years there 's nit been sec a fair;
We 'd slack reape, and tight reape, and dogs that wer dancin,
Wi' leytle roun hats on to gar the fwok stare.
A leytle black messet danced sae leyke auld Jenny,
I thought it wad niver run out o' my head;
It was last thing at neet, and the first i' the mworning,
And I rwoared leyke a fuil as I laid i' my bed!

"And we had stage playing, and actors frae Lunnon,
At hed sec a canny and bonny leyke say;
I forgat the black messet, and gowled leyke a ninny,
Tho' I said to mysel, 'Wey, its nobbet a play!'
But aw that was naething, for mony wer blinded;
And Jemmy, that brags aw the town for a feght,
He twistet and twirlt—it was just for an off-put,—
But aw wadn't dui, for he gowl'd hawf the neet.

"And Betty MacNippen and five of her dowters,
As feyne as May garlans, were clwose at my back;
I was flayt they wad hinder fwok hear aw the speeching,
But they gowled sec a guid'n that nin o' them spak.

And Betty hes heard frae her sister in Lunnon,
And she 's sent the bairns sec a mwort o' feyne things,
That if Betty MacNippen wad mek tem stage players,
She cud fit tem out, ay ! leyke queens or like kings.

" Then down-the-brow Wully tuik up his cwoat lappet,
And held til his een, for he 's given to jeer ;
But I had it frae yen that was even fornenst him,
'Twas weel for his sel his cwoat lappet was near.
Oh ! *Venus Perserved* was the neame o' the actin,
And *Jaffer* was him hed the beautiful weyfe ;
Though I gowled all the teyme, it 's a wonder to tell on't,
I never was hawf sae weel pleased i' my leyfe !"

How the squires of Castle-Sowerby or Dalston parishes would enjoy the canty feelings of the lassie who loved her Willie so well !

I 'LL HAE A NEW COATIE.

AIR—" *We'll a' to Newcastle by Wylam away.*"

" I 'll hae a new coatie when Willie comes hame,
I 'll hae a new plaidie an' a' o' the same ;
An' I 'll hae some pearlings to make mysel fine,
For it 's a' to delight this dear laddie o' mine.
Bessy Bell is admired by a' sorts o' men,
I 'll mind a' her fashions and how she comes ben ;
I 'll mind her at kirk, and I 'll mind her at fair,
An' never ance try to look like mysel' mair.

" For I maun be happy when Willie comes hame,
To lo'e the dear laddie I 'll never think shame !
I 'll speak up to Maggie, who often would jeer,
And cry, ' She 's no canty, 'cause Willie 's no here.'
I own, when I thought I should see him nae mair,
My een they grew red and my heart it grew sair ;
To sing or to dance was nae pleasure to me,
Though often I danced wi' the tear i' my ee.

" But I'll get to singing an' dancing again,
An' I 'll get the laddie and a' o' my ain ;
We 've a' things but siller, then why should I fret ?
If there 's riches in love we 'll hae gear enough yet ;

For I ken weel that riches can make themselves wings,
That heartaches hide under braw diamonds and rings;
An' though love canna happiness always insure,
It will help us wi' patience our lot to endure.

"Sae I 'll aye be canty when Willie comes hame,
To lo'e sic a laddie why should I think shame?
Though the laird flytes my mither, and cries, 'Do ye see,
The lassie cares nought for my siller or me!'
The laird he has money, the laird he has land,
But Willie has nought but the sword in his hand;
Yet I 'd live upon Chelsea, or even wad beg,
Should my soldier return wi' a poor wooden leg!"

On a summer's day, whilst resting by a tall thorn hedge near Raughton Head, the poetess overheard a dialogue between two neighbours, Ned Ward and Joe Stalker, arising out of Ned's down-hearted appearance, but soon merging in political matters; and this she embodied in half-a-dozen stanzas, the most perfect of their kind in Cumberland ballad-making. "Ned" was an ardent politician, who claimed for every individual man the "reets of a king." "Joe" held by the old Tory school of George the Third, and could see no hard laws in England, "except this bit thing about game." The first stanza, "Wey, Ned, Man!" is a thoroughly Cumbrian greeting, that introduces Joe, a rallying bantering sort of fellow, chaffing Ned on his looks, which he attributes to domestic worry.

WEY, NED, MAN!

AIR—"*Ranting, roaring Willie.*"

I.

"Wey, Ned, man! thou luiks sae down-hearted,
Yen wad swear aw thy kindred were dead;
For sixpence, thy Jean and thee 's parted,—
What then, man?—ne'er bodder thy head.

There 's lasses enow, I 'll uphod t 'e,
And tou may be suin as weel matched;
Tou knows there 's still fish i' the river
As guid as has ever been catched."

Ned would not stand this fling at his domestic hearth and his spouse, Jenny Breck, who may have had the character of a scold, when graver thoughts occupy his mind; so he replied—

2.

"Nay, Joe! tou kens nought o' the matter,
Sae let 's hae nae mair o' thy jeer;
Auld England's gown 's worn till a tatter,
And they 'll nit new don her, I fear.
True liberty never can flourish,
Till man in his reets is a king,—
Till we tek a tithe-pig frae the bishop,
As he 's duin frae us, is the thing."

Joe is now roused with the spirit of a man who justly regarded the rights of property as sacred, and, in ridiculing Ned's "reets of man," reminds him of his fortunate position as a free citizen of a free country.

3.

"What, Ned! and is this aw that ails thee?
Mess, lad! tou deserves maist to hang!
What! tek a bit land frae it's owner!—
Is this, then, thy fine *Reets o' Man?*
Tou ploughs, and tou sows, and tou reaps, man,
Tou cums and tou gangs where tou will;
Nowther king, lword, nor bishop dar touch thee,
Sae lang as tou dis fwok nae ill!"

Ned rallies on the Game Laws, and complains of the destruction of his new wheat and hedges.

4.

"How can tou say sae, Joe? Tou kens, now,
If hares were as plenty as hops,
I durstn't fell yen for my life, man,
Nor tek 't out o' auld Cwoley's chops:

While girt fwok they ride down my hedges,
And spang o'er my fields o' new wheat;
Nought but ill words I get for my damage;—
Can onie man tell me *that's reet?*"

Joe admits the pinching of the shoe in that quarter, but what was that compared with Ned's idea of reducing the landowner to the state of the poor artisan, and making all a dead level in this England of ours? Joe's argument against equality is most terse, and inimitably put, by "some arms being far stronger than others," and the more cogent fact that "some heads tek in mair leet." In the concluding stanza Joe advises Ned to leave politics to politicians, and beggars to their own position; whilst he urges a true patriotism and loyalty to the king.

5.

"Why, there I mun own the shoe pinches,
Just there to fin' faut is nae shame;
Ne'er ak! there's nae hard laws in England,
Except this bit thing about game.
Man, were we aw equal at mwornin,
We couldn't remain sae till neet;
Some arms are far stranger than others,
And some heads will tek in mair leet.

6.

"Tou couldn't mend laws an' tou wad, man;
'Tis for other-guess noddles than thine;
Lord help t'e! sud beggars yence rule us,
They'd tek off baith thy cwoat an' mine.
What is't then but law that stands by us,
While we stand by country an' king?
As to being parfet and parfet,
I tell thee there is nae sec thing."

My friend Surgeon Anderson of Carlisle was not far wrong in suggesting that the Conservative party

of 1841 should print the above ballad in tens of thousands, and circulate it across the length and breadth of the land; as well calculated to promote the principles advanced by Sir R. Peel at that period.

Susanna's mother had the reputation of knowing something of physic; and her tendencies seem to have become hereditary—William, her eldest son, making the art of medicine his profession, and her youngest daughter, the poetess, acting as "the village doctoress." The retired rural districts could not sustain an Esculapian. A primitive life, and rude health, with lasting patience under disease, ruled the agricultural community. Country folk got betrothed and wedded and born "quite natural;" the struggles for existence, as a matter of course, followed. The slender buds were liable to be nipped in their earliest infancy; those with stronger sap in them rose to adults, and, after wrestling with many contingencies inherent to the sons of toil, helped to perpetuate a hardy race of Cumbrians. In the order of nature there were measles and mumps amongst bairns, and coughs and colics to trouble the aged; but these standard reproaches to our civilization were ordinarily met by the "skill in herbs" of my Lady Bountiful, or that great parochial woman, the wrinkled representative of the obstetric art, whose dogmas were as uncompromising as the comforts of the Athanasian Creed. Aunt Simpson was sure to be appealed to; and her niece, Sukey, improving on the old style by information derived from her brother, had her favoured pill and potion, her healing salve and litharge lotion. She proved her skill by studying Nature's efforts, and avoided all risk of clogging the old dame's wheels

by rash or heroic means. In her letter to her friends at Gartmore you see her medical relationships :—

"You 'd laugh to see the honest wives
Telling me how their household thrives ;
For, you must know, I 'm famed for skill
In the nice compound of a pill.
'Miss Sukey, here 's a little lass,
She 's not sae weel as what she was ;
The peer, peer bairn does oft complain,—
A 'd tell ye where, but I think shame.'

. . . . . .

"'She sadly whets her teeth at neet,
And a' the day does nought but freet ;
It 's outher worms, or wind, or water ;
Something, you know, mun be the matter.'"

Then she prescribes a potion, which she thus extols—

"'This here will purify your blood,
And this will do your stomach good ;
This is for vapours when splenetic,
And here 's a cure for the sciatic.'"

Having paid a visit to her aunt, Mrs Fell, whose husband was curate of Chillingham, she made the acquaintance of Earl Tankerville's family, of Chillingham Castle. Her winning manners and superiority of character were not lost upon the Tankervilles, who delighted in her company, and spoke of her as a most charming person ; nay, surprised Aunt Simpson by laudatory epistles expressing a wish for Susan's company as long as she could be spared from Thackwood. Two or three extracts from letters will show this very fully :—"Lady Frances makes it a point to meet Susan at the Castle, or she will not come from London." Lady Tankerville begs "for Susan's stay at the Castle, that she may have her dear friend always

with her." "Susan has had nine letters from Lady T., and three from Lord Ossulston, all so friendly." Aunt Simpson, in reciting these facts, adds—"I cannot help thinking it unaccountable their having taken so much liking to her, though she is a fine girl." The good aunt felt honoured, and gave her consent to Susan's prolonging her visit at the Castle, to the satisfaction of all parties. Susan sang her songs, and at length acknowledged their authorship. The Cumberland dialect amused the old Earl, who persuaded the poetess to write more songs in her own vernacular; and this, it is supposed, educed the admirable one of "Wey, Ned, Man! tou luiks sae down-hearted." All this flattering recognition on the part of the Tankervilles was duly appreciated by one who loved and deservedly earned praise. Thus she wrote—

> "For me, I own that hope of praise can charm
> This little heart, and all its feelings warm."

Unfortunately, as the sequel showed, her stay at the Castle, and her hours with the young Lord, took captive "this little heart;" moreover, "all the feelings warm" found a true response in the bosom of the heir of Chillingham.

Kindness and warmth of affection predominated in Susan Blamire. Along with the flowing charms and graces of her person, she manifested that delightful feminine trust ever so beautiful a thing in woman, and ever so captivating to men of honest thought and appreciative character. Yet nothing arose out of this bodily and spiritual attractiveness. She spent her life in spinsterhood, when all the world wished her invested with matronly and maternal functions. The

fault, no doubt, rested with herself, for few possessed more feminine charms, or a more cordially warm and sympathising heart. The early display of her poetic faculty—itself a proof of exalted sentiment—would be apt to create a higher standard of love expectation than is generally met with or reciprocated in ordinary life. Young love's first dream is soaring enough in the eyes of steady-going men; but to women, whose emotions fill up a large programme of their everyday experience, it stirs up the depths of their creative imagery, and exalts it to the heaven of heavens. Now, Susan Blamire, carried away by the wings of idealism, had built an earthly paradise of her own, but could find no true Adam within her range of lovers worthy of the apple in her garden.

She had associated with the young squirearchy of her native county, and not a few in the Gartmore district; with men of professional eminence, and distinguished members of the United Services; yet no one seems to have taken her fancy so much as Lord Ossulston. If, as is averred, the attachment was mutual, the declaration of his Lordship's love must have filled her soul, so prone to deep and passionate love. But alas! as true love never did run smooth, so it was with the affianced ones in our brief history. Though the Chillingham family were enraptured with the "Cumberland Muse," the love alliance did not comport with their views of family aspirations. The Blamires had a long and worthy pedigree, but they only claimed yeomanry rank, and were not of "the upper ten." The *éclaircissement* led to the young Lord's going abroad, whilst the love-sick Susan found her way home, to brood over disappointed hopes.

"Many are the mournful stories
Which the page of love unfolds;
Many are the piercing sorrows
Which that faithful record holds.
Love, that jewel of our nature,
Parents oft have sought to buy;
But 'tis merit makes the purchase,
Or 'tis fancy casts the die."

Poor Susan has in various passages portrayed what may be deemed her own position and that of her lover.

"From walks retired, that shun the inquiring view,
A faithful couple to the shades withdrew;
The maid had every blush that bloom can give,
Where youth, fresh glowing, bids the blossom live.

. . . . . .

"A youth there was like her, of better mould,
Whose soul deemed lightly of the weight of gold;
Around his birth some favouring fortune shone,
Which some call merit, though no way their own."

The youth is to go to college, and the lady, described as Anna, shows the pearl-set eye hung with many a tear, which calls forth—

"'Why weeps my Anna? Sure she knows this heart,
And knows in absence we but seem to part,'" &c., &c.

Such sentiments are introduced episodically, but in the song "What ails this heart o' mine?" she gives clear expression to the feelings of her soul in language the most pathetic of all. This song had been frequently retouched by the authoress, which may account for two or three copies having found their way into print. It forms the 541st song in "The Scots Musical Museum," vol. vi., published in June 1803.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

AIR—"*Sir James Baird.*"

"What ails this heart o' mine?
What maks this watery e'e?
What gars me a' turn cauld as death
When I tak' leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa
Thou 'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy jee.

"When I gae out at e'en
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say,
I used to meet thee there.
Then I 'll sit down and cry,
And live aneath the tree;
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
I 'll ca 't a word frae thee.

"I 'll hie me to the bower
That thou wi' roses tied,
And where, wi' mony a blushing bud,
I strove mysel' to hide:
I 'll doat on ilka spot
Where I hae been wi' thee;
And ca' to mind some kindly word
By ilka burn and tree.

"Wi' sic thoughts i' my mind,
Time through the world may gae,
And find my heart in twenty years
The same as 'tis to-day.
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul,
And keep friends i' the e'e;
And gin I think I see thee aye,
What can part thee and me."

"What ails this Heart o' mine?" is a gem that requires no adornment, being almost peerless in tenderness, passion, and pathos; and these are the soul of all true love poetry. Nor is the song of the "Siller

Croun"—better known by its introductory line, "And ye shall walk in silk attire"—less happy and characteristic of the feelings and devotion of a feminine heart, "baith leal and true," that spurns the bribe of a "silken goun," and holds by the pledge of its virgin troth

"Brave Donald's fate to share."

The "Waefu' Heart" also belongs to the same class, and may appropriately follow the "Siller Croun."

THE SILLER CROUN.*

AIR—"*The Siller Croun.*"

"And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye 'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.
O wha wad buy a silken goun
With a puir broken heart?
Or what 's to me a siller croun,
Gin frae my love I part?

"The mind wha's every wish is pure
Far dearer is to me;
And ere I 'm forced to break my faith
I 'll lay me doun an' dee!

* In "The Songs of Scotland prior to Burns, with the Tunes," edited by Robert Chambers, it is stated:—"This beautiful song with its air was printed in a sheet about 1780, and the name or names of author and composer have never come to the knowledge of the world." Robert Chambers had overlooked the fact of his own journal reviewing Miss Blamire's poetical works in the year of their publication. This exquisite lyric forms the 240th song in Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum," vol. ii. p. 249, first published in Edinburgh in 1790. It has been my lot to hear the "The Siller Croun" very frequently sung both in private company and public assemblies, and always with the highest appreciation of the audience. In time, it may be hoped that the author—of whom inquiries are always made after the song has been sung—will become better known. Of its being from the pen of Miss Blamire there is no reason to doubt.

For I ha'e pledged my virgin troth
Brave Donald's fate to share;
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

"His gentle manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift;
Could I but think to seek it back
It wad be waur than theft!
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me;
And ere I 'm forced to break my troth
I 'll lay me doun an' dee."

THE WAEFU' HEART.

AIR—"*The Waefu' Heart.*"

"Gin living worth could win my heart,
You would na speak in vain;
But in the darksome grave it 's laid,
Never to rise again.
My waefu' heart lies low wi' his,
Whose heart was only mine;
And oh! what a heart was that to lose!—
But I maun no repine.

"Yet oh! gin Heaven in mercy soon
Would grant the boon I crave,
And take this life, now naething worth,
Since Jamie 's in his grave!
And see! his gentle spirit comes
To show me on my way;
Surprised, nae doubt, I still am here—
Sair wondering at my stay.

"I come, I come, my Jamie dear;
And oh! wi' what good-will!
I follow wheresoe'er ye lead—
Ye canna lead to ill.
She said; and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheek possessed;
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,
Her sorrows sunk to rest."

She was the cheery person, if not the life, of evening parties both in town and country. In the urban gatherings at Carlisle, she had in part to bow to the conventionalism of fine ladyism; at home, she could practise dignity without formality; whilst among rustic neighbours she would assume a slightly rollicking air, suited to the bucolic tastes and freer expression of the rural community. The merrymakings of the harvest-home or Christmas-tide in which she partook were of a more private or select character than Cumbrians understand by the phrase "merry-neets"—held at a public-house, and made up chiefly of farm servants and artisans, who used to dance and drink till morning, and where broader fun and language prevailed than was befitting the presence of well-bred persons or gentlewomen. Affable and ready to join in any circle of her neighbours, where hearty greetings and mirth were tempered to the privileges and delicacy of her sex, she was at home in leading the dance with a bashful villager, or smilingly pairing the lads and lasses for a Scotch reel or country dance, not without regard to their proper consorting. She gave the cue to the fiddlers, and elicited their liveliest airs; and moved about the ball-room or barn-loft as the appointed mistress of the ceremonies. The fact was, that mine host and hostess would oft confer the initiative of the proceedings upon her; and none would attempt to rival the "faerie queene" of Thackwood, accredited with functions to which she seemed to the manner born. "Is Miss Sukey coming?" was the first inquiry at a social rural gathering, so linked was her presence with the diversions and light-heartedness of pastoral swains and damsels. The story

told of her meeting a piper on the roads, and dismounting from her pony to dance a jig, was probably made the most of; as, with all her frolicsomeness, she would hardly have gone so far, except encouraged by a kindred spirit of her own sex and companionship. Her heart was gay and lightsome, her voice tuned to harmony, her manner gentle and persuasive, and her talk as bright as her exterior. She liked frankness and jocularity, and found in her country neighbours the most thorough response.

Thoroughly feminine in *physique*, her frame combined a rare degree of strength. She walked and rode well, and danced quite as nimbly as the "lishest lass" that ever tried "Cross the buckle and leather te patch." Every corporeal exercise gave her pleasure and enjoyment. She flitted to and fro with active step and unstudied ease in halls and elegant mansions; on the other hand, she could spend as long a day on horseback, and get over as much fallow ground, as a fox-hunting parson—a type of muscular Christian but little known in these degenerate days. In house or hall, in the farmyard or across the heath, she was alike demonstrative and at home. Her animal spirits and power of enjoying seemed always present, and able to predominate over the cares and vexations of life.

Susanna was not wanting in intellectual superiority and culture, and accompanying these was a natural vivacity and comprehension of other folk's meaning and wishes, than which nothing tends more to a happy relationship with neighbours and friends. Woman has at all times enjoyed an adventitious superiority over the male portion of humanity by the display of a

quicker emotional temperament, and a more varied sensibility. Now Susan possessed a rich exuberant feeling, that seemed to flow from an unceasing fountain. She was free from one-sidedness—nay, broadly sympathetic, and studied to promote the kinship or sociability of her sphere, small and provincial as it might be. To-day she upheld the utilities of life on the basis of Aunt Simpson, namely, a vigorous practice of homely pursuits; to-morrow she claimed a higher consideration for æsthetic refinement, the means of mental development and the art of poesy. Blessed by a dignity of manner that commands courtesy and high respect, she avoided the possibility of its becoming narrowed or stilted; indeed, her whole life was a protest against the dry and formal attitudes and other besetting sins of what is called highly proper society. Void of every tinge of egotism and selfishness, and never seeking to repress her natural feelings for the joyous and sympathetic of our nature, she gained upon the admiration and won the hearty good wishes of all her contemporaries, and, indeed, of everybody with whom she came in contact.

It is not easy to assign dates to the majority of her writings, hence I have taken the liberty of placing them where they could most appropriately be read. Not a few were scribbled on the backs of letters which had passed through the post-office; others shared the side of a foolscap with a long receipt, extolled for its application to cookery or the furbishing up of old domestic utensils or furniture. With few exceptions, the authoress seems to have seized whatever paper presented, upon which the sentiments floating in her mind might be at once fixed. Her long poem of

"Stockdalewath" got stitched in form, and two or three songs had sheets of paper allotted them: these were the finished fabrics of her muse. The ballads showing more versions than one were evidently her favourites, yet in her corrections she would rather take a corner of the paper for an amended stanza than be at the trouble to transcribe the whole and show its perfect entirety. The idea of publishing any of her works can never have been dreamt of; yet she might have established her fame as a poetess, and this would have helped to lessen the *ennui* of her sick-room and the loneliness of her spinsterhood.

The bright and graceful productions of Susanna Blamire, all the more piquant and unaffected because they were never meant for the public eye, but for the amusement of a circle of affectionate friends, are not likely to lose in interest by age. They enlivened in times past many a social gathering and convivial party, and gratified the hearts of those who looked beyond the ephemeral joy of listening to them; and they are not likely to be unwelcome in times to come, if the heart of the North Countrie remains true to its instincts, and the men of Cumberland inherit the stamina of their grandsires.

In her short poems there is an aroma of the homely and the pastoral, more than any exhibition of classic grace; but in dealing with the common incidents of English life, in depicting human passions—the tender and pathetic, as well as the discordant relations of the sexes—she presents those happy touches of nature which tend to make the whole world kin. It would be difficult to find poesy so easy and natural; and whilst so practical in its meaning, equally consonant

with the imaginative and pleasurable. The different forms of her muse require different interpretations; none are without more or less earnestness of tone; others are lively and gay, pictorial and suggestive. Her mind was one of quick perception, with abundant humour and feeling; and in all her poetical efforts she kindles the imagination and awakens the sympathy of her readers.

Perhaps no lady of her own times wrote better poetry, and assuredly none composed better songs and ballads. "What ails this Heart o' mine?" and "Wey, Ned, Man!" have as true and healthful a ring as can be met with in the whole range of the art. Her efforts were, with rare exceptions, meant to beguile the hour, or to please admiring friends; they were but rarely retouched, and more rarely remodelled.

In several of her compositions as well as ballads, Miss Blamire showed more or less acquaintance with both Scottish* and Irish songs; but nowhere do I remember the slightest allusion on her part to Robert Burns. This need create no surprise. Mrs Græme, on the death of her husband in 1773, returned to Thackwood. She had no family, and probably but few, if any, ties to draw her to Scotland. Burns's first publication emanated from Kilmarnock in 1786, and could be but little known across the English border

* The lady-editors of "The Songstresses of Scotland" say that Miss Blamire "was inspired to make the trial [of writing Scotch songs] by the songs of Burns, then in his zenith, and of Tannahill, in his weaver's home at Paisley," and that "the effect of these songs on her style is evident"! Miss Blamire, for some time previous to her death in 1794, was much out of health, as seen above, and had not heart to write ballads. At her death, Tannahill had not completed his twentieth year, and the first collection of his poems and songs was published in 1807—thirteen years after Miss Blamire's decease!

till Miss Blamire's health unfitted her for further poetical efforts.

When desired by her friends to move from home with a view of benefiting by change of scene, she composed the following heart-touching song :—

OH! BID ME NOT TO WANDER.

AIR—"*A Rose-Tree.*"

"Oh! urge me not to wander,
And quit my pleasant native shore;
Oh! let me still meander
On those sweet banks I loved before.
The heart, when filled with sorrow,
Can find no joy in change of scene,
Nor can that cheat, To-morrow,
Be aught but what to-day has been.

"If pleasure e'er o'ertakes me,
'Tis when I tread the wonted round
Where former joy awakes me,
And strews its relics o'er the ground.
There 's not a shrub or flower
But tells some dear-loved tale to me,
And paints some happy hour
Which I, alas! no more shall see."

In the same strain as the foregoing may be ranked

OH, WHERE IS THE SPLENDOUR?

AIR—"*Humours of Glen.*"

"Oh, where is the splendour can shine away sorrow,
Or where is the treasure can buy off a sigh?
Did riches e'er purchase the loan of to-morrow,
Or find out a medicine to cure the moist eye?
Let wealth spread her carpet, and ask the gay hours
To dance in light circles its borders along;
They 'd sooner tend Patrick to Nature's green bowers
'With Norah, dear Norah, the theme of his song.'

"Midst the joys of the heart sits one tender affection
To heal every sorrow when tortured with pain;

And, when feeling sinks down into silent dejection,
Sends hope with her cordial to cheer her again :
Thus love has shown Norah the feints of high station,
And told her that peace seldom joins the gay throng ;
While 'one sweet smile gives Patrick the wealth of a nation
From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of his song.'"

She spent a great portion of the winter season in Carlisle, where nearly all the county families used to resort a hundred years ago. Amidst hosts of friends, she had for chief companionship Miss Catherine Gilpin of Scaleby Castle, a lady of proved poetic taste, and not wanting in the ability that characterised her ancestors. The two ladies occupied, for a time at least, the same lodgings in Finkle Street; Miss Gilpin had the ground-floor, and Miss Blamire the drawing-room apartments above. Their windows looked directly up Fisher Street, and the house is marked No. 10 to-day. They were both ready to join in the entertainments of the city, and to lend their quota of diversion to the agreeable society there assembled. From what is known of the *dramatis personæ* who figured on the stage whilst Susan Blamire and Catherine Gilpin played happy feminine parts, an amusing picture might be drawn of Carlisle in its somewhat *en famille* state one hundred years ago. Here it can only be noted that the Church had many historical dignitaries—Percy, Law, Paley, and Carlyle; the Garrison had its governors and captains, who could speak of arduous struggles by flood and field; the corporation had its wigs and queues and gastronomic oddities; the medical profession its Heyshams, Gilpins, and Harringtons, and three-bottle coteries, whose maxim was—

"Hodie vivendum, omissa præteritorum cura."

Then there was the county squirearchy, their wives and daughters all aiming at the pleasantries of life, and the prettiest colours and forms available in this kaleidoscopic world.

Various were the pastimes of the lieges; chess and cards filled up the rainy days, and oft entered into the amusements of the night. The Thackwood circle were good hands at whist; and Susanna showed her relish for the game by copying "Maxims for Whist," "Hoyle's Rules," and observations thereon. Her whist copy-book, now in my possession, seems to have received more care than her poetry.

Ladies offering personal charms, good breeding, and discrimination, like the poetess and her circle of friends, were a notable acquisition to the semi-urban semi-rural society of Carlisle. The little suppers and dances, to which ladies came in their sedan-chairs, were said to have been highly enjoyable to both sexes, when Miss Blamire was present, to sing her own songs to her guitar accompaniment. Many of her listeners were men of a superior stamp of mind; nor were the ladies wanting in culture, refinement, and appreciative taste.

Miss Blamire was meant for society, and everywhere in her writings there is evidenced a wish to be social, and friendly, and affectionately regarded.

"For friends yield a prospect more charming than May;
And without them, how oft have I sighed as I viewed
The wood-hanging bank and the cottage so still.
Thy regrets, silly heart, were too fondly renewed,
As I listened and heard the soft clack of the mill.
What joy, would I say, can these beauties bestow,
Unless some dear friends had the pleasure to share?
Though Nature shed incense wherever I go,
Her gifts and her offerings for them I would spare.

For ah! I have found in the bosom alone
Is the mansion of Peace; and, wherever we stray,
If we make not this cell-living goddess our own,
It matters not what is the scene or the day."

Though joyous by nature, and a central figure in every consorting of Cumbrians, she was not altogether free from an alloy of reserve, if not occasional gloom. The tinge of bilious temperament, like a dark skein in the shotted silk, would at times overpower the light and rosy streaks in the web of her constitution, and give rise to the melancholic thought, if not a certain amount of evil foreboding. Life with her, as with all exalted natures, was chequered in various ways; not on account of any inattention of friends, for they were abundant and affectionate to a degree, but owing in part to the delicacy of her health, and not less to the non-fulfilment of the part she was so well destined to perform in the more active phases of married life. A pensive air and touch of regret that her soul had not received its full expanse in the world tinctured her thoughts, and gave a decided colouring to her imagery.

WHEN THE SUNBEAMS OF JOY.

"When the sunbeams of joy gild the morn of our days,
And the soft heart is warmed both with hope and with praise,
New pleasures, new prospects, still burst on the view,
And the phantom of bliss in our walks we pursue.
What though tangled in brakes, or withheld by the thorn,
Such sorrows of youth are but pearls of the morn;
As they "gem the light leaf" in the fervour of day,
The warmth of the season dissolves them away.

"In the noon-tide of life though not robbed of their fire,
The warm wishes abate, and the spirits retire;
Thus pictures less glowing give equal delight,
When reason just tints them with shades of the night:

Reflection's slow shadow steals down the gay hill,
Though as yet you may shun the soft shade as you will,
And on Hope fix your eye, till the brightness so clear
Shall hang on its lid a dim trembling tear.

" Next, the shades of mild evening close gently around,
And lengthened Reflection must stalk o'er the ground;
Through her lantern of magic past pleasures are seen,
And we then only know what our day-dreams have been.
On the painted illusion we gaze while we can,
Though we often exclaim, What a bauble is man!
In youth but a gewgaw—in age but a toy—
The same empty trifle as man and as boy!"

From "grave to gay, from lively to severe," characterised Miss Blamire's later manifestations pretty much; for if by nature gay, impaired health oft induced severer thoughts. Liable to some forms of dyspepsia—that physical curse to sensitive and intellectual minds—she suffered in advancing years from rheumatism and its allied troubles. The depleting system of treatment then in vogue would hardly be less innocuous than disease itself; but poor human nature in its distraction would trust to the authorised representatives of the healing art, just as suffering souls do to the ordained orders of Melchisedek.

In her Address to Health, in 1784, she begins—

" O goddess! in whose green retreat
Mirth, youth, and laughter love to meet."

And after showing the way in which the generous Almoner of Health bestows her gifts on the early riser and worker, she introduces herself:—

" Ah, goddess! wilt thou ne'er attend?
Wilt thou ne'er meet me as a friend?
'Tis not because I have not been
Amidst the nymphs and shepherds seen;
For, as they frolicked o'er the mead,
Gay bounding to the oaten reed,

This foot, I ween, as light could pass
As any yet that trod the grass.
Why then, ah ! why hast thou still been
The saddener of my mirthful scene ?
For thee I 've sought in every shade—
To thee I 've due oblation paid ;
With waking morn have left my bed,
While the light breeze played round my head.
. . . . . .
But since in vain I search around—
Since Health is nowhere to be found,
To Cheerfulness I bend the knee,
The goddess next of kin to thee !
. . . . . .
But what have I of comfort lost
That healthier, stouter frames can boast ?
Have I not sisters ever near,
Oh, ever kind ! oh, ever dear !
Who suffer not the winds to wave
O'er the bent shrub they prop and save ?
From autumn's faded form they hide,
And winter's stripping hand they guide ;
And even midst the summer's heat
An equal watchfulness I meet.
Away then, Health ! thy frowns are vain,
Thou canst not touch my soul with pain ! "

Miss Blamire's affectionate sympathies for her friends at Rose Castle is shown in a short poem entitled, " On the dangerous illness of my friend, Mrs L.," meant for Mrs Law, the wife of Bishop Law. It bears the date 13th May 1788, when the poetess was suffering much from illness herself. One or two quotations will suffice :—

" But, ah ! she droops ; and I am drooping too !
'Tis not for me to hold the aching head.
. . . . . .
To me such happiness must ne'er belong,—
Myself who tax the tenderness of friends,
And oft require their all-supporting aid,
Else, else this drooping, withering plant had long,

Had long ere this been mouldering in the dust.
O Father of the Universe ! 'tis Thou
Who giv'st us life, and health, and joy, and ease ;
For these continued, grateful let us be :
If taken from us, let us firm believe
Thy goodness equal in what Thou withhold'st,
As in what Thou benevolently giv'st;
Let us submit. But oh ! if 'tis Thy will
To save my friend, and hold her yet in life,
O God of heaven ! how thankful shall I be !
If not, let me, all humble, strive to yield,
Assured that Thou hast everlasting store
Of endless bliss for every soul like hers ;
For true religion purified her heart,
Ran through the current of her blameless life,
And made it one continued hymn to Thee !"

On attaining her fortieth year, Miss Blamire seems to have suffered greatly from rheumatism, and, probably, its usual concomitant heart disease. These ailments increased in the winter of 1793–4, and confined her to her bedroom in Finkle Street, Carlisle. From her faithful nurse, Dinah Monkhouse, who lived to a great age, I learned that this was a very trying period to one of such acute sensibility as the poetess, who could see no prospect but the final one ; and this came to her very peaceably in the afternoon of Saturday, the 5th April 1794. She died in her forty-eighth year. She made her own will in 1786, and wrote — "It is my earnest desire that I may be buried in the most private manner, having no bearers. Should my death happen at Carlisle, it is my wish to be buried at Raughton Head Chapel, and laid as near that best of women (my good Aunt Simpson) as possible." Thinking of the devoted affection of her sister, Mrs Græme, she expressed the hope that "she will not suffer her grief to

become excessive for the loss of one whose every hour she was the means of rendering easy, happy, and delightful;" and to all her friends she was disposed to say, in the words of Shakespeare—

> "No longer mourn for me, when I am dead,
> Than ye shall hear the sullen bell
> Give warning to the world that I am fled."

The funeral was remarkable, on account of the numbers who came uninvited, and the high respectability and mournful demeanour of those present. Her remains were placed at the south-eastern angle of the church, where also are the graves of good Aunt Simpson and of dear Mrs Græme. A tombstone is inscribed to the memory of the sisters:—

> "In remembrance of Sarah Blamire, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Græme, 42d Highland Regiment, born January 7, 1739, died May 1798; also of Susanna Blamire, born January 1747, died April 1794, daughters of William Blamire, of the Oaks."

Within the chapel is a tablet to Mary Simpson, and also one to Dr William Blamire and his wife.

The other members of the Blamire family and their descendants, the Youngs, are interred on the eastern side of the churchyard, and more hallowed dust can hardly be found in any burial-ground in Cumberland.

THOMAS TICKELL.

BORN A.D. 1686. DIED A.D. 1740.

THOMAS TICKELL, the son of the Rev. Richard Tickell, was born in 1686 at Bridekirk in Cumberland; and in April 1701 became a member of Queen's College, Oxford; in 1708 he obtained his Master of Arts, and in 1710 was chosen Fellow, for which, as he did not comply with the statutes by taking orders, he obtained a dispensation from the crown. He held his Fellowship till 1726, and then vacated it by marrying in that year at Dublin.

"Tickell," writes Dr Johnson, "was not one of those scholars who wear away their lives in closets; he entered early into the world, and was long busy in public affairs, in which he was initiated under the patronage of Addison, whose notice he is said to have gained by his verses in praise of 'Rosamond.'" These verses received Johnson's approval as "elegant encomiastic strains," equal to, if not superior to, Pope's on the same subject. Possibly there were other ties than Rosamond sympathies between Addison and Tickell, and a family connection has been cited as one; moreover, there was more or less congeniality of "manners, temper, talents, and principles between them." Addison is generally credited

with being modest in demeanour, a scholar, poet, and Christian; and so was Tickell in Addison's eyes, Addison also was a Whig, and Dean Swift in his fun designated Tickell *Whiggissimus*.

Tickell's poem "On the Prospect of Peace," inserted in the *Spectator*, 15th November 1714, received Addison's commendation, and went through six editions: on no other grounds could it have met with such success. Nor is more to be said of "The Royal Progress," marking the arrival of George the First, whom the poet tried to make the English people believe worthy of the line quoted from Virgil—

"Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis."
"Behold the promised chief!"

When the Hanoverian succession was disputed, Tickell took up his pen in defence, and his "Epistle from a Lady in England to a Gentleman at Avignon," was looked upon by Dr Johnson as standing "high among party poems; it expresses contempt without coarseness, and superiority without insolence." It passed through five editions.

From this time he became intimately united to Mr Addison, who, on going to Ireland as secretary to Lord Sunderland, took him thither and employed him in public business. In the year 1717, when Mr Addison rose to the dignity of Secretary of State, he made his friend Tickell Under Secretary. This ardent friendship of Addison's was best shown in his bequeathing to Tickell the charge of publishing his works after death, and "with a solemn recommendation to the patronage of Craggs." To Addison's works Tickell prefixed an elegy on the author,

addressed "To the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Mr Addison." Dr Johnson might well say of the ode, presently to be quoted, "That neither Tickell nor Addison ever produced nobler lines than are contained in the third and fourth paragraphs, nor is a more sublime or more elegant funeral poem to be found in the whole compass of English literature." Oliver Goldsmith was no less lavish in his praise of this elegy, which he looked upon as "one of the finest in our language." Rogers and Wordsworth entertained the same favourable opinions of it.

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK, ON THE DEATH OF MR ADDISON.

"If, dumb too long, the drooping muse hath stayed,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh! judge my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

"Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,
And the last words that dust to dust conveyed!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;

Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue;
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee!

"Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

"In what new region, to the just assigned,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind?
A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled and the dragon fell?
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essayed below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

" That awful form, which, so the heavens decree,
Must still be loved and still deplored by me,
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in 'Cato' there;
If, pensive, to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of just and good he reasoned strong,
Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song;
There patient showed us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.

" Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears?
How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and fair!
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade.

" From other ills, however fortune frowned,
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmured o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse begun to one lost friend prolong,
And weep a second in the unfinished song?

" These works divine, which, on his deathbed laid,
To thee, O Craggs! the expiring sage conveyed,

Great, but ill-omened, monument of fame,
Nor he survived to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues, each other's boast! farewell!
Farewell! whom, joined in fame, in friendship tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide."

Goldsmith wrøte—"Through all Tickell's works there is a strain of ballad-thinking, if I may so express it; and in this professed ballad of 'Colin and Lucy,' he seems to have surpassed himself. It is, perhaps, the best in our language in this way."

COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

"Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face:
Till luckless love and pining care
Impaired her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damasked cheeks,
And eyes of glossy hue.

"Oh! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So drooped the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warned, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware.

"Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapped his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round :—

" 'I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay ;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart and broken vows
In early youth I die :
Was I to blame because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I ?

" 'Ah, Colin ! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone :
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow, in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare ;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there !

" 'Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.'
She spoke—she died ; her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

" Then what was perjured Colin's thoughts ?
How were these nuptials kept ?
The bridesmen flocked round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell :
The damps of death bedewed his brow,
He shook, he groaned, he fell.

" From the vain bride, ah ! bride no more !
The varying crimson fled,

When, stretched before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Conveyed by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

"Oft at his grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green:
But, swain forsworn, who e'er thou art,
This hallowed spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there."

Having carefully perused the whole of Tickell's works, I do not feel justified in further quotation, as the elegiac ode and ballad show his best style; and by these he will probably be judged of by posterity. I have deferred speaking of his translations; the one embracing "Part of the Fourth Book of Lucan" is seldom heard of; but his effort to render the "First Book of Homer's Iliad" gave rise to much discussion and ambiguity as to the authorship, at the time of its publication. It was long attributed to Addison; and the fact of his having invited Pope to dinner at Button's Coffee-House, and seeking to excuse himself for not wishing to look over Pope's translation on the very reasonable ground of his having seen Tickell's on the same subject, strengthened the report first promulgated by Pope and afterwards endorsed by Young and Warburton. However, there can be no doubt of Tickell having translated the first book, and of his not proceeding further, because, as he explained in his preface, he found "the work had fallen into a much abler hand,"—meaning Pope's.

Mr Tickell's verses in the *Spectator*—namely, his "Epistle to the supposed author of the *Spectator*," and "The Royal Progress," have been noticed; but nothing satisfactory is known of any other contribution made by him. He is credited with having written the preface to the *Guardian*, and Nos. 22, 23, 28, 30, and 32, in which he gave currency to his views on "Pastoral Poetry." None of these papers would confer much fame on the writer.

Of his public life little or nothing seems to be known. He would appear to have discharged the duties of his respective offices satisfactorily, or he would not have retained them so continuously. In 1724 or 1725, he was made Secretary to the Lords-Justices of Ireland, a place of honour which he held till 1740, on the 23rd day of April* of which year he died at Bath. His widow long survived him, but there is no mention of his having left any family.

Dr Johnson assigned a high place among the minor poets to Tickell; and, speaking of his personal character, described him as a man of "gay conversation, a temperate lover of wine and company, and in his domestic relations without censure."

* St George's Day, or the 23rd of April, seems to have been a fatal day to poets—Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Tickell all dying on that day.

JANE CHRISTIAN BLAMIRE,

OF THE OAKS AND THACKWOOD.

BORN A.D. 1788. DIED A.D. 1857.

"A woman is born to dignify retreat,
In shade to flourish, and unseen be great;
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
Should seek but Heaven's applauses and not her own."

POPE.

ON the last Sunday of June 1839, a lady was observed walking briskly through the village of Raughton Head (Castle Sowerby, Cumberland) towards the Episcopal chapel, nearly an hour before the usual time of morning service. Finding the chapel doors closed, she paced leisurely along the highroad or terrace which leads to Rose Castle, and from time to time stopped to admire the extensive and charming landscape around her. The morning was bright and sunny; the distant Skiddaw and its continuous range of Caldbeck Fells, all uncapt with clouds, showed in bold relief against the blue sky; whilst nearer at hand were the white-washed farmsteads, the grey-toned surface, and isolated dark pines on the heights of Warnel. These mountainous elevations constitute a fitting background to the rich vale of Sebergham, shadowed in luxuriant woods gracing both banks of the river Cauda down to

the Vale of "the Rose," in which stands the Bishop's residence of Rose Castle — an imposing nineteenth century palatial superstructure, resting on a mediæval basis and moated battlements, the defensive character of which is now lost amid a pleasing gardenesque and floral embellishments. The Vale of Cauda, seen from Raughton Head Terrace under a genial atmosphere, is all that a lover of natural and picturesque scenery could wish for; and by no one were its beauties better known or more appreciated than by the early worshipper waiting the opening of the sanctuary.

But of the lady herself. She had risen at her usual hour, and seen to the men-servants and maid-servants and the cattle within her gates, and then started on a mission of charity that would require four hours for its performance. The object of her journey across the retired Broadfield to the opposite bank of the river Peterill, a distance of nearly six miles, was to visit a poor quarryman who had sustained very serious injuries. She knew nothing of the wounded man, for he was not of her immediate district; but his case had excited her commiseration, and as the doctor was from home, she appeared in his place. Arriving at the labourer's cottage (Peterill Crooks) before the inmates were out of bed, she attended to the sufferer's condition, adjusted the bandages of a broken arm and dressed his wounds. Nor was this all; she had carried a basket full of eggs, butter, cakes, and wine for the invalid. Retracing her nimble steps across Broadfield, she aimed for Raughton Head Church, afraid of being late, yet arriving much too soon for the early services. Twelve or thirteen miles walk before 9.30 A.M. was a fair morning's work for

a young person of either sex, but the lady who performed it and practised some useful surgery had passed the meridian of life, and was then in her fifty-second year. Now who throughout the length and breadth of Cumberland could have done this but Jane Christian Blamire of Thackwood, the subject of this memoir?

The family history of the Blamires has been already touched upon; it is enough to repeat that Jane Christian Blamire, niece of the poetess, was the sister of the Tithe Commissioner Blamire, and second daughter of Dr Blamire of the Oaks, and Jane Christian, of Ewanrigg Hall, the sister of John Christian, better known as J. C. Curwen, M.P., whose history is given in the first volume of this series. Jane Christian Blamire was born at the Oaks on 20th March 1788, and with the name inherited the sweet disposition of her mother, and much of the medical feeling and generosity of her father. Of her school-days and associates little need be said; her education was worthy of her position in society, and her companions ranked with the best of the county. The best part of her education was obtained at home, surrounded by many delightful advantages, as if the precepts and example of her parents had been made consonant with the advice given them by "Aunt Susan."

> "Ye happy parents, here observe your power,
> See how your precepts regulate the hour;
> See how your manners round these cherubs cling,—
> Your air, your words, your looks, your everything.
> 'Mamma said so,' is echoed all around;
> 'Mamma did so,' is breathed in every sound;
> 'Mamma bade me,' and so I need not fear;
> And thus mamma's the worshipped idol here!"

Her school-days being over, and the best "sampler" * or water-colour drawing brought home for the admiration of the home circle, she was gradually initiated into the multifarious duties of the household.

The daughters of gentle folk in Cumberland, at the early part of the century, were brought up in a right good fashion. The kitchen and laundry were viewed of equal import with the parlour in the training of young women to their respective callings in life; so that, if they rose to the head of an establishment, they could discharge its duties satisfactorily. Cookery and domestic order could only be learned by patient manipulation, whilst courtesies and deportment owed much to nature and good society. In those days, it would have been sadly humiliating to a daughter of one of the smaller landed gentry if she could not prepare as readily as direct a good dinner for invited guests.

Hours of idleness were comparatively few to Cumberland lasses of every walk of life. The spinning-wheel was always in operation in winter evenings, and the gentle buzz of its merry-go-round in nowise interfered with the free interchange of thought or family conversation. Moreover, its use implied a steady domesticity of purpose and personal in-

* The sampler consisted of a piece of needlework, where figures, houses, flowers, &c., were depicted on a piece of canvas to show the art and excellence of the young lady on her school-finish. Her name and date of birth were inscribed upon the work, that usually hung in the best parlour, and this was not always found politic when revealing the *twenties* of her age, or still worse, the growing *thirties*. The poetess thus advised her nieces—

"Do mind your work, and let your sampler show
How learning from the needle's point may grow."

dependence. There were no "Ford's Eurekas," or shirts for the million. The fabric of the linen was home-spun, and in a well-disciplined household, with two or three "small wheels" at work all winter, the quantity of material gathered each spring-time would have appeared something marvellous to the girls of the present period. After the country weaver and bleacher had done their parts, the nimble fingers were again employed to fashion the fabrics to the wants of the household. Knitting, darning, and sewing were of course indispensable, and they filled up many an hour agreeably.

Everything was done at home in the way of ordinary millinery and dressmaking; it was only on great occasions, such as a county ball or wedding, that the aid of a fabricator *à la mode* was sought for. Fashions did not change by the month, nay, hardly by the season. The morning's *deshabille* was not viewed as derogatory to social position; moreover, it was not necessarily untidy or uncouth, for neat attire is far from incompatible with housework, as is well known to those who have seen the lady members of the Society of Friends engaged in their household occupations, of which cookery formed an essential constituent. This utilitarianism created domesticity, prudence, and thrift, and tended to make homes social, comfortable, and happy.

The outdoor amusements of ladies — gardening, horse exercise, &c.—as well as the indoor pursuits, and all that pertained to social life, were enjoyed without the heavy expense and heavier formalities of these latter days. Women could visit in friendly fashion, and take their knitting or needlework with

them; there was less ceremony and more hearty intercourse in society. Young persons could make themselves happy at home, for home had then a real meaning, and its associations filled up the page of everyday life.

From early womanhood Miss Blamire took great interest in her father's profession; and as each morning brought patients to his door, her active mobility was called into operation. She became an expert in mixing drugs and dressing wounds. The little room at the Oaks, revealing the skilled surgeon and his pretty daughter in the midst of bucolic applicants for medical and surgical relief, would have formed a fine study for the appreciative artist seeking materials for a *genre* picture. The kind and gratuitous services of Dr Blamire made him universally beloved, and the worth of his family was extolled far and wide. Who could prescribe so successfully as the doctor at the Oaks? whose soup was so palatable as his wife's? and whose salves and dressings so easy to bear as his smiling daughter's, Jane Christian?

On the death of Dr Blamire, his son William went to reside at Thackwood, and there his sister Jane Christian, then in her twenty-sixth year, acted as housekeeper. Her intelligence and alacrity found a new field in rural economy, and she soon earned the character of being "as managing as any farmer's wife in the county." In the rearing of young stock she was quite noted: the secret of her success was the administration of warm food, at regular hours, beginning early in the day.

The attractiveness of the old Manor House of Thackwood was greatly enhanced by the presence of

Miss Blamire at the head of a table which displayed large hospitality and welcome. On arriving at the door of Thackwood, you were at once impressed with a home feeling: the courteous, happy face of mine hostess graced the threshold, and over her shoulders were visible the tall form and fine open countenance of Mr Blamire—the two forming a double greeting of kindness never to be forgotten. Smiles and welcome were the promptings of these two kind souls. Men were touched by the affabilities of the lady, and women were not slow to appreciate the noble bearing of the master of the house. Every feature within the ancient mansion harmonised well; there was no finery, no fuss, but order, simplicity, and plentifulness, and, above all, good and sensible talk. Miss Blamire superintended everything, from the *cuisine* to the completion of the evening's entertainment. She could step from her roasts and bakes below-stairs, and appear in gloves and silk attire in the drawing-room with the air of a lady who had devoted a whole morning to her toilette.

Miss Blamire possessed many personal attractions. She bore a marked family resemblance to her brother in outline of face, florid complexion, and voice; and the congenital alliance was not less visible in mind, manners, and disposition. Her intellectual brow, dark hair, clear and animated eyes, delicate and symmetrical features, showed a lady-like refinement that did not escape the notice of the veriest bucolic. Enjoying all the energy flowing from a nervo-sanguineous temperament, she was joyously alert in every walk of life. Slightly below the average stature, Nature had endowed her slender form with great powers of

endurance; in the display of which she earned among her neighbours the character of being wiry and indefatigable.

She had the simple habits of the ladies of a less effeminate age than this, clothing lightly, and seldom approaching a fire except in the depths of winter; strength of constitution and an inspiriting character gave tone to every action, and made her life a pure and wholesome example. It may be that, in the meridian of age, there crops out a belief in the greater excellence of the past; but allowing in part for this old-fashioned sentiment, it must be conceded that you seldom find to-day the retired manners, the domesticated pursuits, and broad sympathies that shone so clearly among the Blamires and their friendly circle. The homely and the natural woman prevailed; her training could not be so scholarly, her world of intellect might not be so large; but what a girl lost in that way was more than compensated for in other directions — in innocent and kindly relations amid society that discountenanced all affectation and semi-hysterical exhibition.

With a good heart to direct her thoughts, and good health to aid her in carrying out works of charity and benevolence, she accomplished much more than would appear credible. Yet there was no appearance of doing, no air of superiority, and no affectation in her dealings with those in the lower ranks. Her manner was most winning, because it was natural and genuine; its effects upon young people were quite enchanting, and they soon came to look upon her as endowed with superior excellence. None capable of improvement could associate with her for long without imbib-

ing the highest regard for her gentle, pleasant manners, and kind-heartedness; and becoming more or less solicitous to keep her example before them. She was a pattern of the best sort for the youthful of her own sex to copy; but in the general absence of such blood and brain as the Blamires', the copying was hardly possible.

Miss Blamire was partial to the "pretty accomplishments" of her sex; she shone in water-colour drawing and embroidery. Whilst advocating all that was playful and enjoyable, she had no sympathy with women lolling on sofas with lapdogs and lackadaisical novels, to the neglect of the higher obligations of life. She held that all women had some form of domesticity to uphold, some duties beyond the merely personal, the discharging of which in a proper spirit was manifoldly better, in point of health and pleasure, than the recreation that had no aim or purpose beyond the hour of indulgence.

The most ordinarily endowed Cumbrians benefited by their intercourse with her, whose conversation was lively, of good intention, and fully indicative of a knowledge of the world and the ways of good breeding. The talk of some women is but "talk." Miss Blamire's words, on the other hand, always commanded attention on account of their applicability to current events, and not less their adaptation to the understanding of the persons addressed. She was frank and suggestive in converse, and never failed to place others at ease; hence her success in drawing forth the sentiments of the most shy and rustic-minded. It was this happy adaptation of her language and manners to the requirements and station of others that won for her the hearts of all around

Thackwood. Her fine intelligence and tact enabled her to penetrate the denser and duller minds, and to lay them open for the reception of better ideas — a happy service in the district, where the schoolmaster had failed, and the clergy showed nowhere. Possessing a large fund of healthful nature, she was prone to mirth when occasion offered, and entered readily into her neighbour's conceits and pleasantries. In quoting the odd phraseology, or depicting the primitive fancies of her rustic neighbours, she displayed a fair share of humour; and, if surrounded by juveniles, she could be as young as the youngest, and as merry as the merriest. When excited by hearty laughter, every muscle of her face was called into action, and her cheeks, ever fresh and peach-like, became highly suffused with colour, and her eyes literally sparkled with light.

Miss Blamire was always in her right place. Parlour or kitchen, hall or cottage, were alike to her; she was at home in everything, but most at home when contributing to the comforts and enjoyments of others. She never rose from bed to look for work; there was always plenty for her to do, indoors and outdoors, early and late, even in the longest days of summer. No woman ever realised more fully in her own person the dignity of labour, with such entire immunity from all selfish considerations in its performance; and no one had higher claims to the health and happiness attendant on a well-spent life.

In the possession of a mind so active and a heart so generous, Miss Blamire felt no inconvenience from the retired position of Thackwood; as within doors she had the best of mothers till the year 1837, lots of

books, and a varied correspondence; whilst out of doors, agricultural operations and a large interest in her neighbours fully engaged her time and sympathies. Visitors were not wanting in the winter to grace the cheery ingle, where the logwood fire was only less radiant than the hearty faces surrounding it, and where warmth and welcome breathed all round.

Miss Blamire's religion was of the heart more than the tabernacle, and did not exemplify itself in pitying the darkness of others, much less did it seek self-glorification. The "high and dry" and "low and slow," and other divisions of the Establishment, appeared to her as instigating controversy, hate, and much uncharitableness, and likely to break down the old-fashioned machine called "Church of England." She had more faith in the principles of her Church than in the ministerial exponents of her doctrines. Most diligent in her Sabbath observances, and under all circumstances of stormy weather, she was twice, to my knowledge, the only worshipper at Raughton Head Chapel. The parson would have saved his sermon, and the clerk his "Amen," but for her presence justifying the phrase, "Dearly beloved brethren." In her brother's biography, I have stated that she educated one of her ploughmen from pot-hooks and the alphabet to arithmetic and Latin; she helped him to St Bees' College, and a "cure of souls" in Lancashire.

She was a good steward of her brother's interests, and farmed to profit. She manifested a thorough interest in her servants; and if they were worth their salt, they soon learned to appreciate that interest by a faithful discharge of duty. Her extraordinary early hours gave her the best opportunities of studying the

weather. She heard the first morning notes of the feathered tribes, observed the rising sun, and marked the dew; and, after years of observation of organic life as affecting atmospheric changes, obtained something like a local weather-wisdom.

Though she walked at all hours of the day, and oft in winter evenings, on missions of mercy, and on unfrequented roads, she never received the slightest molestation. Her well-known figure, and her sweet-toned "Good-night!" ever obtained respect and decorous reply. She occasionally encountered "roadside folk" or travelling tinkers, commonly termed Gipsies; and these were not such safe customers to a lone lady in the bylanes of Castle Sowerby. Once, however, she was really alarmed on coming unexpectedly across a large band of these rascally itinerants late in the evening; but, to prove her confidence, she walked direct towards the "campers'" tent, surrounded by barking dogs, and accosted the party of slouched-hat devil-may-care men, amid women of dishevelled hair and dress, and ragged urchins of repulsive type—a motley group in all verity. The party was disarmed by the lady's presence, her softening voice and sympathising expressions; and the male portion arose from their sullen attitudes, and insisted on escorting her homewards lest somebody should harm her! The reader will be disposed to remark that it was hardly prudent for an unprotected lady to place herself in the way of such contingencies as "campers" and fortune-tellers; but it ought to be borne in mind that the daylight of some seasons did not suffice for her journeys, almost always undertaken on foot, to the sick and poor of a large district.

She had a rare presence of mind. Thus, passing through a meadow, a big-horned ox rushed at her and cast her down. Her position was the most painful to conceive, her face being turned towards the huge head and savage eye of the brute, one well-aimed blow from which would have destroyed life; indeed, she expected to be transfixed at each butting of the animal. Owing to her slender form and the animal's widely-apart horns, her person escaped, for in time he got tired of striking the earth, whilst she kept still as death. As soon as he turned away she used her agile limbs to a purpose. On another occasion a horse ran away, and she sat in her gig quite helpless, anticipating the awkward turns of the road, and two of these right angles. She was much tempted to throw herself on a green sward, but prudence dictated stillness, and she arrived safely at Thackwood.

She was a true comforter to the sick and the sorrowing at heart. Every one in her district with family ties had at one time or another experienced the advantage of her visits during periods of illness or distress. Her veins flowed with the milk of human kindness, and there was no ebb-tide in her distribution of wholesome charity, in a manner, too, that won all hearts. The cottages of the poor, however burdened by sickness, became lighted up when Miss Blamire raised the door-latch and stood in the midst of the household, recognising its different members, and cheering the invalid by sympathetic words, and that great desideratum to the poor, food and drinks. The basket she carried was a well-known parochial institution, and when placed on the cottager's table, it evoked sundry appetising wishes. "Young toddles" climbed

upon the wooden forms and chairs to watch the removal of the contents, and lips watered at the sight of cakes and eggs and fruit, and the short-necked bottle filled with ruby-coloured fluid; again fulfilling her aunt's pithy lines—

> "Friendship, with cordials in her hands and eyes,
> The want of health, the want of ease supplies."

Her sympathies were broad, and benefited alike the clay hut of the labourer, the dwelling of the yeoman, or the fine mansion of the squire. Her generosity was sparing of pecuniary gifts; experience had taught her that such eleemosynary aid only met immediate claims, and often led to further cravings; whilst it was apt to sap the feelings of independence and the honest pride that seeks a living by individual effort and well-directed economy. The industrious were encouraged, habits of thrift were exemplified, and self-dependence maintained, as the best support and the highest incentive to that moral dignity so essential to good behaviour and success.

Miss Blamire, in the happy character of "Lady Bountiful" over a wide district of country, would have served to point the moral and adorn the tale of tenderness, compassion, and large-heartedness. I can never forget the graciousness of her mode of bestowing her charity. Her countenance, at all times pleasant and happy, seemed to borrow a higher inspiration when engaged in cheering the hearts of the sons of toil. Looking upon the generous donor and the grateful recipient, and, though occupying different social positions, both alike mindful of their common nature, and the deeper ties binding the hearts of men,

who could fail to have the finer chords of his own heart touched? In these unostentatious visits and communings, the best parts of humanity were called forth. Here was the true fraternity, in the rich succouring the poor, the strong helping the weak, those in high places shedding a light of gladness over the dwellings of the lowly, that light being reflected in the best of mirrors—a conscience well satisfied with walking righteously in the paths of beneficence.

The blue flag of Cumberland never waved over a more zealous supporter or more loyal friend than Jane Christian Blamire. The first tocsin of an election used to call many active partisans into the field, but none could be found more alert than the Lady of Thackwood. Long before paid agents could be mustered in a morning, she would canvass a township, and secure the majority of the votes. He must have been a bitter opponent, or, to use a phrase of Sir James Graham's, the veriest "long-horned Tory," who could resist a pretty woman soliciting his vote by early dawn. When her brother came forward as a candidate for the Whig interests in Cumberland in 1831 along with Sir James Graham, not only were her ordinary powers in full force, but prompted by the warmest affection for his success. Her enthusiasm was something intense. She walked and drove, directed and canvassed, as nobody but her brother could do. The fine neighbourly traits in the character of the Blamires, her own honoured position in the district, her earnest and lively sallies against the Tories, to say nothing of her winning smile and rosy cheek, proved irresistible. Electors who would have treated canvassing agents with a stout denial succumbed under Miss Blamire's

fascinating presence; and as often felt mastered in argument in discussing the questions of reform and retrenchment.

"Uncle Curwen" used at election times to play the part of gallant with the ladies of the house, kissing all round—a master-stroke of policy that won the women's favours, and consequently led the men to the poll. As Miss Blamire's success in the great canvass of 1831 got abroad, it was rumoured that, rather than lose a family of voters, she had consented to be kissed by an honest yeoman—if true, it would not have been so bad as the fine Duchess and the dirty coalheaver at the Westminster election. A single incident in the canvass gave rise to the joke. A jovial farmer being solicited for his support, said he was a *yellow* (Tory), and could not vote *blue* on any account. Miss Blamire plied him hard, and by her matchless powers of persuasion softened his opinions, so that he would promise her his vote on condition of having a kiss of her bonny cheek. "Well, indeed, Mr ——, you are in a merry humour this morning; but first let me have the satisfaction of knowing that you will vote for my good brother at Cockermouth." He replied, "*That* I will, and *no mistake;* but then, Miss Blamire, you must be kind, and let me have the kiss." The lady, wishing above all things to avoid the bucolic embrace, adroitly remarked, "As a new, and, I hope, good *blue*, you deserve the favour you ask; but as it might be looked upon as a bribe, we had better put off the kissing till the election is won by my brother being returned for Cumberland."

Speaking politically, the spring-time of 1831 was the most memorable of the century to the men of

Cumberland. Youths in their *teens* and veterans in their *eighties* participated in the contest that saw Sir James Graham and Mr Blamire opposed to the Lowthers. The election came like a flood upon the still waters of Thackwood, and filled the heart of the daughter of the house with a grand impulsive fervour that never slackened from the day of declaration to the hour of triumph at Cockermouth. Her brother, to whom she was devoted, had been called forth Cincinnatus-like by the bold yeomanry of Cumberland in defence of a reform that stirred the soul of the English people and deeply affected the English Constitution. Her mother was still to the fore, occupying her easy-chair, and pouring forth in happy accents a life-narrative of the past that was well calculated to cheer the efforts of the present hour. Mrs Blamire could recount the stirring episodes of the county election of 1768—the most noted of the eighteenth century; she could also vividly describe her brother John Christian Curwen's long and eventful political struggles with the Lowthers; and none could listen to the dear old lady's histories without a responsive chord of affinity for the cause upheld by her son.

Miss Blamire was more than herself. She rose before the grey-eyed morn of a May day checkered the eastern clouds with streaks of light, and assiduously laboured far into the frowning night. If not engaged in the canvass, she was writing letters to rouse the apathetic and encourage the zealous, or offering courtesies and hospitality to hourly callers, or making party-emblems of *bonnie blue* to herald the march of the sons of freedom to the poll. Many youthful squires got their first lesson in canvassing

from her; and at no time in the history of the county had the agricultural mind been so enlivened and inspirited as at the election when the fair Lady of Thackwood went a wooing of the freeholders. Among those of her own sex who lent active service was the late Mrs James, of Barrock Park, a hearty genial person, whose political enthusiasm was refreshing to witness. But the characteristic features and patriotism of the election have already been noted in the life of William Blamire.

Miss Blamire was thoroughly observant and alive to character, as the following episode in this narrative will show. In the autumn of 1839, Lord Henry Brougham, who, in his earlier days, had been a frequent visitor at Thackwood, intimated to Miss Blamire that he and a party of friends meant to visit High Head Castle, and take a five-o'clock cup of tea with her. I was invited to meet them. The hour came, but not the expected guests. Next day it was rumoured that the Brougham party had met with an accident at Thomas Close, and two or three days subsequently some of the London "dailies" announced that Lord Brougham had been killed, furnishing, of course, a biographical notice of his Lordship. Knowing *the* Brougham, Miss Blamire, who at first felt shocked at the intelligence, shook her head very significantly, and then cast the gravest doubts on the story. When the true version of affairs was known, the hour of the accident, the walking into Penrith of Lord Brougham and Mr Leader, M.P., and their letter, written at the Crown Hotel *immediately* before the mail left south, it was easy to see who killed "Cock Robin." "Ah!" said Miss Blamire to myself, in

reference to this moral suicide of the Ex-Chancellor's, "it is so like Brougham, and so thoroughly his own work." Public opinion held the same view of the matter. Miss Blamire was a great favourite of Mrs Brougham's, and on Henry obtaining the "Great Seal," she went over to Brougham Hall to congratulate the old lady, who, apparently less gladdened than her visitor expected, remarked that she was afraid of the Chancellorship spoiling the future career of Henry. Too truly prophesied! The bauble and glitter of office, his toadying of William the Fourth, his family aggrandisements, the scandals of which are hardly buried yet; his solicitations for a French citizenship in 1848, in the hope of heading the *Sans Culottes*, and becoming a second Mirabeau, if not a First Consul, with other vagaries known to history, sadly lowered the Brougham standard.

Mr Blamire's parliamentary position added greatly to his sister's engagements at home. Owing to a belief that the Tithe Commissioner was powerful at headquarters, she was pestered with applicants for offices of various kinds, who would maintain that, as her brother had beaten the Lowthers, he could do anything within the compass of a "big parliamentary man." She was also expected to find situations for all sorts and conditions of men, the idle and the ignoble, whose assurances and solicitations knew no bounds; such persons oft tried her sweet patience to the utmost.

Her visits to Carlisle were mainly on behalf of her neighbours. Such was the constancy and suppleness of her nature, that at the age of sixty-two years she walked to Carlisle, nine and a half miles, transacted

much business, and walked home the same distance before tea. It was futile to remonstrate with her: the only mode I found of use was to watch her departure from the city, then follow with a conveyance, and persuade her to be driven to Thackwood.

Though woman's rights had not come to the front in her time, she often spoke of woman's duties, and attributed much of the discomfort of married life to the bad training of her sex, who, having large powers at disposal, did not exercise their influence rightly, but too often contrariwise. Among the labouring poor, untidy houses drove men to the public-house, whilst waste, finery, and uneven temper, engendered social errors in other walks of English life; and upon these causes she would speak with regret, as arising from feckless, namby-pamby women.

Miss Blamire's devoted attachment to her fond mother, and also her affectionate regard for the interests of her brother, seemed to outweigh all matrimonial considerations, and she remained a spinster, notwithstanding many excellent offers both personally and pecuniarily. This was much to be deplored for many reasons, and not the least that it specially affected the interests of our race.

She was beautiful to look upon, so beaming with good-nature and joyousness. The happy temperament that made the third and fourth decades of her life so sunny and charming to all her associates, failed her not in advancing years. The rare and genial faculty of giving pleasure to others was not only a marked trait, but so interwoven in her character, that, under all trials and circumstances, it came to the surface. It survived family troubles and bereavements, nay, the

wrinkles of age and the decadence of the corporeal frame. If large tenderness for others, and unfeigned self-sacrifice and bounteous generosity, could awaken in the physical nature a responsiveness of expression, the habitual exercise of so many moral excellences could hardly fail sympathetically to impress the physiognomical features with a noble emotional charm. Nothing could be more winning and lovable than the constant and unaffected manifestation of her joyful temperament, awakening in others a tenderness and regard, nay, a reciprocal affection for herself. She owed more to her own nature than to her family status. Her intrinsic endowments that sought freedom of expression, her refined tastes, her sagacity, and, above all, her broad sympathies and conformity to the varied types of humanity around her, inspired many with a kind of idolatrous regard for her person and character.

In Miss Blamire you mark the happy cheerfulness that gladdens others; in her sphere of usefulness, the example that prompts to well-doing and animates the doer; and not less the lovable temper and sweetness of disposition that endears and captivates, and gives a halo to every virtue. In her character and life, love, hope, and charity were equally blended, and daily exercised for the best and truest of purposes on earth. Enjoying the blessings that fall to few of human kind, she walked along her earthly probationary path distributing the kindliest affections of a ministering angel, like one—

> "Whose generous hand delights to heal
> The wounds that suffering mourners feel,

Without a wish, or a hope, or thought,
That light should shine on the deeds it wrought."

The death of her sister-in-law, wife of the Tithe Commissioner, in January 1857, affected her much, and from that time she began to feel the increasing weakness of age. On my congratulating her, on her sixty-ninth birthday (March 20, 1857), she replied in a tone somewhat doleful if not prophetic. Her servants noticed no great change; and with the summer warmth she seemed much as usual. Indeed, she was so good as spend Mid-summer's Day with me at Rosehill, and seemed in her usual spirits. In August she had a fainting fit on the roadside, and my anxiety for my best and dearest friend induced me to request her brother's presence at Thackwood. His visit cheered her so much that I hoped my diagnosis of her disease was incorrect; but with September her weakness increased, and on the morning of the 20th September 1857 she quietly passed away.

The mournful tidings of that Sunday morning reached Raughton Head just as the chapel gates were being opened, and groups of men and women stood around in heartfelt distress. Only one thought pervaded the assembled worshippers, that of profound sorrow. The tearful cheek, the sobbing that could not be subdued within the church, whilst others had retired to their homes to hide their lamentations, testified to the greatness of the bereavement. The well-known pew that she had occupied for forty-three years with scarcely an interruption was that day void, yet all eyes were turned towards it; and in the tried emotions of the hour, to more than one of those

present the shadowed form of the devout worshipper, Jane Christian Blamire, was still visible.

Her remains were interred on the east side of Raughton Head Chapel yard, on Thursday, the 28th September 1857. No one can forget the painful emotions of those who surrounded the grave of this amiable person, whose life and character have been so feebly drawn in this memoir.

THE LOSHES OF WOODSIDE.

CHAPTER I.

"An inventive Age
Has wrought, if not with speed of magic, yet
To most strange issues."

WORDSWORTH.

DURING the stirring times of the uxorious Tudor, the family of Arlosh or Losh were comfortably established at Woodside, four miles south of Carlisle. They held lands and hereditaments of value at that period, and it is not improbable that they were known men of an earlier dynasty in these northern parts. Family tradition—seldom wanting to the favoured of fortune, and oft as conspicuous as the ancient full-bottomed wigs upon the heads of claimants of a long pedigree—avers a great deal respecting the early career of the Loshes; that they were originally graingers by occupation, under the rule of Holm-Cultram Abbey, in Cumberland; and that one branch of the family made a raid eastward, and effected a clearing at Inglewoodside, and there laid the foundation of the present home—Woodside. This notion

derives a certain amount of support from the present Loshes having estates in Holm-Cultram; at the same time, it is but a matter of conjecture whence they came, and why they settled on the pastoral banks of the gentle-flowing Peterill; suffice to say they appear in sixteenth-century legible history as Cumberland landowners, or as canonicals of the old Catholic church in Carlisle. Concurring with the prevailing sentiment of these latter days that wisely measures the capacity of the individual man rather than his ancestral accidents, recognising only those marked hereditary influences, or psychological semblances bearing an historical meaning, it is all the more agreeable to state that the family under discussion have long been known as an intelligent, prosperous, and estimable race of Cumbrians.

During the development of England's growth, the strong arm of power, as every one knows, was the fulcrum upon which families who crept into note sustained their leverage; and too oft this constituted their sole *raison d'être.* Not many prototypes of our ancient aristocracy could be found exempt from the tendency to break one or all of the commandments to insure that high qualification in the eyes of English respectability—success. The traditional stories of the daring and prowess of the Loshes might adorn the page of the semi-historical novelist seeking a theme illustrative of the habits and customs prevailing around "merrie Carlisle" when Richard III. hunted the boar and directed the chase in Inglewood Forest centuries ago. But these legends will not avail the historian, who naturally seeks for trustworthy data in those tangible forms termed

indentures, inscribed on parchment, endorsed with autographs, and stamped with big seals. These are your only legitimate warrants of lineage, lands, and inheritances. Now deeds exist in the possession of the family proving a three-centuried habitation at Woodside; but there is no explanation of how the name of Arlosh came to be diminished by a syllable to that of Losh; indeed, the two names seem to have been used alternately. Thus in a deed of conveyance, dated 1627, the purchaser is described as "William Arlosh *alias* Losh, yeoman at Woodside;" in 1631 another such property is conveyed to the same individual, who is designated William Losh, and five years subsequently (1636) he reverts to the "William Arlosh *alias* Losh." Owing to fire and other agencies affecting the Losh archives of a date prior to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but little information can be gleaned from their *disjecta membra* in further explanation of the matter under discussion.

Be the name Arlosh or Losh, the family who settled at Woodside were not without powers to support the laudable ambition of extending their lines: they married, multiplied, and migrated; and from the position of yeomen rose to the ranks of the squirearchy. They were an active, enterprising race, ready to add house to house, and land to land, till they became masters of a fine estate that extended from the south of Wreay, along the left bank of the Peterill, to Harraby Green, within a mile of the Border city itself.

Whilst the name of Losh will be retained in this memoir, the reader should be made aware that my

friend, the Rev. James Losh, the heir-apparent to the Woodside estates, deemed it right to return to the old cognomen of Arlosh three years ago, and is therefore known to-day as the Rev. James Arlosh.*

Portraits and traditions tend to show that they were a strong-built race, fond of the country, its sports and pastimes. They seem to have held by their own with honest tenacity, and would not yield either the promise or the pay of "black-mail" to obtain exemption from the attacks of the Græmes and other moss-troopers on the Borders. Indeed they were hardly content to rest on the defensive, but carried war into the enemy's district; apparently not indisposed to imitate, as far as the active leaders of a body of yeomen could, the rule of James V. of Scotland, whose acts of severity had the effect for a time, at least, of "dantoning the thieves of the Borders, and making the rush-bush keep the cow."

* The reasons assigned by my friend are as follows: Though the family of Arlosh, upwards of two centuries ago, merged, so far as name went, their individuality in that of Losh, they still kept their own armorial bearings. Whilst Losh is a recognised family with registered coats-of-arms distinct, the Arloshes, even in their mutilated form 'Loshes, kept their own shield and crest, as preserved by them on an old seal in the possession of the Woodside family for one hundred and fifty years at least; but are not to be found in heraldic registers, because in their abbreviation they were lost in the crowd of Loshes *before*, as is supposed, the registration of names and coats-of-arms came into general use. The result is that the Loshes of Woodside have different armorial bearings to any others of the name of Losh, because they were not Loshes but Arloshes abbreviated; and though they had changed their name they kept their own rightful shield. Thus the arms on the seal of the Arloshes or Loshes of Woodside are: "Argent, a fesse gules between three griffins' heads erased azure langued of the second. *Crest*, two ostrich feathers erect proper. *Motto*, Persevere." The heraldic insignia of the Loshes: "Or, a boar's head erased gules. *Crest*, cubit arm proper, holding up a crescent. Or."

In the middle of last century, Woodside had for "laird" John Losh, a man strong in character and personality. Judging from his portrait, showing broad shoulders and broader paunch, he would be a man of twenty stones weight. Though of fair complexion, and sanguineo-lymphatic temperament, the fact of his riding a big black nag obtained for him the appellation of the "Big Black Squire" of Woodside. Of lofty stature and inordinate bulk, yet possessing the action and intrepidity of youth, his presence was one to be felt either in the sportive competitions of the field, or the more daring antagonisms of Border warfare. When a mere lad, nothing gratified him so much as being permitted to join his neighbours engaged in conflict with the mosstroopers. He used to relate with some gusto that one night a band of Scotch freebooters were driving a lot of cattle from the Wreay district northwards, and had just reached the ravine and beck within two hundred yards of Woodside mansion, when he discovered their character, and immediately assailed them with, "Come on, ye Scotch rascals, and I'll give ye a damned good hiding!" The daring voice and equally daring form of the squire seen through the moonlit trees caused a panic among the marauders, who speedily decamped, leaving the stolen beeves to the victor without a fight. He was probably the last of the Cumberland squirearchy who took part in the Border expeditions that were brought to a close after the '45, when Scotsmen's heads were spiked on "Carlisle yetts" to "guard the wall" against northern invaders.

Mr John Losh, *alias* the "Big Black Squire," found an exceedingly pretty wife in Miss Liddell, the sister

of Joseph Liddell,* Esq. of Moorhouse, four miles west of Carlisle. The true *bonhomie* and frank, generous character of Mr Losh made him a great favourite in society, and his wife, being of good family and charming manners, contributed in no small degree to his popularity. Mr Losh, in all his physical and mental strength, had his gustatory fancies—bramble-berries, fresh or preserved, all the year round, and water from a special spring at Woodside, daily carried to his Carlisle residence; both were held by him of sovereign

* Mr Joseph Liddell of Moorhouse (born in 1736, died April 18, 1820) was a man of mark, a classic and metaphysician, and clever lawyer. His ample fortune saved him from professional drudgery, but he continued to the last to act as a commissioner in cases of bankruptcy, on which occasions, it has been said, he generally gave his fees to the bankrupt if deserving, or disposed of them in the relief of distress He was a warm supporter of the political independence of his native county, and a steady friend to civil and religious liberty. So highly esteemed was he by the Whig party, that a large and influential body of Carlisle freemen solicited him to come forward for the city in 1768. As further proving the significance of his influence, when Sir James Lowther, as a Whig, sought the suffrages of the Cumberland freeholders in the great contest of 1768—so costly in cash, and more costly to morals and political rectitude—he early had it intimated to Mr Liddell that he had received Lord Ravensworth's approval to his candidature. This piece of Lowther deception came to the knowledge of Lord Ravensworth, who wrote from St James's Square, London, on the 7th March 1768, to his kinsman, Mr Liddell, assuring him that Sir James Lowther had no authority whatever to use his (lordship's) name in the pending electioneering contest.

Mr Liddell's abilities and character found large recognition beyond his own county; and among his most intimate correspondents were the Bishop of Llandaff, and Dr Robert Henry, the historian, who for a time had charge of a Presbyterian congregation in Carlisle. In noticing Mr Liddell in the "Life of Dr Heysham," I was not aware of the above facts; nor do I know that as one of the "three-bottle set" he rivalled Sir Hercules Langrishe, the patriot, to whom Burke's letters were addressed, who being asked whether he had drunk four bottles of claret (the empty bottles were on the table) without assistance, replied, "No! I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira."

virtue till 1789, when death stepped in and claimed the fine old squire.

The family born to Mr and Mrs John Losh were—1st, John, born in 1756, who inherited the name and estate of his father; 2d, James, born in 1763; 3d, George, born in 1766; 4th, William, born in 1770; 5th and 6th, Margaret and Robert, twins—Robert died in early life at Newcastle. There were two more sons—one, a mere youth, lost his life by falling from a high tree in bird-nesting; the other was an ensign in the army, who fought a duel at Bath, and was mortally wounded.

The senior brothers, John and James Losh, were pupils of Mr Dawson of Sedbergh, the famed mathematician, under whose able tuition many lads of promise in the northern counties were educated for Cambridge, and so well trained as oft to secure high place, if not senior wranglership. Professor Adam Sedgwick, so lately removed from us, was probably the last survivor of a long list of his eminent pupils. On leaving Sedbergh, they entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where they had the benefit of listening to the chemical lectures of Dr Richard Watson, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff. These lectures made a deep impression on the young Cumbrians, and helped to develop in them a love of science that served to indoctrinate their younger brothers, George and William, in the same faith—a faith that took permanent hold, and gave a direction to their lives.

All the four brothers showed a peculiar aptitude for acquiring languages; and though their aims in life were meant to be distinctive, they studied in France and Germany with the zeal of men lacking neither energy nor ambition to rise in the world. They had

lots of brain-power, and exercised it with a due regard for the common weal as well as their own interests. They were fond of foreign as well as English literature, and, whilst connoisseurs of the fine arts, they sought to promote all industrial progress resting on the mechanical and chemical; and in both departments obtained success. They founded, or aided materially in the establishment of, chemical works on a large scale by the banks of "coaly Tyne," and their names are intimately allied with the commercial history of Newcastle.

As citizens of a constitutional monarchy, they held by the popular cause, and fought as earnestly for civil and religious liberty as the best men of their epoch. They also shone in various departments of English life, being generally in the van of their respective callings. They promoted social reforms, and were not inattentive to intellectual and scholarly culture. Their public efforts were directed to political progress, and the securing of religious freedom untrammelled by creeds and other human credentials. Liberal in all things, and of philanthropic aim, they stood by the intelligent and worthy of every denomination, and were ready to incur responsibilities of no mean kind on behalf of the general interests of the nation.

The oldest brother, John Losh, and heir to Woodside, was brought up as the squire; James * took to the law, and obtained the dignity of Recorder of Newcastle-on-Tyne; George and William were both meant for commerce.

* The sketch of James Losh's life will more conveniently follow his younger brothers.

JOHN LOSH.

John Losh, after much travelling on the Continent, sought a wife in Miss Isabella Bonner, daughter of Mr Thomas Bonner of Callerton Hall, seven miles north-west of Newcastle-on-Tyne, about the year 1785. In conformity with the wish of his father, who retired to his Carlisle residence, John and his bride took up their abode at Woodside. The young squire improved his mansion and property, and gained the credit of making everything smile around him. He became a prominent agriculturist, and had the credit of introducing Italian ryegrass into Cumberland; he also rivalled his worthy neighbour, Mr Philip Howard of Corby Castle, in planting larches—a forest growth hardly known before their times. Whilst the lairds of Corby and Woodside were so laudibly engaged, Dr Graham was giving fresh character to the Netherby estate. These three Cumbrian squires set a noble example as heritors; nor were they wanting as benefactors to more interests than their own. Possessing the family love of arborescent forms, especially the oak, John Losh planted largely, as his progenitors had done, possibly too much, as the Woodside estate of to-day might be singled out, field by field, on account of the oaks alone.

The inheritor of considerable property and the representative of a meritorious family, liberal in politics and strong in his advocacy of religious liberty, Mr Losh naturally sought friendly relations with his kind neighbours the Catholic Howards of Corby Castle, and Mr Charles Howard, afterwards Earl of Surrey

and Duke of Norfolk. The duke became his most intimate friend and ally; and many a good dinner they ate together, seasoned with the best vintages, at Greystoke Castle and Woodside. Standing firmly by the blue or Whig colours of the county, and taking an active part in the city elections, brought him in contact with John Christian Curwen and other leading politicians in Cumberland and Westmoreland. Woodside was oft the rendezvous of both town and county politicians preparing for a contested election.

The boon companionship of Charles the eleventh Duke of Norfolk, whose life is briefly noted in a previous volume of these "Worthies," implied a highly generous hospitality on the part of Mr Losh, and the presence at Woodside of the heartiest and most intelligent of guests. Handsome in person and highly generous, fond of the beautiful in woman as well as in art and nature, studious to please everybody, and as ready to entertain a peasant as a peer, Mr Losh was fit company for every grade—indeed cock of the walk, and one of the most popular of men. In county life and all its associations around "merrie Carlisle," Mr Losh was a leading participator, and oft the guiding spirit. He was noted for his horsemanship on a big black mare as famous as his father's black nag, and quite as untractable to all but the master-hand. The narrative of his feats of horsemanship recall what I have elsewhere stated of Mr Blamire the Tithe Commissioner; both men could ride to Glasgow—say one hundred miles—in a day! Horse-racing, fox-hunting, wrestling, cock-fighting, and all the sports and pastimes refreshing to the bucolic mind of "canny

Cumberland" eighty years ago, found a hearty patron in Mr Losh, who was everywhere recognised as a fine specimen of the country squire living as a lord of the soil amid hosts of approving friends. When appointed High Sheriff of Cumberland, an honour worthy of acceptance in those days, a hundred of the neighbouring gentry and yeomanry on horseback assembled in Woodside park and escorted him right showingly to the assizes at Carlisle. This popularity was not without its cost. Thus it is said that the expenses of his shrievalty amounted to £1500—a very large sum to lay out on four or five days of official life at the Cumberland assizes, then held but once a year. A demonstration in honour of the chiefs of English law and justice, the best of their kind in the world, was appropriate enough, the cost pertaining to which need not have been a moiety of that lavished by Mr Losh on hospitalities, embracing not only the lordly heritors assembled at the assizes, but the tipstaffs of the court, and a hungry and thirsty multitude out of doors.

Mr Losh joined the volunteer force so admirably organised by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Howard of Corby Castle, and stood next to him in rank in the Cumberland Rangers during the perilous days of Napoleon's menace to England. He worked in various grooves for the public good: to-day aiding the management of a charitable institution, to-morrow acting as Master of the Carlisle Masonic Lodge, and ever ready to co-operate both in social and political undertakings. The convivial group of his day and "set" used to meet at the Grey Goat Inn, next door to Highmoor House, where "bonnie Prince Charlie"

in the '45 received the homage of the city authorities, and the courtesies of the fair maids of Carlisle.

Prompted by his love of agriculture and forestry, Mr Losh visited Scotland and sought the acquaintance of the Duke of Athole and Sir John Sinclair; and probably there met, about the year 1784, with Archibald the ninth Earl of Dundonald, the author of a treatise on the intimate connection between chemistry and agriculture. The Scotch earl and the English squire, however introduced, took well to each other, and the scientific fervour of the former found ready response in his Border friend. It has been shown how Mr Losh's *penchant* for chemistry was derived, and this was probably enhanced during his residence in Paris when Lavoisier's researches were rivetting the attention of the learned; moreover, he was fond of natural history, and had given some attention to mineralogy—nay, looked upon as an authority on the subject by the editors of Hutchinson's "History of Cumberland."

Lord Dundonald and Mr Losh practised their chemical arts at Woodside, where furnaces, explosions, and bad smells seemed to the bucolic neighbours "uncanny wark" for lords and gentlemen; indeed strange fancies arose on the subject, pointing to magic and witchcraft, and other modes of devildom. The part taken by Mr Losh, in concert with Lord Dundonald, in establishing alkali works near Newcastle, was more of a moneyed interest that sought to encourage an industrial scheme than any personal action in the business itself. It is probable that Losh had the largest pecuniary share; and after Dundonald's retirement from the copartnery, the

Walker Alkali Works became exclusively his; which on his decease in 1814, his daughter, Sarah Losh, inherited.

Mrs Losh died in 1799, in the thirty-fourth year of her age. Mr Losh survived his wife fifteen years, and died in 1814, in his fifty-ninth year. Their issue was —Joseph, whose judgment was not equal to the higher duties of life; Sarah, born in 1785, who inherited the Woodside property; and Katherine Isabella, born in 1788.

GEORGE LOSH

was born at Woodside in the year 1766, and educated for commercial life in Newcastle. Like his other brothers, he studied abroad, and imbibed a stronger liking for technical and scientific work than commerce. He was a well-informed person, and his conversation was copious, engaging, and instructive. In his tall, handsome figure, and well-developed head, you discerned a marked superiority of character; and his cleverness, geniality, and worth, gained him hosts of friends. During a winter's visit to St Petersburg he surprised the Russians by walking out on days of intense cold without a topcoat, whilst they were wrapped up in furs. His bodily temperament, so fair and sanguine, explained this power of resistance to cold on the same ground that nature has clothed the bear of the arctic regions in white, and given dark skins to the inhabitants of the tropics.

Returning to Newcastle, he instituted some commercial undertakings with Mr Lubbren, and one of these was the manufacture of alkalies. Success did not attend the copartnery, and the failure of Surtees'

Bank affecting so many interests, threw a cloud over all commercial efforts. About the year 1798, George Losh married Miss Frances Wilkinson, one of the "three beauties of Carlisle," a most fascinating and clever person, by whom he had a family of five daughters. After residing for some years at Saltwellside, near Gateshead, he took his family to France, and continued his interest in the progress of chemistry, not unfrequently communicating his views on the science derived from his Parisian contemporaries, to his brother William, in charge of the Walker Alkali Works. In his latter days he returned to Newcastle, and died there at the venerable age of eighty years.

WILLIAM LOSH.

William Losh, born at Woodside in 1770, shared the same teaching as his brother George. He was then sent to a collegiate institution in Hamburg, where he met Alexander von Humboldt. Humboldt and Losh were great companions, and one day ventured out to sea in an open boat, when a storm arose that baffled their exertions for hours. Humboldt felt the cold, became desponding, and might have succumbed had not Losh stripped off his own coat and vest and wrapped his friend in them, at the same time encouraging him by hopeful words, and showing redoubled vigour at the oars; in this way the German's spirits and bodily circulation were kept up. They parted in their teens; yet so true had been their friendship, that Humboldt, after forty years engaged in travel and exploration of the earth's surface, making the civilised world largely his debtor

on account of his geographical discovery and general philosophic culture, retained a thoroughly kind regard for his collegiate friend; and in his old age stood godfather to a granddaughter of Mr Losh's christened in Paris.

William Losh was brought up with the view of representing his brother John's interest at the Walker Alkali Works. He was a clever and successful man of business, as the next two chapters will prove, and had the art of making the most of everybody under his direction. Few men possessed greater educational advantages. He resided in Sweden for some time, and could speak its language; he afterwards travelled through the Baltic provinces, indeed through the greater part of Europe. He was the consular representative of Sweden and Prussia at Newcastle-on-Tyne. His name is specially associated with the alkali manufacture and engineering works at Walker.

He married Miss Alice Wilkinson, sister to his brother George's wife, and had issue two daughters.

CHAPTER II.

THE MANUFACTURE OF SODA.

THE introduction of soda to this country, its manufacture and uses, would furnish materials for an interesting chapter in the history of our industrial resources; and if advisedly written, could not fail to recognise among the able coadjutors of the soda trade the Loshes of Woodside—Cumbrians by ancestry and birth, and essentially Cumbrians in zeal and enterprise. The brothers John, George, and William Losh have had parts assigned them in the development of the Newcastle soda trade, and much conflicting statement prevails as to their respective claims to distinction. As far as an honest desire, based on much conference and inquiry, will permit, I trust the following sketch may embrace the main facts of the case, without seeking to advance a claim to perfect accuracy.

It may be premised that soda used to be manufactured from the ashes of marine and terrestrial vegetables growing on the sea-shore, and the southern coasts of Spain afforded the most fertile supply. The plants were dried and burned, and a hard bluish-grey mass, called barilla, was obtained, which, subjected to certain processes, yielded between 15 and 20 per cent. of carbonate of soda. A somewhat similar article

was prepared from the seaweed on the north-west coasts of Scotland, called kelp, containing less than 9 per cent. of the soda, together with other salts. England favoured the kelp manufacture, as it formed an important source of revenue to Scottish Lairds, and at one time gave employment to 20,000 people in the Orkneys and Hebrides. Considering the increasing demand for alkalies in the arts—soap, glass, and dyeing materials—and the small percentage of soda yielded from marine plants, it became an object of great importance to secure it in greater abundance, and at a cheaper rate. Kelp varied in price from £2 to £11 per ton during the last century, whilst that of barilla cost about £40 or £45. These prices have been estimated by Mr Clapham as equal to £180 or £200 for a ton of soda-ash, at present worth £8.

Among those who saw the import of soda, and the need of greater facilities in making it, was Lord Archibald Dundonald, whose name is most favourably associated with commercial enterprise. It is supposed that he, knowing the family connection of his friend John Losh with the Bonners and Liddells, the proprietors of the Birtley Spring, which contained salt and much muriate of lime as a residual product, and also aware of the manufacture of salt at the mouth of the Tyne, and of the cheapness of coal, all of which substances were essential to his schemes, fixed upon Newcastle as the best place to commence chemical operations on a large scale. As early as the year 1781 (April 30, No. 1291) he patented "the making of tar, pitch, essential oils, volatile alkalies, mineral acids, salts, and cinders from pit-coal." Here was scope and verge enough for cunning hands—too much,

indeed, even for an enthusiast of his high stamp. When treading on ground fertile of discovery, he seems to have abandoned his work, little dreaming that the products under his consideration were to play so important a part in commercial England ; and that from them would arise the asphalte road, the alkalies, the aniline dyes, and other embodiments of the curious, the practical, and the æsthetic.

The first indication of John Losh in concert with the Earl of Dundonald, engaging in the alkali trade, points to Bell's Close, near Scotswood, Newcastle, as the theatre of their joint operations. This would be about 1793 or 1794. There is reason to believe that the copartnery consisted of the Earl of Dundonald and John Losh; they were the chemical heads, and unquestionably the Earl was the great chief of the new venture. The series of experiments carried on at Bell's Close led to Lord Dundonald taking out a patent (Oct. 4, 1794, No. 2015) for making sulphate of soda or Glauber's salts ; and another patent (Feb. 28, 1795, No. 2043) for obtaining caustic soda by the decomposition of Glauber's salts by means of potass. He also claimed the application of sulphate of barytes for the decomposition of the Glauber's salts; and in order to get the decomposition he made an imperfect carbonate, so that he closely approximated to one of the improved processes of the present day. Little or nothing is known of the extent of the works at Bell's Close, or the process in use for making soda, during the few years they were in operation.

The Bell's Close Works were apparently meant as a tentative effort to something greater, and the longed-for opportunity fell to Losh & Co. under peculiar

circumstances. The Squire Liddell, described at page 145, had a large property in the Teams Valley, near Gateshead-on-Tyne, and on the death of his brother, a successful Newcastle merchant, became possessed of considerable interest in the coal-mines of the district, including that of Walker—where, it deserves mention, the first engine erected in the Northumbrian district by the famed firm of Boulton & Watt was put up in 1784, on the old principle of the "sun-and-planet motion"—an engine still to be seen at work. The shaft of King Pit, at Walker, said to be sunk by a Mr Barnes in 1788, became incommoded by the flow of a salt-spring, a circumstance so rare in the northern coal-field as to call forth the attention of geologists, some of whom attributed it to the same source as that of Birtley Spring. The fact necessarily came to Mr Liddell's knowledge, and he at once communicated with his nephew, Mr John Losh, then associated with the Earl of Dundonald. The amateur at Woodside and the experienced chemist, Dundonald, hailed the discovery of the spring as a prospective good—the stepping-stone to an alkali manufactory, the basis of which was to be found in common salt, then so taxed (about £30 per ton) as to be almost prohibitive of any commercial venture based upon it. Probably they viewed the said spring as exempt from the exciseman's jurisdiction. However this may have been, the sentiment that from small beginnings great things proceed found verification in the history of the salt-spring at Walker; and its importance as a factor in the development of the soda trade of Newcastle cannot be overlooked.

According to Mr R. C. Clapham, whose interesting

"Account of the Commencement of the Soda Manufacture on the Tyne" is published in the *Transactions of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Chemical Society*, part i., 1868-9, the Bell's Close Works were removed to Walker in 1797, a lease having been signed on the 29th September for twenty-one years, the object being to obtain a more eligible site to make use of the salt-spring. The analysis of this spring by a Mr G. Woods gave 32 grains of chloride of sodium, 10 grains of chloride of calcium, and 1 grain of other salts in 43 grains. The Walker Company, it is said, never produced more than eight tons of salt a week; and after the duty was taken off salt in 1823, and Cheshire salt was imported at 13s. a ton, the salt-pans at Walker were superseded.

The Earl of Dundonald and John Losh commenced operations as soda manufacturers on a small scale commensurate with the supply of salt yielded by the spring. Soon a difficulty arose on the exciseman demanding the ordinary duty on salt—a duty varying from £10 to £36 per ton, according to the exigencies of the wars in which England was engaged. This heavy tax could only be met by payment or showing grounds of exemption. To this latter mode his lordship applied himself by urging upon the Government that his use of the heavily-taxed article was with a view to chemical experiments and the foundation of an alkali manufactory. The validity of the claim was admitted, but the Excise stipulated that soot or ground coal must be put into the salt-pans to prevent its use for other purposes; and an exciseman was placed on the premises lest the workmen should carry off the brine or bits of salt.

To be fully alive to the great merits of Lord Dundonald and his friend as pioneers of the alkali trade, it should be borne in mind that the chemistry of their day was a very different thing from the present. A true chemistry only came to the front after John Dalton published his researches on the constitution of the atomic theory. Some progress had, indeed, been made by the discoveries of Cavendish, Priestley, Bergmann, and, above all, Lavoisier, in special departments of the struggling science; but these advances, though of high value, were rather to be viewed as embryonic points in a vital genesis or structure that was to rest on the experimental and inductive methods of investigating nature. In reference to the subject under discussion—that is, chemistry applied to the arts—all was crude, if not chaotic in character, and assuredly hypothetical. Ill-directed inquiries, or a kind of empiricism, ruled the operations conducted in the *industrial*, to distinguish it from the *scientific* laboratory; so that Dundonald and Losh in their new venture were in part groping in the dark, or trusting to what they could gather from workers in the same groove of inquiry at home or abroad, and chiefly from the latter source.

The mode of procedure at Walker Alkali Works was to obtain common salt from the spring on the premises, and this was evaporated in small lead pans, and afterwards decomposed by litharge. The soda so produced was crystallised in small lead cones, and when it had stood sufficiently long to crystallise, the cones were turned upside down to run off the mother liquor. Mr I. Lowthian Bell states that being foiled in dealing directly with common salt, Lord Dundonald

suggested its previous conversion into sulphate of soda by the use of copperas or sulphate of iron, producing a double decomposition, and leaving sulphate of soda and chloride of iron. Lord Dundonald's patent (August 18, 1797, No. 20,189) was for making ceruse or white lead; this he effected by mixing oxide of lead or litharge with muriate of potass or soda, hoping thereby to obtain carbonate of potass or soda. Among the processes in use at Walker was the decomposition of common salt by means of impure potashes (carbonate of potass), which gave carbonate of soda and chloride of potassium. None of the adopted modes could be carried on with profit, as is shown by the fact, adduced by Mr Bell from an old ledger of the Walker Alkali Company, of the labour alone on a ton of crystals of soda costing £13, the soda itself selling at £60 per ton—a price, by the way, that varied but little till after the Peace of 1815. In 1820 it fell to £36, 10s.; in 1830, to £18, 5s.; in 1840, to £10, 2s. 6d.; in 1850, to £5, 10s.; and now it is only £4, 10s.! These crystals of soda were in the market as early as 1798, according to a statement made by Charles Cooper, an overman at Walker Colliery.

According to the "Annales de Chimie," Lord Dundonald recommended 75 parts of oxide of lead and 25 parts of salt for making soda, and this method long continued in use; but from 1802 till 1815, Russian potashes, costing £40 per ton, and afterwards Soaper's salts, were tried at Walker. The "sandiver" obtained from the glass manufactories, and consisting of 50 per cent. of sulphate of soda, 40 per cent. of sulphate and muriate of potass, and 10 per cent. of sand and glass,

was purchased by Mr Losh at £8 per ton for a similar purpose.

Several circumstances tend to the belief that Mr Doubleday and the manager of the Walker Alkali Company were engaged at the same time, yet independently of each other, in trying to discover the best mode of manufacturing soda. Considering the up-hill work marking every step in their endeavours, and demanding large outlay of money and great constancy of purpose, the names of Lord Dundonald, Mr Doubleday, and John Losh, and his able representative and brother, William Losh, should never be forgotten in the history of the soda trade. They laboured with indefatigable zeal, and merit the praise of endeavouring for years to subdue the crude products of the earth to man's utilisation, prosperity, and luxury. It is but justice to say of Lord Dundonald that he devoted his personal energies and sacrificed his landed property in the cause of science; so much so, indeed, that he could hardly find means to educate his oldest son for the navy—that noble sailor Lord Cochrane, the noblest and most intrepid defender of England that ever sailed the seas, from the days of Blake and the Commonwealth to the last days of Horatio Nelson, Vincent, and Collingwood.

Having noticed the costly methods of obtaining soda on the banks of the Tyne towards the end of the last century, and up to the Peace of Amiens, or possibly later, attention should now be drawn to the chemistry in vogue in France. As far back as 1777, according to Mr Clapham, "Malherbe had suggested to the French Government the decomposition of sulphate of soda by means of carbon, tin-parings, and iron;

and in 1781, Alexander Fordyce patented a plan in England for using oxide of iron." With the revolutionary impulse of 1789, chemistry, in Paris at least, moved fast, being especially called upon to do so to meet the requirements of the war-waging Republic, abruptly shut out from some of the paths of commerce. The supply of barilla had become greatly checked, and the National Convention or Government of the Republic applied to their men of science for help in their difficulties, not the least of which was the want of saltpetre for gunpowder. A commission was appointed to inquire into the different processes then in use for the manufacture of soda; and the commission reported in favour of the operations of a pharmacien named Le Blanc, who had erected a soda manufactory near Paris. 1stly, The processes of Le Blanc and his copartners, Dizé and Thée, consisted of decomposing common salt by means of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), instead of sulphate of iron (copperas), used at Walker. 2dly, The sulphate of soda so obtained was heated with carbonate of lime and coal, leading to the production of black ash or rough soda, containing carbonate of soda and sulphide of calcium. 3dly, The separation of the two constituents of the last product by lixiviation with water, and the obtainment of carbonate of soda in a state fit for application to the arts. The general reader may be content with this brief, if rather technical, description of a process developed by the French as early as 1794, and still in use for the manufacture of soda on the largest scale in England and other countries. Mr Gossage, in his interesting paper read before the Chemical Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science,

held at Newcastle, referred to Le Blanc's discovery in the following words: "Thus was given to the world, by a humble apothecary, an invention which has done more to promote the civilisation of mankind than any other chemical manufacture, as well as affording employment to a large number of workmen, and yielding wealth to their employers."* Poor Le Blanc, who had done so much for the public good, shared the fate too often heard of in history. His invention met with no reward—nay, it is said that he and his partners applied to the British Government and received some pecuniary aid, and after a life of great privation, he ended his days in a French hospital, or, as some say, in an asylum for paupers.

Le Blanc's methods do not seem to have been known to British chemists, nor could it well be otherwise when all the avenues to France were denied us. Mr W. Losh, however, whether from his brother George, or some friend in Paris, or as the result of his own unaided researches, had been long endeavouring, as he told Mr I. L. Bell, to decompose sulphate of soda in a furnace, and afterwards, by heating the sulphide of sodium with carbonate of lime, to produce a carbonate of soda. The Peace of Amiens (1802) induced Mr William Losh to visit Paris, to ascertain what was doing in chemistry; and he, with characteristic adroitness, was able to make himself master of some of the French chemical discoveries, and their modes of

* "Chemical Technology, or Chemistry in its Application to the Arts and Manufactures." By Thomas Richardson, M.A., and Henry Watts, B.A. Second edition, vol. i. part iii. H. Bailliere. London, 1863.

manufacturing soda. He soon returned home and put these processes in operation at the Walker Works, and this was like establishing a new era in the trade, and turning over a fresh page in the history of Newcastle. The tide of success in the manufacture of soda now came flowing up the Tyne, and to Mr William Losh the credit is attached of giving an impetus to the pursuit of one of the most valuable and profitable of commercial undertakings. The annual dividends of the Walker Works largely increased, of which a fair proportion fell to the active manager; and whilst individual capacity obtained its reward, the general interests of Newcastle were vastly promoted, and not the least by the alkali trade opening up fresh commercial relations with the nations on the Continent.

It is believed that the first soda works in England were commenced on the river Tyne, and that the first production of kelp in Scotland was somewhere about the year 1730. A few words will suffice to show that the rise of the soda trade runs *pari passu* with our progress to bodily comforts and enjoyment, or material civilisation, if you will. Thus, as Mr R. C. Clapham (*loc. cit.*) notes, "the only method employed, as late as a hundred years ago, in bleaching the British-made linens and calicoes, &c., after boiling them in leys from kelp, was to saturate them with sour milk, and expose them for long periods to the action of the air; but on account of the uncertainty of the climate, it was necessary that the best cloths should be sent to Holland, and after a summer's absence, they were returned for use in England." Hence,

probably, the repute of Holland linen, and Dryden's couplet on its finery—

> "Some for the pride of Turkish Courts designed,
> For folded turbans finest Holland bear."

Poor John Bull had to be content with his grey-toned textures, and Mrs Bull sheltered herself very much under common Osnaburghs and linsey-woolsey.

The first quarter of the present century changed all this. With the repeal of the iniquitous duty on salt in 1823—and that repeal, it may be stated parenthetically, was obtained through the gallant exertions of a worthy Cumbrian, Mr John Christian Curwen, M.P. for Cumberland—the soda trade speedily rose to be of national importance. Mr Muspratt led the way by his great works at Liverpool, and other enterprising men in Glasgow, Birmingham, &c., followed; and now the manufacture of soda has become one of the staple trades of Great Britain.

The men of enterprise grouped in and around the central emporium of Newcastle deserve great credit for their chemical works; and it must be gratifying to their public spirit to know that forty-seven per cent. of the alkalies produced in the whole of the United Kingdom is now manufactured within their circuit, and that the trade gives employment to thousands of workmen and hundreds of ships. "The annual consumption of common salt in the district is 190,000 tons, requiring 73,800 tons of sulphuric acid, and producing 100,000 tons of dry sulphate of soda. The whole of this quantity is used in the manufacture

of alkali."—("British Association Papers.") As forming part of the history of the soda trade, in which the Losh brothers played a good part, the following particulars, copied from a paper on the statistics of the alkali trade of the United Kingdom, deserve to be recorded here, and they cannot fail to be perused with interest:—

RAW MATERIAL CONSUMED PER ANNUM.

	Tons.
Salt,	254,600
Coal,	961,000
Limestone and chalk,	280,500
Pyrites,	264,000
Nitrate of soda,	8,300
Manganese,	33,000
Timber for casks,	33,000
	1,834,400
Capital employed,	£2,000,000
Labour, exclusive of transit, but inclusive of miners' wages (19,140 men), per annum,	£871,750
Weight of raw materials and finished products transported, tons per annum,	2,540,740

Nearly one-half of these materials are worked up in the neighbourhood of Newcastle.—(*Reid's Handbook to Newcastle-on-Tyne*, p. 248, from the article "Industrial Resources," written by Mr I. Lowthian Bell.)

According to the most recent printed returns for 1867, cited by Mr Clapham, "the raw materials now used annually on the Tyne in producing soda and its allied manufactures amount to 1,070,000 tons, and consist chiefly of pyrites, salt, chalk, timber, coal, and manganese, and are of the aggregate value of £830,925." In return for this outlay there is produced—

	Tons.
Soda crystals,	86,000
Alkali,	74,000
Bicarbonate of soda,	11,000
Sulphate of copper,	200
Sulphate of soda for sale,	2,400
Bleaching-powder,	27,000
Caustic soda,	3,720
Epsom salts,	590
Glauber's salts,	20
Oil of vitriol for sale,	9,000
Hyposulphite of soda,	400
Muriatic acid for sale,	700
Chloride of manganese,	1,300
	216,330 tons

of the aggregate value of £1,929,825.

The number of workmen employed in the soda works on the Tyne is estimated to be 8000, and the number of vessels which discharged cargoes of raw materials at soda works in 1867 was 5000. The floating and fixed capital employed in soda works on the Tyne is from £2,000,000 to £2,500,000. In Lancashire the production of chemicals is nearly the same as on the Tyne—the raw materials amounting to about £869,000, and the manufactured articles to £1,883,779; thus giving the totals for the whole of England as under—

Raw materials,	£1,700,525
Manufactured do.,	3,813,604
Capital,	5,000,000

My friend Mr Cail, Mayor of Newcastle, who is also honorary secretary to the Tyne branch of the Alkali Manufacturers' Association, computes the increase of the alkali trade since the year 1867 to be

about 25 per cent. Looking back to the early efforts of Losh and Dundonald producing a few tons of alkali, and at a cost of £13 a ton for labour, and comparing these with the statistics of to-day, one cannot fail to be astonished at the marvellous development of a trade that now ranks among the most significant of our industrial resources.

To complete the part performed by the Loshes, it should be added that on the retirement of the Earl of Dundonald—date unknown—the alkali works at Walker were the sole property of John Losh, who was too enamoured of rural life and Woodside to give heed to chemistry, so he entrusted the management of his interests on the Tyne to his brother William. At the decease of John Losh, his eldest daughter, Sarah, came into possession, and sustained her uncle in the position her father had placed him. In 1831, Mr W. Septimus Losh,* who had been specially educated to the work, relieved his uncle William of the supervision of the chemical alkali works; and in 1847 Miss Sarah Losh sold her interests to her uncle, William Losh.

* My friend Mr W. Septimus Losh, of Wreay Syke, near Carlisle, has added to the family reputation by obtaining several chemical patents—*e.g.*, Reducing Metallic Ores; Obtaining Salts of Soda, Hyposulphite of Soda, from Alkali Waste; Decolouring Resins; Bleaching; Purifying Coal Gas, &c. &c.

CHAPTER III.

SULPHUR MONOPOLY, AND ITS RESULTS—THE WORKS OF LOSH, WILSON, & BELL—STEAM-ENGINES AND RAILWAYS —GEORGE STEPHENSON AND WILLIAM LOSH IN CO-OPERATION.*

THE manufacturer of soda makes his own sulphuric acid; and as long as the grand hypothesis framed by John Dalton failed to be understood, each operator believed he had the secret of making this acid (oil of vitriol) as well, if not better, than any of his neighbours. Among those so persuaded was Mr William Losh, who long continued sceptical of the high merits of the Atomic Theory. A few words on sulphur, the chief element of sulphuric acid, will appropriately introduce the reader to the typical character of our industrial chemists, and the indomitable zeal and ability of the Loshes and others, who in days past contributed so largely to the renown of Newcastle, as one of the great chemical centres of England. In the instance about to be cited, as in a thousand others reflective of British industry, the old adage of "Necessity being the mother of invention" holds good; nor should the moral be lost on the rising generation, who have but to study the diligent example of their forefathers, to gather laurels for their own brows, and the health-

* Mr William Losh is the only brother concerned in this chapter.

ful reputation that is more lasting than mere money possession.

One of the loudest cries of the Protectionist school of economists, of whom Disraeli was chief and foremost thirty years ago, was, "Don't be dependent on foreigners;" which was virtually proclaiming that the land, and sky, and geological crust of Great Britain form a paradise, with all earthly products—cereals, tea, sugar, the wine that gladdeneth the heart of man—ready for England's utilisation and enjoyment. Our commercial history was a daily refutation of such *ad captandum vulgus* effrontery. Had the Governments of England been as solicitous in promoting the national industry, as they were intent on a meddlesome interference abroad, much might have been accomplished in the way of increasing our manufacturing interests, and making foreigners rather more dependent on England; for is it not a fact, that as England by her skill and enterprise puts herself in the way of gaining wealth, she lays the corn-fields and vineyards of the world under larger tribute? The salt tax, that affected in no small degree our domestic economy—nay, life's comforts—and offered so many impediments to the manufactory of alkalies, &c., was part of the obstructive policy, whilst through the inaction of our consular representatives abroad many excellent opportunities of promoting our commerce were either overlooked or in a great measure lost to us.

Sicily possessed a monopoly in the sulphur trade, and England required 80,000 tons a year for its alkali works alone—a fact that should have claimed consular vigilance at Naples. The French were more wide awake; and the Neapolitan king—he who has gone

down to Hades with the blasting epithet of Bomba—was persuaded in the year 1838, in a fit of money-grasping, to concede to Messrs Taix & Co. of Marseilles the exclusive right of exporting sulphur from all his dominions. By this step the price of the article was nearly doubled, and there was great depression in the alkali trade—indeed those engaged in it at Newcastle were sorely puzzled what to do. Prompted by a spirit of enterprise, they found in 1840, in certain mineral veins in Cornwall and Ireland, iron pyrites—a compound of iron and sulphur, containing about 35 to 40 per cent. of the latter substance. From 1856 till 1861, Spain, Belgium, and Norway offered their quota of pyrites, and England became independent of the Franco-Sicilian monopoly. These monopolies educed scientific research; for instance, among other methods of obtaining sulphur, a patent was taken out by Hugh Lee Pattinson and W. Septimus Losh for deriving it from the lead ores; and the process, somewhat instrumental in developing the great works at Washington, is carried on to the present day. (See the memoir of H. L. Pattinson, in a subsequent part of this volume.) Nor was this all, the Newcastle chemists found 2 or 3 per cent. of copper in the Spanish pyrites; so that after obtaining its full yield of sulphur, they extracted copper from the residuary to the extent of 15 tons of copper a week, the money value of which annually added to our manufactured products nearly £100,000.

It is believed that sulphuric acid was made on the Tyne as early as 1736, and that Dr Roebuck of Birmingham, in 1746, put up the first leaden chambers in England as a substitute for glass globes. It was 1812 before Messrs Doubleday & Easterby erected suitable

works for its manufacture on a large scale; and they were followed by Losh, Wilson, & Bell, who in 1821 erected acid-chambers at Walker.

In 1820, Mr Clapham records that not more than 200 or 300 tons of sulphuric acid were produced on the Tyne; whilst in 1867 the quantity has reached the enormous amount of 140,000 tons.

Mr W. Losh's travelling in Sweden had nothing of the tourist air about it. He studied the language and institutions of the country, and, above all, its capabilities and mercantile status. Sweden had the renowned Berzelius as its representative chemist, and no sounder guide to the theory and practice of the science could be found in Europe; moreover, her people were of the northern race—assiduous, intellectual, and practical. Mr Losh made himself acquainted with the iron metallurgy of Sweden, and about the year 1800 established slitting-mills near Newcastle, where Swedish bar-iron was used as a material for furnishing nail-rods, a mode of operation which affords a singular contrast to the extent and character of the iron trade of the Newcastle district at the present time.

Though pretty well occupied as his brother's representative, and in full charge of the Walker Alkali Works, which he was labouring to extend, he was not an inattentive observer of the growing importance of the iron trade. Ready to avail himself of every advantageous opportunity that offered, and not failing as a master to recognise the faithful services of Thomas Wilson and Thomas Bell,* his senior clerks and coad-

* Mr Thomas Bell was born in 1784 at Low Hurst, one of the farms on the Losh estate of Woodside. He was educated at Wreay school, and showed such good parts as a scholar and arithmetician that Squire

jutors in the alkali works, he solicited their aid in establishing the Walker Iron Works in 1809. The copartnery of Losh, Wilson, & Bell were thus very early in the field in the construction of steam-engines for mills, collieries, and iron works.

Long before railways were supposed capable of the extended application of our own day, Mr Losh, and sometimes in concert with George Stephenson, then engaged in the Walker Iron Works, of which Mr Losh was the senior partner, devised many improvements in rails, locomotives, and other apparatus required in this mode of traction; and the history of inventions records many proofs of their united industry in connection with those branches of railway engineering.

Among "Steam-Engine Patents," Mr Losh (April 18, 1815, No. 3905) patented an invention relating to the construction of fireplaces and furnaces employed for heating steam and other boilers, ovens, pans, and similar articles. This invention embraced a double furnace for the prevention of smoke, that attracted some attention on account of its novelty. Since that day the subject has been more thoroughly investigated by Sir W. Fairbairn, Robert Armstrong, and others.

Losh advised his being sent to the Walker Works as clerk. He soon proved his superiority, and in 1809 became the junior partner of Losh, Wilson, & Bell—the character of which company gained much by his services. He was an excellent man of business, an alderman of Newcastle, and the active manager of the Walker Works. He returned to Cumberland for a wife, and married Miss Lowthian of Newbiggin Hall, near Woodside, by whom he had sons and daughters. On his decease in 1845, the charge of the Walker Works fell to his son, Isaac Lowthian Bell. The widow of Thomas Bell is still hale and hearty, and as ready to converse on the social and political questions of the day as the most intelligent of her sex.

Though anticipating dates, it may be stated that Mr Losh's mind was engaged in the same direction of inquiry thirty-three years subsequently, as on Sept. 4, 1848, No. 12,265, he obtained a patent for "improvements in steam-boilers."

Those seeking information on the history and progress of railroads will do well to consult the "Practical Treatise on Railroads," 8vo, illustrated by numerous engravings, by Mr Nicholas Wood, colliery viewer (Hurst, Chance, & Co., London, 1831).

In Reid's "Handbook to Newcastle-on-Tyne" (Longmans & Co., 1863) is also an interesting chapter entitled "Industrial Resources of Newcastle and its Neighbourhood," written by Mr Isaac Lowthian Bell, then Mayor of Newcastle; "a gentleman," as Dr Bruce, the editor of the work, remarks in his preface, "long conversant with mines and manufactures, nearly related to some of the earliest and most successful adventurers in chemical and metallurgic enterprise, and mingling daily with the chief merchants and manufacturers of the Tyne, the Wear, and the Tees." Tradition and history appear to warrant the belief, that in the year 1367 all the produce of the Newcastle collieries was conveyed away on the backs of horses; that before the middle of the seventeenth century bars or 'rails' of wood, or 'Newcastle roads,' as they were called, were laid down to diminish friction; that after a time these wooden rails were protected by a thin strip of iron to prevent wear, and continued in use in the Garesfield Colliery railway up to the third decade of the present century. Cast-iron rails were the next improvement, and were probably in use at Colebrook Dale one hundred years ago.

About the year 1805 malleable-iron rails were used at Walbottle Colliery, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, by Mr C. Nixon, but on a small scale, and their use was not extended owing to the narrowness of their surface cutting the periphery of the wheels; and shortly they were superseded by broad cast-iron rails.

Now, as far as my reading enables me to judge, the first successful introduction of malleable-iron rails appears to have been made at the Earl of Carlisle's works at Tindall Fell, Cumberland, where were laid down three and a half miles of malleable-iron railway and two miles of cast-iron railway in 1808. The rails were one and a half inches square, and rested on stones ten inches square.*

I regret my inability to find the name of the inventor of the malleable-iron rails at Tyndall Fell Colliery, and therefore cannot do justice to his memory. Had he or his work been known at an earlier period, much discussion as to the origin and value of this kind of iron railway would have been spared the public, and fewer errors would have crept into the history of the subject.

Mr R. Stevenson of Edinburgh, in his report on the Edinburgh Railway, December 28, 1818, first called attention to Lord Carlisle's colliery tramway of malleable-iron rails; and this report induced Mr John Birkinshaw of the Bedlington Iron Works to take out a patent in 1820 for an improved form of

* Some of these rails are to be seen on the tramway between Milton Station and the coal staiths at Brampton. They are about a yard long, and broadened at each end to admit of the passage of a strong plug to fix them in the stone props.

malleable-iron rails. It was not till the year 1824 that the Tindall Fell Colliery experiment came to be known to the general public, when the cost and separate advantages of a ship-canal and of a railway from Newcastle to Carlisle were being discussed by engineers in the Newcastle district. Mr William Chapman of Newcastle having cast doubts on the permanency of the malleable-iron rails, the patentee, Mr John Birkinshaw, defended them in the pages of the *Newcastle Courant*, and in support of his opinions quoted the following very conclusive letter from Mr James Thompson, well known to many of my readers as the late respected lessee of Lord Carlisle's collieries at Kirkhouse :—

"Mr JOHN BIRKINSHAW.

"SIR,—Having read in the *Newcastle Courant* the discussion between you and Mr Chapman respecting the lamination of malleable-iron rails used for railroads, and having under my care a railway whereon several miles both of cast and wrought iron rails are used, I have sent you herewith a piece of the latter, *which has been laid sixteen years, and certainly has no appearance of lamination.*

"This rail was taken up by the same person who laid it down sixteen years ago, and who has ever since been employed upon this railroad.

"The whole of the *wrought iron* which has been used from twelve to sixteen years appears to be very little worse; the *cast iron* is certainly much worse, and subject to considerable breakage, although the rails are about double the weight of the malleable-iron rails.

"The coal-waggons used upon this road * carry nearly a Newcastle chaldron of coals; a considerable quantity of lime is also

* The Cumberland reader will be interested in knowing that the first waggon of coals brought from Tindall Fell Colliery to Brampton was on rails of wood, on the 15th April 1799. Shortly afterwards a rim or slender bar of iron was used upon the wooden rail; then the cast and malleable-iron rails mentioned above were adopted.

conveyed along this railway, and the laden waggons are much heavier than those laden with coals.

"I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

"(Signed) JAMES THOMPSON.

"Tindall Fell Colliery, Dec. 7th, 1824."

The subject is discussed in a work entitled "Remarks on the comparative Merits of Cast-Metal and Malleable-Iron Railways, and an Account of the Stockton and Darlington Railway. Newcastle, 1832." Mr Birkinshaw's malleable rails were rolled at Bedlington, and the Stockton and Darlington Railway was the first public line on which they were used in 1825.

Though many suggestions were afloat for applying the steam-engine to the driving of carriages on roads or railways towards the close of the last century, it is to the enthusiasm of Trevethick, to whom and to Vivian all honour is due for showing the practicability of this new mode of traction. Mr Blackett of Wylam, according to Mr Bell, "was the first to show that a locomotive engine was capable of moving with a load behind it by its own adhesion on the rail—a supposed defect which led to more than one patent for its suppression. In 1814, George Stephenson, a man born on the very line of railway where Mr Blackett's engines were running, constructed the first engine with two cylinders at Killingworth; and at Walker Iron Works, in concert with Mr William Losh, he improved and constructed locomotive engines for Hetton and other colliery railways."

In the "Life of Robert Stephenson," by Jeaffreson (1864, p. 33), it is stated that Mr W. Losh saw in the engine-wright, George Stephenson, a man well

fitted to carry out his enterprises.* It says much for Mr Losh that he made handsome recognition of "Geordie" in his shirt-sleeves; for then was the time to encourage the man, and to aid his onward steps to the great work he sought to achieve. Mr Jeaffreson does not seem to have been aware that Mr Losh himself, previous to any co-operation with Mr Stephenson, had given very large consideration to the subject of railway communication. Mr Losh and George Stephenson took out a joint-patent, September 30, 1816, No. 4067, entitled, "A method or methods of facilitating the conveyance of carriages, and all manner of goods and materials, along railways and tramways, by certain inventions and improvements in the construction of the machine, carriages and carriage wheels, railways and tramways, for that purpose." Mr Smiles, in his "Lives of the Engineers," gives the credit of the invention—the cast-iron rails, half-lap joint, &c.—to George Stephenson; and it may be readily inferred that he merited a large proportion of the claim set up for him. The practical ingenuity, however, of Mr Losh, and the suggestive character of his observations on all mechanical operations where difficulties presented themselves, should not be overlooked in estimating the respective merits of the patentees.

Looking to the intimacy and daily relationship of Losh and Stephenson up to 1821, and their frequent discussion of the means by which tramways and railways were to be improved, it is not improbable that

* The statements by Jeaffreson, of George Stephenson receiving £100 a year for two days' work in the week, and his giving "great offence" to Mr W. Losh for recommending the malleable-iron rail to the Stockton and Darlington Railway, are not so worthy of acceptation.

Losh had a part in the recommendation of the malleable-iron rails so strongly urged by Stephenson on the original promoters of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, seeing that he (Losh) was aware of the Swedish bars of iron laid on wooden sleepers at Killingworth, and some years subsequently introduced the use of malleable iron in the construction of the wheels of railway carriages.

The reader should be made aware that the Stockton and Darlington Railway, the first decided public railway in England, was meant for the transport of coals; and in 1831, horses drew coaches on the said railway. The Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, as originally contemplated, was for horses and carriages; and so might have been the proposed Manchester and Liverpool Railway, had not Mr James, one of the most active promoters of that undertaking, paid a visit to Messrs Losh and Stephenson at Killingworth in 1821, and been struck with the power and efficiency of their locomotive at work. Mr James might well exclaim, "Here is an engine that will before long effect a complete revolution in society!" Losh and Stephenson were anxious to enlist Mr James's good services on behalf of their patent locomotive, and were prepared to assign him "one-fourth of the profits derived from its use on any lines which might be constructed south of a line drawn across England from Liverpool to Hull."

The aid rendered by Mr Losh, as a practical engineer and moneyed man, in promoting the growth and development of the "locomotive engine," is deservedly worthy of historical note, as there seems reason to believe that it was exercised at a good time, and in a

very acceptable form, to the ingenious wright of the grand machine of the century. The *Athenæum* (Nov. 8, 1862) had just cause for censuring Mr Smiles, the biographer of George Stephenson, for omitting all mention of Stephenson's long and lucrative engagement at Losh, Wilson, & Bell's, where some of his early triumphs were achieved under the intelligent eye and engineering co-operation of Mr William Losh.

On August 31, 1830, Mr Losh patented (No. 5989) "Certain improvements in the construction of wheels for carriages to be used on railways." The object of this invention was to render wheels more durable. The spokes, the rims or fellies, and the tires of wheels, were made wholly of malleable iron. This patent gave rise to much discussion in the journals devoted to mechanical engineering and the arts, and was hailed with great satisfaction, inasmuch as without the use of malleable-iron wheels the high speed of our locomotives could not, in the first instance, have been entertained. The invention gave Mr Losh a status in the history of railways that was not confined to his own country, but duly acknowledged over the Continent. Continuing his researches on the construction of railway wheels, he obtained (June 26, 1841) No. 9009, for "Improvements in the manufacture of railway wheels." This invention "related to the application of wood, felt, rope, or such like flexible and yielding material," between the tire and the ring or felly, to lessen the vibrations to which such wheels are liable.

Further improvements in the construction of wheels for carriages and locomotive engines were patented by Mr Losh, April 28, 1842, No. 9335; and on Feb-

ruary 17, 1844, No. 10,058, for improvements in the manufacture of metal chains for mining and other purposes.

In chemistry Mr Losh did not signalise himself so much. In the year 1837 (December 23, No. 7523) he patented "Improvements in decomposing muriate of soda, applicable to the condensing vapours of other processes;" and in 1860 (December 1, No. 2949), "A new method of preparing sulphurous acid in solution."

The firm of which Mr Losh was senior partner took a prominent position in the district. In carrying on these works he was ably aided by Mr Thomas Bell, and afterwards by his son, Mr I. Lowthian Bell, from whose essay I quote the following paragraph:—

"Small rolling-mills for working up the old iron of the collieries were established by the Tyne Iron Company, and at Gateshead by Messrs Hawks & Co.; and these were followed, about 1827, by larger works at Walker, erected by Losh, Wilson, & Bell, and where, for the first time in the neighbourhood, iron was puddled, and bar iron produced from the original pig. The rapid progress in Scotland of the manufacture of pig iron from blackband by means of the hot blast, and the cheapness of coal on the Tyne, induced Losh, Wilson, & Bell to increase their rolling power. A second mill was erected in 1838, where rails of the largest dimensions, and tire bars for the wrought-iron wheels, invented by Mr Losh, were manufactured. In 1842, Messrs Losh, Wilson, & Bell built a blast-furnace at Walker for producing forge pig by smelting their mill-furnace cinders with Whitby stone; and this was followed by a second one in 1844; so that these were the first furnaces ever built expressly for smelting the recently-discovered ironstone at Whitby."

Appearing in a well-worn coat and almost buttonless vest, or buttoned by the odds and ends taken from his nether garment, "in the days when we wore straps," Mr Losh fell under the designation of a shabbily-dressed person. Regardless of the pomps and vanities

of the tailoring man—a type of humanity exceedingly common in these latter days—he now and then escaped the attention due to his position, and came in for the "hail fellow, well met" of casual visitors to the works. The instance about to be cited should be premised by the fact of Messrs Losh, Wilson, & Bell being the owners of a ship called the *Ark*. The captain of the *Ark*, then lying in the Tyne, entered the premises at Walker about noon, and finding Mr Bell, whom he wanted to see, absent, entered into conversation with the first person in his way, and this happened to be Mr Losh, whom he took to be a "loafing old fellow." The captain, knowing it was dinner-time, said to Mr Losh, "You seem to have nothing to do; come on board the *Ark* and take a bit of boiled beef with me;" and Mr Losh good-humouredly consented. In sailor fashion, mine host pressed his new acquaintance to eat and drink, without, however, eliciting much talk, and certainly no clue to his companion's employment. At length he pointedly addressed Mr Losh in bluff Cumbrian, "Well, old boy, you seem to have quite a 'loafing time,' as the Yankees say, about the Walker Works; what are you, and what's your name?" "Oh," replied the seedy-coated old gentleman, "I am Mr Losh." This was a stopper; down went the knife and fork of the astonished captain, who wished as ardently as ever old Noah did in the days of the Flood, to escape from *his Ark*.

Mr Losh lived in eventful times, and in his long span of ninety years witnessed some mighty changes in the world's history; at home nearly the whole reign of George III., and as far as twenty-four years of Victoria's sway; in France he was a spec-

tator of the glory as well as the humiliation of the Bourbons; then came the Napoleonic star, and its fall on the plains of Waterloo; Bourbonism revived again to sink, and with no more stable results to its modified Orleanism; and upon the ruins of both Mr Losh saw twenty years' resuscitation of Napoleonic autocracy: all which dynastic influences seemed to yield in interest to the greater revolutions effected in the arts and sciences. The brothers Losh were imbued with a will and a power to aid the intellectual influences operating in the world and affecting the welfare of England: they were visible among the public men who offered respectful homage to the burial of the last, and were more ready to welcome the dawn of the present century. Nor were they slow to avail themselves of the flowing tide of both purpose and invention—a tide ever progressing, and bidding fair to make all antecedent time in the history of man appear little more than a dreamy or inactive past.

And when it has been estimated by so competent an authority as Mr Gladstone, the Prime Minister of England, that the material wealth in operation during the first six decades of our century outweighs the accumulated heaps of the many nations which have flourished throughout the Christian era, while the higher advantages of life are available to all men of real merit and action; the poet's words are verified, that "an inventive Age has wrought, if not with speed of magic, yet to most strange issues."

Mr Losh's death took place on August 1861, and his long career was noticed in the local newspapers; in one of which it was stated that Father Tyne in

his death had lost one of the oldest, most enterprising, and most successful of his sons; and that he had established the soda manufacture, which, next to the local trades, is the greatest source of prosperity to Newcastle.

JAMES LOSH,

RECORDER OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

James Losh was born at Woodside, June 10, 1763. As already stated, he had the same education as his brother John, at Wreay, Sedbergh, and Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1786. During his residence at Cambridge he made happy friendships with men who distinguished themselves in different walks of life—*e.g.*, John Bell, K.C.;* John Tweddell, the classical scholar and traveller;† the Hon. Charles Warren.

After leaving Cambridge, he for some time studied for the Church; but being led to adopt Unitarian principles, he forsook theology for the law, and having entered Lincoln's Inn, was in due time called to the Bar.

His love of liberty, not less than a desire to improve his educational status, induced him to visit France during the throes of the great Revolution in 1792. He arrived in Paris when the frightful events of the 10th August were the freshest news, and the departure of the English ambassador was not without its significance. He attended the meetings of the Convention, and listened to the classical appeals of Vergniaud and the Girondists; and saw that "grim

* John Bell, K.C., the eminent Chancery barrister, wrote of his friend James Losh in the highest possible terms; thus *inter alia*, "Of all men I ever knew, his character was formed after the highest and purest models, and through life he acted up to his first great and noble conceptions of what was most virtuous in human conduct."

† In the "Literary Remains of John Tweddell" (published in 1815, large 4to) are fourteen letters from abroad, addressed to Mr Losh, conveying the highest esteem and affection for his character.

son of France, and son of Earth," as Carlyle describes Danton, and probably heard his stentorian voice proclaim, *Il nous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*—"To dare, and again to dare, and without end to dare,"—words that "thrilled abroad over France like electric virtue." The daring of the mob soon merged into a *Sans-culotte* despotism, encouraged by the "Commune," whose conscience was Marat. This came home to Mr Losh whilst walking along the Rue de Richelieu. Let it be premised that he was a handsome and conspicuous figure, and elegantly dressed; his hair, lustrous and abundant, hung in long tresses over his shoulders. Such a personality, savouring of aristocratic life, could not fail to attract the *Sansculottes*, one of whom stared and growled, and then exclaimed, *Aristocrat! quelle belle tête pour la lanterne!* A pretty compliment, forsooth, to a man's head, that it would grace a lamp-post! Mr Losh smiled and continued his walk, yet he must have heard of Foulin's fate at the lamp-iron, at the corner of the Rue de la Vannerie—the convenient gallows for carrying out the Jeddart law of the Reign of Terror.

His confidence in his own safety probably rested on his favourable opinion of the French character, and not, as has been supposed, on the protective influence of Marat,* who had resided in Newcastle,

* Jean Paul Marat studied physic in Edinburgh, and probably graduated there as M.D. He practised both human and veterinary medicine in Newcastle-on-Tyne about the years 1770–73. His knowledge of horse-flesh gave him an *entrée* to the higher circles, whilst his politics pleased the ear of the populace; and it has been generally believed that his philanthropic services during the prevalence of an epidemic

and gained much esteem there, before Mr Losh was out of his nursery at Woodside. The experience Mr Losh had of the *régime* of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," that hurled law and justice, morality and religion, to Hades, and spared not even Lavoisier and the men of science, may have disposed him to endorse the sentiments expressed by the Rev. Dr Wolff in a sermon at Keswick, concluding with the

gained him the honorary freedom of the town. It was difficult for me to conceive the sallow man with pock-pitted countenance, black flat hair, blood-shotten blinking eyes, and spasmodically-twitching mouth —the incarnation of the repulsive—so highly regarded; and this difficulty was increased by another statement, admitted to be valid, that Mr Croker of the *Quarterly*, on a visit to Paris in 1847, called on a sister of Marat, who felt the compliment as part of the respect shown by the English to her brother, and then showed what purported to be the diploma of the freedom of the town of Newcastle. Mr Croker probably took her statement for granted, and did not examine the document. Thinking it well that this matter should be cleared up, I applied to Mr Cail, the present Mayor of Newcastle, who kindly caused a full search of all the books of the corporation, but found no such name as Marat's on the list of freemen. Further inquiries, aided by my friends Mr James Clephan and Mr Joseph Cowen, the proprietor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, revealed the existence of several patriotic clubs in the north of England, in part if not wholly organised by Marat, to which and to various trade-guilds in Newcastle he sent his famous quarto volume, "The Chains of Slavery," in the year 1774. These clubs he afterwards, as he relates, personally visited, staying three weeks at Carlisle, Penrith, and Newcastle. Three of these clubs sent him letters of admission in a golden box, which, according to his belief, an emissary of the English minister stole. Now, the probability is that the document in the possession of Marat's sister in 1847, emanated from one of the Newcastle patriotic clubs—the parchment and big seal and other flourishes misleading Mr Croker. My readers will, I hope, excuse this long footnote pertaining to a man of such horrid notoriety, whom the beautiful and patriotic Charlotte Corday, a sister-martyr with the noblest of her sex, Madame Roland, rid the world of. Jean Paul Marat at Carlisle indoctrinating the lieges with Radicalism a hundred years ago, surely deserves mention in the political history of the Border city.

emphatic declaration, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity!—mean tyranny, beggary, and butchery."

In the year 1797 he settled as a barrister-at-law in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and in February of the following year (1798) married Cecilia, daughter of the Rev. Dr Baldwin of Aldingham, Lancashire, by whom he had five sons and three daughters. In 1799 he became a member of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, and shortly afterwards had the honour of being elected one of its vice-presidents. In 1802 he warmly promoted the new institution for permanent lectures. He co-operated with Dr Clarke and others in the enlargement and rearrangement of the Infirmary, and the establishment of a fever-house.

Being in communion with the Unitarians—a large and influential, and, it may be added, most intellectual body in Newcastle, under the happy guidance of the Rev. Mr Turner—Mr Losh aided his minister in many excellent schemes for the improvement of the morals and education of the young. In 1810 he assisted in the establishment of the Jubilee Schools, and took no less interest in the formation of infant schools. His exertions to promote the education, particularly the religious education, of the lower classes, were manifested at an early age; and it was mentioned on a public occasion, that being obliged to reside at Bath, when young, on account of his health, he took so active a part in the superintendence of the Sunday schools at that place, that it was thought (by Dr Beddoes of Bristol) a sufficient direction to a gentleman visiting Bath, and wanting Mr Losh's address, to ask the first poor boy he saw in the street, and he would be sure to learn it.

Mr Losh was an active member of the Society of "The Friends of the People;" and in conjunction with Mr Tierney drew up the celebrated petition for Parliamentary Reform, which was presented to the House of Commons by Mr Grey (afterwards Earl Grey) on Monday, 6th May 1793; and only signed by the members of the above-named society, including among local names those of Mr H. Howard of Corby Castle, and J. C. Curwen, M.P. In 1831, Mr Losh issued his "Observations on Parliamentary Reform," a very able document, that attracted attention. For nearly forty years he took a leading part in all the great movements of the day on the Liberal side of politics, and was equally active in promoting a knowledge of social questions then but little recognised by the general public. In the cause of the Abolition of Slavery, Catholic Emancipation, and the Repeal of the Test or Corporation Acts, and other efforts to ameliorate the social and political status of Great Britain, Mr Losh was a conspicuous actor, and rendered prizeable service to the cause he espoused. One who knew him long and intimately, described him as "high-minded, honourable, and independent in his public conduct; warm-hearted, affectionate, and benevolent in private life; and mild and unassuming in both; ardently beloved by his friends, and held in the highest estimation by all who had any intercourse with him."

To show the interest he took in all matters affecting private interests as well as public enterprise, it may be stated that when the rival claims of Sir Humphrey Davy and George Stephenson for the discovery of the Safety Lamp were being discussed in the great coal district of the north, Mr Losh, though admitting

Davy's claims to the Government grant, felt it no less a matter of duty to acknowledge with special consideration the invention of George Stephenson. Accordingly he joined very heartily with many of the coal-proprietors in the vicinity in presenting to Mr George Stephenson a very handsome service of plate; and this effort to reward local talent and successful effort to save the lives of the coal-miners called forth the following very angry letter from Sir H. Davy:—

"23 GROSVENOR STREET.

"SIR,—Having seen your name in the papers connected with an opinion which every man of science in the kingdom knows to be as false in substance as it is absurd in expression, I wish to know if it is used with your consent.

"The public scientific bodies to which I belong must take cognisance of this indirect attack on my scientific fame, my honour and veracity.

"I wish to know my enemies on this occasion, not from any feeling of fear, but because I would not connect the names of honourable men who may have been led into this business from mistaken ideas of benevolence, with those of other persons whose conduct with respect to my exertions in *their cause* will, I think, awaken public indignation.—I am, Sir, your obt. humble Servant, H. DAVY.

"James Losh, Esqre."

[No date, but the post-mark is Nov. 11, 1871.]

Subjoined is Mr Losh's crushing reply:—

"SIR,—Your letter, which I have just received, is written in a style of authority, to say the least of it, very unusual in the correspondence of gentlemen. And very different, certainly, from what I should have expected from a person with whom I was acquainted, and for whom I had a sincere regard.

"My name was undoubtedly inserted as a member of that committee, the object of which appears to have given you so much offence, with my perfect approbation; and I was present at the very respectable meeting by which that committee was appointed. But I cannot agree with you in thinking that the

resolutions which we published were either 'false in substance' or 'absurd in expression.' Before I agreed to them I was convinced, by what seemed to me good evidence, that the facts which they asserted were true, and I am still to learn in what the absurdity of expression consists.

"Satisfied as I am with my conduct on this subject, I must say that I am wholly indifferent as to the 'cognisance which may be taken of it' by the 'public scientific bodies to which you belong,' though I should be much grieved to be thought capable of making an 'indirect attack upon the scientific fame, honour, and veracity' of any man living.

"I am much at a loss how to answer the last part of your letter; but I can assert with truth that I am not one of your 'enemies upon this occasion,' nor upon any other. Indeed it was my full intention to have dined with the meeting at which you received the well-deserved tribute of gratitude and respect from many of the gentlemen connected with the coal trade in this district, had I not been prevented by a professional engagement; and I have always felt and expressed the most sincere admiration for your very eminent and highly useful talents and discoveries. Of the controversy to which you allude I have very little knowledge, having read few of the papers respecting it, and taken no interest in the personal altercations to which it seemed to give rise.

"Permit me to conclude by saying, that notwithstanding my sense of the great benefits which you have conferred upon the public, I consider myself at perfect liberty to testify my esteem for the genius and merits of any other person, in whatever way I may think best.—I am, Sir, your most obedt. Servant,

"JAMES LOSH.

"JESMOND, 13*th Novr.* 1817."

Sir H. Davy, selecting only men of mark upon whom to pour his vials of wrath, addressed letters, similar in style to the one forwarded Mr Losh, to Earl Strathmore and Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., both of whom had taken an active part in promoting the Stephenson Testimonial. The Earl replied *inter alia*:—

"I beg leave to inform you that Mr George Stephenson is,

and has been for many years, employed at Killingworth and other collieries in which I am concerned, and that no other safety-lamp but that of his invention ever has been used in any of them;" . . . that the colliers "are perfectly satisfied with the lamps, and that no explosion has taken place in any of our collieries since their introduction. Is it, then, to be wondered at that I should be anxious to reward a very deserving, unassuming man, who has to his employers always proved himself a faithful servant; and whose abilities, if they had been aided by the advantages of education, would have probably rendered him conspicuous in the annals of science?"

Let the reader contrast Sir H. Davy's appearance in this business with his own "Consolations in Travel," where he breathed a truly Christian sentiment of toleration, and broad and healthful charity towards men. To look upon this picture of worth, and then to turn to that picture of carping jealousy and bitterness of spirit, is strange to behold in the character of a man whom so many persons held up to view as a calm and reasoning philosopher.

Before the dawn of this century it occurred to the leading men of Newcastle that a communication between the German Ocean and the Solway Firth would be a great commercial advantage to both sides of the island, and a survey was instituted for a canal between Newcastle and Carlisle. Difficulties arose which led to the abandonment of the scheme. Mr Losh, many years subsequently, travelling to the Carlisle assizes, and making note of the flow of the rivers Tyne and Irthing east and west, felt so satisfied of the practicability of a canal that he urged its reconsideration upon his fellow-citizens. Whilst this matter was under discussion, the new mode of traction at the coal-pits, or the embryonic locomotive system, was forcing itself upon public attention; and

Mr Losh, seeing its advantages over that of the canal, strenuously recommended its adoption for crossing the narrow part of the island; indeed he was among the most active promoters, if not mainly instrumental, in obtaining powers for constructing the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway. The directors of the railway appointed Mr Losh their chairman; and the same honour was subsequently conferred on his son James, in token of their appreciation of the meritorious services rendered by both gentlemen to the undertaking.

In his own professional walk Mr Losh enjoyed large public confidence. His legal acumen, honourable and straightforward dealings, made his opinions respected beyond most men of the day. He was the personal friend of Bell and Brougham, and all the lawyers of his time. On the decease of Mr Cookson, the Corporation of Newcastle did themselves honour by electing Mr Losh to the dignified office of Recorder.

Mr Losh died at Greta Bridge, Yorkshire, on 23d September 1833, in the seventy-first year of his age. His remains were removed from his residence at Jesmond Grove, near Newcastle, for interment at Gosforth Church. The funeral was remarkable, not less for the number of spectators on the road leading to the church, than the high respectability of the funeral *cortége*. Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart., Dr Headlam, and others, walked first, and were followed by the members of the Literary and Philosophical Society, the Law gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood, the members of the Anti-Slavery Society, of the Mechanics' Institute, and of the Schoolmasters' Association, &c.

Then followed the principal representatives of the Unitarian congregation in Hanover Square, with whom the deceased gentleman had for many years been on terms of the most friendly communion. The Mayor and the Corporation of Newcastle, Lord Durham, and others, joined in the procession. Various tributes were paid to his memory in the shape of odes, pamphlets, funeral sermons—indeed Newcastle placed itself in mourning for the loss of one whom she regarded as one of her first citizens. Among many friends at a distance who regretted him was Wordsworth the poet, who, in writing to Archdeacon Wrangham in 1834, said he had been robbed of Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and James Losh in the previous year.

In the entrance-hall of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle is a full-size statue of Mr Losh, represented more as a Roman than an English citizen, yet neither classical in taste nor excellent in design; and below the statue the following inscription:—

"JAMES LOSH,

"RECORDER OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,

"*Vice-President of the Literary and Philosophical Society,*

"DIED THE XXIII. SEPR., IN THE YEAR 1833, AGED LXXI.

"Zealous in promoting the moral and intellectual improvement of mankind, he was one of the earliest patrons of this institution. Distinguished in private society for the gentleness of his manners and the kindness of his heart; in public for the consistency and firmness of his political principles. The course of his life was equally marked by benevolence and integrity. From early youth the ardent friend of civil and religious liberty, he rejoiced in witnessing the successful progress of that great and good cause of which he was on all occasions the willing and fearless advocate. He had the satisfaction to see humiliating distinctions between religious sects erased from the statute-book, slavery

abolished throughout the British dominions, and the representation of the people in Parliament reformed.

"This statue was erected by his friends and fellow-townsmen as a testimony of their esteem for his distinguished virtues, and of their gratitude for his eminent public services."

In addition to this memorial there is a bust of the worthy James Losh in the fine hall of the library of the Institution.

Sara Losh

SARA LOSH.

"Quiete et pure atque eleganter actæ ætatis placida et lenis recordatio."—CICERO.

In the obituary of the Carlisle newspapers of April 1853 is the following:—

"At Woodside, near Carlisle, on the 29th ult., Miss Losh."

Such a record—and no simpler one could have been made of the death of any of her Majesty's subjects, high or low—caused surprise, if not a little mortification, among the immediate friends of the deceased lady, who had hoped to see an appropriate tribute to the memory of a gentlewoman of such exemplary worth and benevolence. The brevity of the announcement implied such consonance with the sentiments of one who sought to be veiled from newspaper comment, that I had no hesitation in attributing its dictation to the departed one herself. The general public, however, cognisant of the high repute of Miss Losh, could not fail to note the contrast of less than a line of print being bestowed on a lady of inestimable excellence, whilst not unfrequently columns of panegyric are lavished on a lucky costermonger and babbling political partisan.

"Strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least, else surely this *lady* had not left
Her graces unrevealed and unproclaimed."

Whilst mindful of the cherished retirement of my much lamented friend, and freely admitting the difficulty of portraying the rare endowments of both her mind and person, I am led to believe that this series of Cumberland Worthies would be looked upon as incomplete without the name of Sara Losh of Woodside. As an excuse for my effort I may plead, in the spirit of the words quoted above from Cicero—

"Placid and soothing is the remembrance of a life passed in quietness, innocence, and elegance;"

and hope to trace, in outlined form, a life marked by high intellectual claims, a large philanthropy, exquisite taste and refinement, conjoined with a rare amiability and loveliness of person.

Sara* or Sarah Losh, the subject of this memoir, was the oldest daughter of John and Isabella Losh of Woodside, and probably born on or about New Year's Day 1786. She was baptized at St Cuthbert's, Carlisle, by the Rev. Dr Carlyle, on January 6, 1786. Her sister, Katherine Isabella, was baptized in the same church on February 11, 1788.

From infantile life Sara Losh showed the *esprit* of her sex; she was lively, talkative, and intelligent, and not without some petulancy of temper, arising from undue sensitiveness to any interference with her own wishes. This shadow, the only cloud on her brow, it was needful to dispel; and it is worthy of

* Up to her thirtieth year, if not much later in life, Miss Losh spelt her name Sara, as she liked it better than Sarah, which she used in her more mature years. For her autograph Sara Losh has been adopted, and will be used in this memoir. The baptismal register is not so good a guide as many would suppose; thus Mrs Losh's name is registered "Elizabeth" as the mother of Sara, but "Isabella" as the mother of Katherine Isabella!

note, as instancing her fortitude, that she mastered the impetuous feeling, the only enemy that stood in the way of a perfect amiability.

The two sisters Losh had the benefit of a first-class education, at home, in Bath, and in London. Sara made great progress in Italian and French, Latin and Greek, music and mathematics, indeed trespassed rather closely upon the heels of her teachers, one of whom regarded her as a classic scholar of incomparable excellence for her age and sex.

Upon the death of Mrs Losh in 1799, the household management of Woodside fell to the care of Miss Margaret Losh, who also acted as guide and counsellor to her nieces. Though so many years have passed away since my introduction to "Aunt Margaret" Losh, her presence is still fresh in my memory. She was then advanced in years, and time had not wholly spared the finer lineaments of form and face; yet through the ivory complexion of her visage the elemental structure of classical elegance was visible; whilst she retained a brightness and touching beauty of her own. Her high-worn black dress, her waist bound by a rope-like belt, to which her keys were hanging, and not less her general costume and demeanour, befitted a lady abbess. Her calm, courteous dignity, the charming affability of her conversation, in which refined sentiment and worldly experience happily blended, impressed strangers as typifying the grace and culture of the true English gentlewoman. She was extolled at home, and in her companionship of her nieces, claimed no small regard from strangers beyond the Alps. Italians of æsthetic feeling saw in her symmetry and face their *beau idéal* of the daughters of

ancient Rome; and the Cavaliere Lande, president of the academy at Rome, then engaged on the subject of Coriolanus, and unable to find a proper model to finish Valeria, sought the good offices of Signor Caputi to persuade Miss Margaret Losh to sit for the character, to which application, however, she did not accede. If the Roman ladies, fifty years ago, impaired their expression in extreme *embonpoint*, as Sara Losh thought, so as to become imperfect representatives of the heroic blood of their ancestors, the art treasures of the Capitol and Vatican should surely have afforded types for the artist seeking to commemorate the historical Coriolanus, amid his feminine relations—a noble group, of a noble age, rendered so aptly and grandly in the pages of Shakespeare.

At the dawn of this century, numbers of families repaired to Carlisle for the winter months; some to avoid the inclement exposure of their rural mansions; others sought the city for its liveliness and society. And for young people there was no want of attractions — the Cathedral and Canons expectant; the garrison and its gay Lotharios; the Carlisle Hunt of squires and ladies fair, all dressed in white and green; the dances of the "upper ten;" and the public assemblies, to which latter the young ladies of Woodside had "to be introduced." No wonder that the county families blessed with budding daughters left their solitary mansions, leafless trees, and brown fallows, for the Border city, its pretty environs, its urban life, and gladsome associations.

Most elegantly attired, and no less elegant in person and carriage, Miss Losh created a sensation in the Coffee-house ballroom. Being little heard of out-

side her family circle, her presentation not only partook of the freshness due to sweet seventeen, but was greatly enhanced by personal features declared to be perfect, and a marked refinement that bespoke educated intelligence. She was at once assigned the place of *belle*, and since the days of Sara Blamire, no one remembered so great a beauty. Her admiring aunts, both exceedingly pretty women, looked upon her as "an angel visiting the ballroom to mingle with poor human creatures." Many years subsequently, when Miss Losh took her seat in the French opera at Paris, all eyes were turned to the "English beauty," and from various parts of the theatre were heard, "*Quelle belle femme!*" "*Charmante!*" &c.

Though educated far beyond the reach of her own sex, and, indeed, of most men, she had no idea of resting upon the scholastic training of her earlier years. Under the worthy Parson Gaskin* of Wreay

* The Rev. William Gaskin of Wreay was an able classic and mathematician, who lived on intimate terms with the Loshes—indeed so highly did he esteem the family, that though a poor incumbent, he refused the offer of a valuable living of the Earl of Egremont's rather than part from them. Previous to holding the incumbency of Wreay, he used to do clerical duty at High Head and Sebergham, and in returning to Woodside from these places, rode over the unenclosed ground of Broadfield, finding his way at night as best he could along the horse-track wild, amid swampy surfaces, showing abundant phosphorescent light, the tramping through which disconcerted his steed, yet mightily interested himself. He belonged to the old school of country parsons who could enjoy a fox-hunt and cock-fight as well as his Greek Testament. In his day Latin quotations were not unfrequently part of the symposial conversation, and if any false quantities or misquotations were heard, Gaskin caught them, and at once put the defaulter right, be he Chancellor or Dean! Miss Losh being pretty alert in the same direction, rejoiced to see her old teacher airing his erudite and classic lore. Gaskin was oft the guest of his Bishop and Dean Milner; and many a tussle the latter and he had on matters scholarly and con-

she kept up her Latin and Greek, but looked mainly to herself for modern languages. In art she took special interest; in science and the higher culture she occasionally passed an hour. Whilst feminine pursuits were in the foreground of her thoughts, nothing came amiss that was likely to contribute to her mental improvement.

In study, in drawing and embroidery, pleasant in their variety and suggestive in their aims, in the cultivation of flowers and the beautifying of her residence, Sara Losh filled up her time, and seldom retired before midnight. Drowsy inertness and the *ennui* that is but the reflex of sloth and imbecility, and both incompatible with healthy feminine nature, obtained no place with the loving sisters, who, in the midst of their home occupations, found both time and opportunity to promote good and charitable works. I call them loving sisters, but words will never convey their deep and affectionate attachment. They were ever together in unison of thought, in action and purpose; yet they were of a different temperament: Sara was quiet, humorous, and intellectual; Katherine was hearty and vivacious, and radiant as sunshine itself.

Woodside possessed happy advantages in its social life, its intellectual gatherings, and pleasant amenities. Within good neighbourhood was Dr William Paley,

troversial; but the parson complained of the late hours of the Abbey, and of his inability to contend with the learned Dean at two o'clock in the morning, inasmuch as his brandy potations were not so potent in argument as the Dean's opium-taking! What led Dr Milner to opium is a mystery, but he must have been as early in the field as Coleridge, and De Quincey, the great confessor. The Rev. Mr Gaskin died in 1832, at the age of eighty or more years, and was much regretted.

the moral and political philosopher, who could elucidate natural-history forms with a morphological instinct, and be no less a preacher and propounder of the evidences of his faith. At Woodside, Paley was *en accord* with mine host, enjoyed his joke and bit of pleasantry, and never failed as a trencher-man. Then there were the eminent Laws, father and sons, all bishops in their time, Dean Milner, the Rev. Dr Carlyle, Sir Joseph Gilpin, Dr Heysham; and among distant visitors, the Earl of Dundonald, and John (afterwards Sir John) Leslie * of Edinburgh, of European fame as a physicist,—all men of note in their respective walks, who laboured to extend the boundaries of human knowledge in the direction of history, statistics, divinity, and philosophy. Mingling with these superior men under the Losh roof-tree were the Blamire family of the Oaks, the Warwicks of Warwick Hall, the Grahams of Low House, and the leading gentry.

Society of this character was sure to influence the impressionable nature of Sara Losh, whose mental discipline had been the most prominent feature of her life. Indeed one of her London masters was so struck with her capacity that he offered her various subjects of study, and the higher he aimed the higher she soared. With powers to grapple with Euclid and algebra, she

* The company of such men as Leslie at Woodside implies that John Losh took interest in subjects seldom entered upon by country squires. Leslie unbent himself at Woodside by wearing a somewhat curious garb, and collecting snails and insects, all which were so foreign to the bucolic mind that he was viewed as "an oddity." His experiments within doors, and ready communicativeness to please the young ladies at Woodside, may have given Sara a taste for philosophic reading, that found further interest in the Chemical Works of Walker, in which her father was so deeply interested.

had but to give her attention to any subject to master it. Reading aloud to the home circle was a great pastime of the Losh family, and the winter evenings at Woodside were oft the pleasantest part of the diurnal. Fond of classics, Sara would read a Latin author off-hand, and in so quiet a style as to lead to no suspicion of its being the translation of the moment. One evening, after an effort of this kind, she was called out of the room; and a visitor, one of the listening party, wishing to be informed on some passage, took up the book and discovered the Latinity without a line of English, much to his surprise, if not incredulity. She was well read in Greek, and studied it three hours daily, till she could render any Greek play almost at sight. She spoke French and Italian fluently.* Of German and Spanish she knew very much less. Logical and comprehensive in thought, her reading embraced, *inter alia*, political economy, the more recondite histories, and not a few works pertaining to philosophy itself.

Miss Losh was slightly above the middle stature of women, elegant in figure and graceful throughout. She had a full frontal development, and adorning a perfect female head were brown tresses of luxuriant growth, sufficient to hide the innocence of a Naiad in her sylvan sportings, or to be adapted to any style of fashion; a beautiful complexion; blue eyes, with a shade of grey; dark eyebrows; a fine Roman nose,

* In 1852 I introduced Father Gavazzi to Miss Losh, who conversed with him in French, then in Italian, so as to adapt herself to what she considered his wishes. The Padre was so charmed by her conversation that on my accidentally meeting him in 1863, on the banks of the Arno, his first inquiry was after the lady of Woodside, whom he had seen but once, and that was eleven years previously.

and no less fine bust. No art production could satisfactorily render the grouped loveliness of a face like Miss Losh's when under the spell of the finer emotions. Neither the miniature of Carrick, taken in her fiftieth year, upon which the accompanying portrait is based, nor the bust sculptured by D. Dunbar, both local artists, convey a true portraiture. Nothing less than Greek art, the sculpturesque, could have done justice to her features and intellectual cast, or, as it may be termed, that singularly classical air in her physiognomy. Classical in mould, she was no less classical in thought and culture. You looked upon Miss Losh's face in her latter days as one in which character rather than feature was the attraction. In dress she conformed to female fashion, and dressed gaily and expensively; but with advancing years she had a greater regard for comfort and suitability. The death of her only sister in 1835, to whom she was so devotedly attached, led to the adoption of sombre colours as external emblems of a truly perpetual mourning. A black bonnet of cottage shape, a gown of artless make and merino texture, with shawl to match, constituted her garb out of doors, showing a subdued drapery of external forms befitting her retirement from the more busy world.

Whilst elegance ruled the reception-rooms of Woodside, her own apartment showed polished boards, a deal table for her book and needle-work, a basket of cloven wood for the fire-dogs (andiron), and upon the plastered walls a few engravings. Only special friends were admitted to this *sanctum* in the upper storey, where I found her one morning in a laughing humour from reading Baron von Reichenbach's "Researches on

the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, &c., in their relation to Vital Force"—a highly theoretic work pertaining to physiology and psychology, if not divination, that did not comport with the fine logical acumen of Miss Losh. The circumstance is mentioned here to illustrate the character of her reading and the readiness with which she could detect pseudo-science from that based on legitimate deductions.

She relished a really good book of the thoughtful, suggestive, and historical stamp, and was not slow to appreciate the capital novels of Scott, Lytton, the Ostade pictures of Dickens, and the satirical hits at modern society by Thackeray. Archæology had many and lasting attractions to her, not only as a study *per se*, illustrating the curiosities of ancient and medieval structures, but as, viewed with an historic or architectural meaning, realising to modern eyes the life of the past. Having a library rich in every department of literature, she kept herself *au courant* with passing events and the history of the times—its politics, its social progress and improving arts. She saw *in prospectu*, and oft spoke of, the benefits likely to accrue from more diffused information upon the habits and comforts of the people.

Miss Losh was fertile in thought, and found gratification in filling pages of manuscript with both prose and verse. Unfortunately she preserved nothing but the journal or diary she kept of her Continental tours. This record of her travels, made from day to day, embraced her experience of several months in France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, &c., in company with her sister, and her uncle, William Losh. As good works of travels were scarce fifty years ago, it is much

to be regretted that a book rendered from a woman's point of view, and guided by intellectuality and good taste, was not made known to the public. In every page of her seven manuscript copy-books there is to be found readable and interesting matter, descriptive scenes, architectural notices; and observations on men and manners: and all so full of freshness and point. The chief excellence of the journal is to be found in her criticism of the pictures and sculpture and other works of art in the grand galleries of Italy.

In a few words of preface to her journal, the object of which was merely to preserve, as she writes, "my recollections unaltered, not to eke them out with information which other travellers might furnish. Such information I may be glad to meet with, but have no wish to copy nor right to pilfer." If she had made any "erroneous assertions," she hoped the blame might rest with the "*ciceroni*, those blind guides of the blind, of whom half reply in the words which the proverb assigns to blockheads 'I do not know;' while the other half conceal their ignorance by means of their invention." The journal displays a lively knowledge of ancient and modern history, archæology, and the fine arts in general, interspersed with classical quotations from Latin, Greek, and Italian authors, showing by their aptness a thorough familiarity with the authors, from Homer and Catullus down to Dante and Petrarch.

A few extracts will convey her style. Here is a description of the picturesque town of Pont l'Echelle on the eve of, and on Rogation Sunday 1817:—

"We were soon surrounded by poor people, who begged with great vociferation. Some of the women had *goîtres*, which did not, however, induce them to lay aside their gold necklaces. The

children were in general pretty, but the most persevering beggars we had ever met with, as they followed us for miles, after our stock of small money was exhausted, with a clamour which one felt almost heartless to listen to. The 'Croix Blanche,' at which we had taken up our quarters, was an inn of a very primitive appearance, and promised little accommodation. We found, however, clean linen, silver forks, and good potatoes, now in general estimation.

"*Tuesday, 29th.*—We were awakened by the singing of psalms in the street—a sound which we concluded indicative of a funeral, but learnt that it was a Rogation-Day procession; and were further informed by the old hostess, with some satisfaction, that her husband walked at the head of the men, and her daughter at the head of the women. We hurried out to gain a sight of the procession, than which one of greater simplicity could not be imagined, yet the effect was pleasing and impressive. It was early morn, the mists still rested on the hills, and the dew spread its pearly fretwork on the valley; all was still and solemn, not a breeze disturbed the blossoms, nor was a human creature to be seen stirring, except where, turning the point of a jutting crag, a long line of villagers, clothed simply in white, moved slowly forwards, sometimes chanting an artless hymn, sometimes kneeling devoutly to implore the divine blessing on their humble fields and returning labours. As the procession approached we observed more exactly the order of it. First came a number of the poorest persons, preceded by a banner and two lanterns, which were carried by men in white surplices; next were two rows of women, clothed in white linen, with muslin veils, some holding a prayer-book, some a rosary. Then came the men in the same manner, followed by the *curé*, bearing aloft the crucifix, which was covered with a black scarf. On each side of him was carried a lantern. Though the primary object of these ceremonies is to obtain the fructification of the earth, yet those who partake in them become also linked in a sort of association to one another, and contract or cement the obligation to reciprocal offices of kindness and charity. A remnant of such observances may still be traced in England amongst the gardeners, who on a particular day of the year go in regular order to church and hear a sermon. The grand and gloomy scenery of Savoy seems well calculated to heighten religious feelings. It was amongst scenes nearly similar, in the recesses of the mountains of Dauphiny, that St Bruno fixed the spot of his mournful seclusion,

the original Chartreuse, which we greatly regretted we could not take time to visit. In process of time the institution had become a rich one; and at the time of the Revolution had three hundred inmates, about twenty of whom had lately returned to the monastery. Twelve hours out of the twenty-four they spend in the church. They never make a repast in common, live almost wholly on potatoes, and, except on Thursdays, are never permitted to interchange a single word. Whether or no such a life might fit one for death, it would have the effect of reconciling one to it."

Miss Losh found a bookseller's wife in Chambéry complaining of a new tax imposed on paper, and citing the observation of Rousseau, who gave it as a proof of the preference of the inhabitants for eating to reading, that for one bookseller's shop there were twenty restaurants. She looked at the house where Rousseau visited Madame Warens, on the outside of which was a marble slab inscribed with some verses to the memory of "the eloquent, indignant, and querulous enthusiast," concluding with these lines :—

"Il osa consacrer sa vie
A la gloire, et à la verité,
Et fut toujours persecuté
Par lui-même ou par l'envie."

At Spoleto her attention was drawn to the hermitages on the wooded steeps, the retreats of French noblemen (during the sway of the Revolutionists) who wished to shade their invidious dignities under the garb of religion. The founder of this semi-religious community had returned to his estates and to reassert his consequence, and this circumstance leads Miss Losh to remark :—

"His selection of a place of retirement does honour to his taste; and his subsequent quitting it seems only to prove that

every object of rational gratification—books, leisure, tranquillity, polished society, the luxuries of a city, the freedom of a desert, the influence of the softest climate and the most delightful scenery, are all insufficient to human enjoyment if devoid of the animation and contest, the charm of variety, the self-importance of activity, and, above all, the inspiring vanity of schemes and projects."

Though feeling the influence of the southern sun, she looked in vain for traces of its gentleness in the manners of the people; and her experience of Terracina was by no means favourable:—

"We were attended both by dogs and cats during supper, which consisted of rice swimming in water, peas swimming in oil, and fish swimming in goat's milk, with cheese, apples, and fennel-root, to be washed down with wine literally impregnated with flies, as the bottles are seldom corked. On retiring for the night, we opened our windows to look at the prospect, and so mild was the air that we sat long listening to the sounds of the waves, which, shining like silver in the moonbeams, dashed with violence against the rocky shore.

"It was such a night as that which Virgil assigns to Æneas when he sailed from this very shore where Caieta still gives her name to Gaita.

"'Aspirant auræ in noctem: nec candida cursum
Luna negat: splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.'"

A few words on Pompeii may be quoted:—

"We had been charmed successively with the view from the terrace of the villa of Diomedes, and that which presented itself as we descended the steps of the platform on which stood the temple of Jupiter, looking over the Forum; but the view from the upper ranges of the amphitheatre exceeded in beauty, grandeur, and fascination all that we had ever seen or could have imagined. The superb structure on which one stands, the buried city which it touches, the luxuriant scenery of the coast beyond, the sea, the islands, and an amphitheatre of lofty mountains, in which the dark, rugged peak of Vesuvius contrasted with the deep blue tints of the other eminences, a bright sun, a transparent atmosphere, formed a combination the exquisite perfection of which no description and no painting can convey

even a faint idea of. Yet in such a scene a refined audience could fix their attention on the brutal strife of the avenue, and turn from the soft loveliness of nature to watch the writhings of agonised conflict."

Her visit to Pæstum is so full of incident and excellent narrative that I regret much the brevity of my space:—

"Of a scene more calculated than Pæstum to inspire melancholy it is impossible to form an idea. At Pompeii we had seen the dwellings of ordinary mortals, as destroyed yet preserved, by a preternatural calamity; at Pæstum, whence all meaner relics have disappeared, we seemed to tread the footsteps of superior beings, whose temples still remain to attest their pre-eminence; yet of this people, so elegant and so enlightened, no other trace is now in existence. By a long succession of the most common casualties they have vanished from the earth, and their place knoweth them no more. Of their history every record has perished. The name of Leucania incites no recollections; and not one even of those twice-flowering roses with which her luxurious sons were crowned now survive in the ruined Posidonia, to scatter fragrance over their profaned sepulchres. Lizards crawl unheeded over the symbol of the Syren, which still is seen on the solitary gateway. The peasant only examines the wrecks of fallen magnificence lest he break his ploughshare against some prostrate capital; but the rude mariner, whose mind is more susceptible of impressions of splendour and magnitude, gazes with reverence on the elevated pillars, and wonders how the angels transported them from Palestine. . . . The mind reverts with profoundest emotion to departed ages, and contrasts the state of these temples when filled with the votaries of a pompous worship, with what they present at this moment, when their silence is only disturbed by the plaints of a few squalid wretches, whose haggard faces even more than their patched attire excites the compassion of travellers. It seems as if Fate but spared a casual trophy of human art and of human glory to remind succeeding ages that the feebler works they produce will still more entirely and more speedily decay."

At Rome, writing of the studios and the taste

shown for art, Miss Losh thus adverts to the formation of works for purchasers:—

"The prevalent passion for descriptive poetry excites also fresh love for the landscape, and calls out the talents of numberless artists, while the loftier and severer studies of him who would embody actions and character are not appreciated nor rewarded. Saints are contemned, angels disbelieved, and devils no longer wondered at. The ancient Greeks and Romans cause *ennui*, the Saracens are nearly forgotten, and modern heroes are most unbecomingly dressed."

In describing the Sistine Chapel, she writes:—

"It is a spacious and gloomy hall, one end of which is entirely covered with the famous fresco of the 'Last Judgment,' considered the grandest and most terrific composition of the pencil, but the awful catastrophe it images seems little to weigh on the minds of the cardinals when assembled here to elect a pope. It is, after all, but painting, and the more wonderful it is, the more it convinces one that the utmost faculties of man are inadequate to portray or even conceive the things of a future existence. In this picture all is gloomy and horrible, yet sometimes even so ludicrous that one fancies Buonarotti insensible himself to the deep feelings he intended to excite, sporting with the fears and credulity of the people till his sport has the malice of the demons he exhibits. . . . Correggio was a stranger to the spirits of Paradise, but he painted forms fit to embody its messengers — bright, beneficent, and blissful; Michael Angelo has evoked fiends and conjured hell to appal mankind to aspire after heaven."

On the day following her visit to the Sistine Chapel, Signor Magrini read to the Losh party his dissertation on Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," and seemed shocked at Miss Losh saying that the devils had the most satisfactory part in it.

A few extracts will show her opinion of Guido's "Aurora," one of the most celebrated frescoes (Palazzo Rospigliosi) in Rome:—

"A second Prometheus appears to have stolen from the sun-

beams the golden radiance that emanates from the car of Apollo. It is drawn by steeds whose hoofs spurn the liquid clouds, and which, hot, wild, and fiery, scarcely bear to be curbed by the God of Day, whose glowing visage, like that of an Olympic victor, is expressive of joy and impatience. The blooming hours which dance around the car are brilliant with the light reflected from it, and above it floats the star of morning under the emblem of a youthful geni with a torch. This admirable group is preceded by Aurora, who, skimming lightly on empurpled mists, flings on the earth gay flowers as she passes. Her visage is half shaded by a fleecy veil which partakes of the character of the dawn; her arms are most exquisitely formed, and a saffron drapery flows gracefully around her. Then the diminished landscape beneath is calm and peaceful, and strongly reminded us of the scenery near Ancona. It consists of a few simple objects—a dark blue sea with a few vessels in perfect repose; a distant coast in dim obscurity; and a foreground of dark brown, from whence the shades of night seem about to be chased. The contrast of the earth and air is as strong as possible, yet their harmony is that of nature itself; and such is the fascination of the whole, that one knows not how to relinquish the contemplation of it. The attention is riveted by the simple energy of the composition and the luminous tone that pervades it. . . . All is powerful and all graceful; for the artist has felt and confided in his own lofty genius, and in the serene grandeur of the subject he has chosen. To fix the clouds and embody the sunrise is a task no mortal can perform; but in his image of this sublime spectacle he has seized on that which creates in the mind analogous sensations; and if not to the eye, at least to the fancy, has conveyed the impression of that beautiful scene which revives all nature, and kindles in the soul fresh life and ecstasy."

In another walk her pen had been actively engaged, but showed no fruit. Her knowledge of English history, enlarged by the special study of events affecting this country from the Peace of Amiens down to the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1849, of which she possessed ample notes, would have formed a valuable contribution to our knowledge of times so eventful.

Her observations on public men and public affairs were apt and convincing; and whilst rejoicing in the discomfiture of monopolies and shams of every kind, she hailed the legislation that tended to the material benefit and happier opportunities of the worthier industrial population. Common sense, a happy discrimination, and enlightenment, directed her opinions and counsel. She was far from being prone to indulge in conversation on matters of graver public interest except to well-tried friends. Not the slightest tincture of "blue-stockingism" prevailed in her composition; on the contrary, retiring manner and modesty of expression were her natural habit. Her sentiments were couched in a suggestive and persuasive tone, and rarely rose to the argumentative; yet, if needful, in discussion, she could maintain her own lines of thought with firmness and ability. Nor was she reticent on errors of commission, or any tendency to wrong-doing, manifested either by private individuals or by public officials, but an uncompromising foe to shabbiness of purpose and tergiversation.

There was no appearance of effort on the part of Miss Losh either in common narrative or in lengthened argument. Her thoughts flowed on in an even stream, as continuously and consecutively as her own pulse; apparently attracting her listeners as much by her manner and clear measured tones of voice, as by the exactitude of her thoughts and the genuineness of her deductions. A stranger observing her reserve, and her calm, unostentatious, yet slightly constrained method of address, would experience a momentary frigidity in her presence; but this soon wore off as the conver-

sationalist got awakened by the interest of the theme, and found a responsive listener.

Endowed so highly, she wanted but a larger share of self-esteem and love of approbation to enable her to rival any of her feminine contemporaries engaged in the paths of history and letters. She possessed a fair proportion of wit and a keen perception of the humorous, yet her tendency was more towards the threshold of philosophy than the *boudoirs* of sentimentality; and her writings indicated erudition and higher reasoning much more than poetic imagery.

Had Miss Losh been a Parisian by birth and education, her linguistic attainments, her intellectual culture, her love of scientific progress and refined art, her criticisms so sound and logical, and her conversation so suggestive, would have endeared her to circles as brilliant as those presided over by Madame de Staël and other celebrities, whose *salons* have formed the theme and admiration of so many historical writers.

Miss Losh possessed the delicate refinement and all that is attractive and characteristic of the high breeding of an English gentlewoman; yet she manifested manly thought and precision, and solidity of accomplishments, without the sacrifice of a single feminine grace. Her intellect was of no common order, and almost approached in power that of my friend "George Eliot," who now stands unrivalled in British literature: she had very much of the charm and brightness, if a less share of the penetrativeness, profundity of thought, and poetic eloquence, possessed by the author of "Romola."

Miss Losh greatly improved both the family mansion and property of Woodside. Her renovations of

the former were of such extent as almost to dwarf the old ancestral home of the Loshes. To indulge her Italian fancies, she erected a Pompeian court as part of her gardenesque embellishments, and everywhere carried out the family *penchant* for trees and shrubs and flowers, and the beautifying of her domain. Few estates are so thickly planted, and nowhere in Cumberland does the same amount of arboreal growth prevail. The highroad through the Lŏsh property to Wreay is bounded by hedges of hawthorn and holly, interpersed with the arbor-vitæ, laurels, yews, laburnums, roses, honeysuckle, &c., making it the most charming drive around Carlisle. Silver firs and other pines of rare growth, but chiefly the oak, constitute natural avenues without formality—here the pyramidal elevation and graceful line, there the angular and drooping branches—giving to the long vista a natural Gothic through which the lights and shadows flicker in summer-time over alleys green. Everything around the abode partakes of the Losh character—the fences, the thatched cottage, of Swiss chalet or Pompeian pattern, nestling under huge trees, and secluded as a hermitage; even the gates are special in style and fastenings. Neatness, quaintness, and speciality rule out of doors, and to the æsthetic mind both aptly and well, inasmuch as they accord with the natural scenery around.

The hamlet and village of Wreay are also equally characteristic of Sara Losh's impress. The church she erected in 1842, worthy of a chapter by itself; the graveyard, with its yews and cedars and mournful shadowings, its mausoleum, its monumental obelisk, its quaint tombstones and devices, strike every visitor.

All these works originated with Sara Losh—nay, more, they were designed, and developed, and completed by herself. She was the architect and superintendent of the works *ab initio*, and in most instances the moulder of the natural-history forms gracing the ecclesiastical building. Bound by no commonplace rules, and following none of the stereotyped lines of masonry, she directed the workmen in their operations from day to day. Like a master-mind, loving her work, she carried her church-building and other designs in her brain, and from the foundation to the finishing of the superstructure never had to undo what had been done according to her directions. As she only engaged country operatives who had never shown the slightest feeling for art, she made her mouldings in clay, and then taught the mason how to work them in stone; and marvellously well did she succeed. The diverse forms—borrowed from botany, conchology, and other zoological divisions; from quaint mediæval architecture and fossilised structures—to be found in the doorway, windows, and other parts of Wreay Church, are well done, and to Sara Losh is due the credit of their constructiveness.

In her occasional visits to Carlisle, Miss Losh became cognisant of the crowded state of the church burial-grounds, and being desirous to remedy this deplorable state of things, offered to give a field situated between the city and village of Upperby for a public cemetery. She made her proposal in the first instance to the Dean and Chapter, and on meeting with no encouragement in that quarter, tried the Corporation of Carlisle, but with as little avail. Indifference ruled the city magnates; the fear of

losing burial fees or some vested rights held back the church dignitaries. Knowing the necessity of the step, she allotted an acre of land at Wreay for a burial-ground that should be available to all denominations of persons—a free gift to the public. This new cemetery was walled round, and planted with ivy and flowering shrubs; yews and arbor-vitæs decorate the enclosure. Whilst considering the form of a mortuary chapel, the drifting *dunes* along the coast of Cornwall revealed in 1835 a long-lost church, the oldest in England, and traditionally ascribed to St Piran or Perran of the fifth, or some say the ninth, century. The name of the present Perranzabulœ, the place of St Perran in the sand, supports the tradition. Miss Losh having obtained drawings, decided on reproducing "St Perran's Oratory" at Wreay. The building is 29 feet long by 16½ feet broad, and 13 feet high, and is entered by doors on the east and south. Around the interior of the oratory is a stone seat. Over the rude altar table is an extremely narrow window; a larger one admits light on the south side. The roof and doorways are modern, and the introduction of a palm-tree is evidently Miss Losh's own. To render everything complete, she erected a pretty cottage for the sexton in contiguity to the oratory, and furnished it with a garden.*

The grassy approach to the oratory, the simplicity

* As far as I can learn, the Wreay copy of the long-lost church, said to be the earliest church for Christian worship in the island, is the only one to be met with in England.

The sea, it may be noted, engulfed a second church near to St Perran's some time in the last century.

of its structure, and the perfect solitude reigning around afford proofs of the lady's sympathetic feeling for the repose of the dead; and her larger sympathy for the interests of the living placed in proximity to crowded churchyards, and thereby liable to have their moral sense no less than their physical nature deteriorated. On this sanitary question, as on many others, Miss Losh showed large consideration and foresight. She was probably the first person in England to anticipate the extra-mural interment scheme of the Government; nay, her anticipation was so far ahead that neither the civic nor the ecclesiastical authorities of Carlisle could be persuaded to accept the important boon she wished to confer upon the inhabitants of the city.

Holding the memory of their father and mother in the highest regard, the sisters Losh sought to establish a permanent record of their affection in honour of their parents; and Sara, the leading mind, suggested the erection of an obelisk in Wreay Church burial-ground, a suggestion that had to be carried out by herself after her dear sister's death. Aware of the deep archæological interest attached to the ancient Runic monument at Bewcastle, in Cumberland, and personally cognisant of its gradual decay, she wished a reproduction of this historic structure as an *in memoriam.* Accordingly, she obtained a large monolith, and caused a copy of the Bewcastle obelisk to be made as faithfully as circumstances would permit, and in this she was aided by the admirable drawings of her friend Mr Howard of Corby Castle, recorded in volume third of this series. But instead of imitating the effaced "Runes" on the west side of the obelisk,

where the figures are depicted, she caused the following inscription to be made beneath the female figure and child: "*Jehovah lux mea et salus mea est*" ("The Lord is my light and my salvation," Ps. xxvii. 1); and beneath the supposed saint the following: "*Gratiam fac mihi: Deus, gratiam fac mihi; nam ad te se recipit anima mea: et ad umbram alarum tuarum me recepturus sum*" ("Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me; for my soul trusteth in Thee: and under the shadow of Thy wings shall be my refuge," Ps. lvii. 1.) At the base of the column (west side): "*Inumbret hoc signum consolationis sepulchrum Joannis Lossii et uxoris Isabellæ. Salvi eatis, animæ carissimæ, per mediam umbram mortis. Avete in tempora refrigerii a conspectu Domini*" (May this sign of consolation cast its shadow on the grave of John Losh and his wife Isabella. Souls well beloved, may you walk safe through the midst of the shadow of death. Farewell till the times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.) On the south side of the obelisk, at its base, is the following elegant and touching record: "*Hoc saxum poni duæ filiæ sibi proposuerunt: una mœstissima effecit*" (Two daughters purposed that this stone should be set up; one performed it, greatly sorrowing.)

Katherine Isabella Losh died in February 1835, to the almost inconsolable grief of her sister, who to the end of her days brooded over this sad bereavement. Wishing to perpetuate, as far as sculptorial art was available, the delightful form and visage of her devoted sister, as she had sketched her whilst seated on a rocky surface overlooking the Bay of

Naples, Miss Losh engaged Mr D. Dunbar of Carlisle to carry out her views. She aided him so materially that the portrait statue became very much her own design, in the copying of which, in finely-polished marble, the sculptor pretty fairly embodied the graceful sentiment so much solicited. The figure is seated, and almost entirely draped; the face is sweetly rendered, and a good likeness; the hair is dressed in Grecian form, and is partly shown in front of her neck and breast, over which the right arm is gracefully placed, whilst the left hand, upon which her eyes are intent, holds a fir-cone, a favourite emblem of Sara Losh's, as evidenced in many of her designs. At the base of the statue is the following deeply-touching tribute by Sara to her sister: "*Catharina Isabella, soror placens,** *amabilis, piaque: semper mihi carissima eris: cara nunc tua pallida imago*" (Katherine Isabella, sweet sister, loving and pious, thou wilt ever be most dear to me; dear is thy pale image now.)

To protect the statue she erected in Wreay Churchyard a mausoleum, semi-Celtic or Druidical in character, if not partaking of the Attic form of Cyclopean architecture, consisting of large blocks of stone without an arch, mortar, or cement. The outer door of the building is of oak covered with copper, the inner of a rare black oak dug out of a neighbouring moss. Within the angles of the building are fine medallions

* The word "*placens*" admits of other meanings; and my classic friend Mr Theodore Martin translates Horace's "*placens uxor*," "the winsome wife." From some reminiscences I am led to think that the interpretation of her inscription given above would have met with Miss Losh's approval.

of John and his wife, Isabella Losh, and also of George Losh.

Miss Losh took a large and varied interest in all matters pertaining to Cumberland and its ancient capital, and would gladly have aided in many ways to beautify it; and had she lived, would have rejoiced to see the restoration of the Cathedral carried so far as it has been, though still incomplete. When the directors of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway decided on spanning the Eden at Wetheral, she suggested to them the erection of a bridge similar to the Pont du Gard, a few miles from Nismes, as calculated to harmonise well with the lofty banks of the river and the exquisitely-wooded scenery of Corby Castle. She made suitable drawings of her proposed plan, that found acceptance with Mr Howard of Corby Castle and others of good taste; but railways were then in their infancy, and rough masonry rather than æsthetic embellishment ruled the general direction. To-day her views would probably have met with more acceptance even on utilitarian grounds.

Miss Losh built an infants' school at Wreay, and placed a worthy dame in charge of it. This school fell into disuse when the new Educational Act made it compulsory for girls and boys to be educated under the same roof. And to meet this view, she erected an entirely new school in 1830—being aided to the extent of £100, bequeathed by her aunt, Margaret Losh. Miss Losh carried her generosity further, and endowed the school with thirty acres of land, the rents or proceeds derived from which to be applied to the education of poor children in the adjoining townships. This endowment is held in trust by the

TWELVE MEN of Wreay,* with whom rests the appointment of the schoolmaster, and the distribution of the Lowthian trusts, &c. She also erected a cottage for the schoolmaster on the model of one discovered at Pompeii, recorded on the Ordnance Survey maps of Cumberland as the "Pompeian Cottage."

The cost of erecting High Hesket School was mainly defrayed by Miss Losh, and the same may be said of Upperby School.

* The Chapel of Wreay having been totally neglected at the Reformation, twelve proprietors in the neighbourhood, styling themselves trustees, took upon themselves the direction of all affairs within the hamlet, and converted the chapel into a schoolhouse. These "twelve men" seem an embodiment of the ancient "folk-mote" of the Hundred, a kind of parochial remnant of the Witenagemote of the nation. Probably their functions extended to a surveillance of the cock-fighting and other pastimes for which Wreay was once famous, as the following paragraph from Carlyle's "Endowed Grammar Schools" (vol. i. p. 204) reveals :—

"A singular donation was made to the Wreay School by a Mr Graham, of a *silver bell* weighing 2 oz., upon which is engraved '*Wrey Chapple*, 1655,' to be 'fought for annually on Shrove Tuesday by cocks.' About three weeks previous to that day the boys fixed upon two of their schoolfellows for captains, whose parents were able and willing to bear the expense of the approaching contest ; and the master on his entering the school was saluted by the boys throwing up their hats, and the acclamation of '*Dux! Dux!*' After an early dinner on Shrove Tuesday, the two captains, attended by their friends and schoolfellows, who were distinguished by blue and red ribbons, marched in procession from their respective homes to the village green, where each produced three cocks, and the bell was appended to the hat of the victor—in which manner it was handed down from one successful captain to another."

In 1836 the cock-fighting of Wreay was put down by the Rev. R. Jackson ; in its place there is an annual hunt and the mayoralty, briefly noticed in vol. iii. p. 60 of this series. The noted bell of 1655, a parochial institution for 217 years, was stolen last year (1872) from the public-house where the convivial meetings used to be held, and where it had so often graced the hats of "cocking champions," or the white rod of sham mayors.

The dilapidated state of the old chapel at Wreay, in which the Loshes worshipped, induced Miss Losh to undertake the building of a new church. This, her largest effort, deserves a brief description, as exemplifying the catholicity of her views no less than her historical knowledge and architectural skill in all its originality and force.

WREAY CHURCH.

The church erected by Miss Losh is founded on the Romanesque style, largely supplemented by her own ideas and thorough knowledge of church architecture. Not disposed to copy from any building or style *per se*, she designed an original church, consisting of baptistery, nave, and chancel or apse, with turret crowned by a Roman eagle.

The baptistery, nave, and pro-chancel measure in the interior about 46½ feet in length, by 28 feet in breadth; the height being in good ecclesiastical proportions. The apse is about 16 feet by 15 feet. The exterior walling is of square, rough-dressed stones, bearing some analogy to Roman work; the roof is covered with redstones or flags.

The gable or western front is pierced with an arcade of small arches following the slope of the roof, features to be met with in Lombard and Rhenish churches, and notable in those of San Michele in Pavia, and the Duomo of Parma.

The entrance doorway is in the Lombard style, recalling that of Santa Maria della Piazza, Ancona; and is much admired. The boldly-carved hood mould-

ing over the door is ornamented with the leaf and flower of the water-lily alternately; and the label mouldings terminate in bosses carved in the shape of pine-cones. The doorcase (interior) represents a gourd-plant, emblematic of the Old Testament as a preparation for, or entrance into, the New. This oaken carving was done by Miss Losh's gardener.

On entering the church, visitors are struck with the "dim religious light" as vastly too dim; this feeling, however, is but momentary, whilst the solemnity of the building gradually makes itself felt. Near to the entrance, on the right, is the Font, constructed of native alabaster, partly carved by Miss Losh herself, and presenting the zigzag moulding of the English Norman at the top, and curious Grecian fluting at the bottom, in excellent workmanship. It is also engraven with emblems—*e.g.*, the lily, butterfly, vine, pomegranate, signifying in the eyes of ecclesiologists, purity, transition to a new life, the ineffable union betwixt Christ and His Church, and hope in immortality.* The cover of the font is silvered glass, on which appear, as if floating, lotus-flowers of native alabaster, mainly carved by Mr W. S. Losh.

On the left of the entrance door, and near the north wall of the church, hangs a Jewish lamp in front of one table of the Law; on the right, and against the

* Walcott's "Sacred Archæology" is the authority for these explanations. It is well to note, however, that the emblems mentioned above are differently construed by different authorities, and that ecclesiologists are more disposed to assign a Christian meaning than to consider the mythological element so largely prevailing historically. The able and recondite work of my friend, Dr Thomas Inman of Liverpool, entitled "Ancient Faiths embodied in Ancient Names," has opened out a vein of curious speculation that behoves the attention of those searching for larger interpretation of these emblems.

south wall, the other table of the Law is above a bracket supported by the owl and cock—emblems of vigilance.

From the western platform, or more truly the baptistery, which is about seven feet in length, you descend by three steps to the body of the church, as you do in some Jewish synagogues; and on the right and left of these steps are pine-cones, on square pediments, viewed as emblematic of the passage through death to immortality.

The nave is about 34 feet in length; and the seats of the church are made of Woodside oak, and Spanish chestnut, obtained from Lowther Park after the January gale of 1839; they are open, roomy, with sloping backs, and afford ample provision for kneeling, and show no ornamentation.

From the nave you ascend by three steps to the pro-chancel of six feet in length, on which stand the desks for the officiants. The desk to the south is an oaken eagle; that to the north is a pelican. The books are bound in wood, and those upon the eagle chained. Behind these desks stand two chairs of antique character, in place of chancel stalls, constructed of black oak obtained from a neighbouring peat-moss; the backs of these chairs are formed by ebony panels from Italy, carved in bold relief with representations of the Nativity and the Epiphany. The arms of one of the chairs are supported by a carved griffin, the other by a butterfly form. On the south-east corner of the pro-chancel stands the pulpit, of bog-oak, supposed to be a natural tree-stem, but more probably cut in imitation of one of the *calamites* of the Coal-Measures. By the side of the

pulpit, forming a support for a light or candle, is a palm-shaped tree formed of bog-oak.

Above the pro-chancel arch is a wooden ledge, sustaining figures of angels playing on harps and other musical instruments, the figures alternating with palm-trees. On the wall below these, or rather to the north and south, are angels with outstretched wings, like those of the cherubim overshadowing the mercy-seat in the tabernacle.

From the pro-chancel you ascend by three steps to the apse or apsidal altar-place, about 16 feet long and 15 feet broad, which is surrounded by an arcade of fourteen pillars, with Romanesque capitals, adorned with quaint and emblematic carvings. The spaces between these pillars form thirteen sedilia, a direct architectural derivation from the Roman Basilica. The seven easternmost recesses are pierced with openings, which contain seven lamps of coloured glass, symbolic of the seven works of the Spirit of God; and thirteen of the small windows on a higher range are of native alabaster, pierced with forms derived from the fossilised ferns* of the Coal-Measures of Northumberland, and defended from the outside by plates of glass. These natural-history embodiments were partly the work of Mr W. S. Losh. Above these again is a string course, forming the base of the dome or roof of apse, decorated with classic dentil ornaments.

In the chord of the apse stands the altar, which consists of a slab of green marble from Italy set in a wooden frame, and supported by two solid brass

* Among the fossilised ferns may be noted the *Neuropteris acuminata*, *Pecopteris heterophylla*, *Sphenopteris dilata*, and *Sphenophyllum Schlotheimii*.

eagles standing on plinths of freestone, supported on a base carved with ears of wheat and clusters of grapes, symbolic to the Church of the Holy Eucharist. The altar candlesticks are of native alabaster carved in the shape of the lotus-flower.

At the north-west and south-west sides of the apse stand the Gospel and Epistle lights—bronze candelabra of Pompeian design, supporting lamps from Pompeii. These candelabra, when decorated with ivy at Christmas-tide, have a very pretty effect.

The pedalia, or foot-cloths, in front of the altar, are bear-skins; and bear-skins, according to Walcott's "Archæology," were used for the purpose in 1092—possibly as votive offerings.

The stove at the west end of the church is of iron, cast in the form of the stem of the *sigillariæ*, as found in the lower Northumbrian Coal-Measures. On the antique stove in the east end stands a bronze holy-water pail, its rim bearing a Norman inscription;* it was brought from Normandy by Miss Losh: and a standing pot for incense, according to post-Reformation custom (see "Hierurgia Anglicana," † 1868, pp. 181-84).

The windows of the nave are after the Romanesque Lombard character, those at the west end being on the outside adorned with various emblems—*e.g.*, owl and dove for night and morning, the caterpillar,

* The inscription runs thus: "Prie pour l'alme. G. Glanville." There are also three curiously-wrought designs on the pail: one supposed to represent the devil blowing a horn and ringing a bell; another may be a vine-dresser; the third is more problematic.

† I am indebted for this reference, and much courteous aid in my inquiries respecting Wreay Church, to my friend the Rev. Thomas Lees, the vicar.

chrysalis, and butterfly, the Egyptian scarabeus, fossil shells, fir-cones, pomegranates, sunflowers, corallines, and poppies; some of these emblems are looked upon as significant of the transitional progress of the soul from a lower to a higher state of being. The upper lights at this west end are partly coloured and partly of alabaster, showing the cereal *gramineæ* and clusters of grapes, already adverted to as symbolic of the elements of the Lord's Supper.

The small circular-headed windows round the top of the apse are of a character usually found in Romanesque churches in Italy and on the Rhine; and the upper tier windows of the nave are of a similar character, but arranged in groups of threes. The windows of the nave are filled with quarry glass, the amber and ruby colours of which are brilliant. The central compartment of each group of upper tier windows, as well as those in the western gable, contain floral designs in coloured glass. One of these compartments at the east end, figuring the night-shade, is filled with glass gathered by Mr W. S. Losh in 1830, immediately after the July Revolution, from the ruins of the chapel in the palace of the Archbishop of Paris. The small slit windows on the north and south, to give light to the officiants, are copied from the old (fourteenth-century) church at Newton-Arlosh.

The roof of the church is open to the ridge, and is constructed of oak timber, massive, carved, and highly effective; the wood was obtained from the richly-planted lawn of Woodside.

The building, when complete in every way, cost Miss Losh £1200.

In describing the consecration of Wreay Church on

the 1st December 1842, one of the local prints concluded its notice in the following words: "Although we are aware that the unobtrusive and truly Christian character of that lady's benevolence makes her prefer to do good by stealth, it is only right to add that the inhabitants [of Wreay parish] are wholly indebted to the munificent liberality of Miss Losh of Woodside for the erection of this elegant and convenient place of worship."

In designing Wreay Church, Miss Losh apparently wished to recognise the germinal stages of religion, and the unlettered worship of man, as well as the historic churches pertaining to the monotheistic idea — the grandest religious idea to which the human mind has as yet attained. Imbued with a special knowledge of architecture, and no less prompted by a true archæology, she founded an ecclesiastical structure, the significance of which was hardly comprehended by Bishop Percy and his episcopate supporters assembled on the day of its consecration. This edifice aims correctly enough to supply the wants of Christian worship according to the rites of the Established Church of England; but it is not less aptly but largely emblematic of more ancient faiths, and the varied graftings of these on modern beliefs. The progressive forms and types of sacred worship are traced from the earliest manifestations of the Judaic and Christian standards, down to the post-Reformation period.

Cognisant of the Religious Cults that have prevailed in the world as the expression of the innate desire in man to penetrate the mysterious workings of the one eternal, all-pervading Spirit of nature, crystallized into various forms suited to the mental constitution of the

peoples who embrace them, Miss Losh seems to have taken a broad survey of the historic past. Thus her illustrations drawn from the fossil world may have been offered as a tribute of acknowledgment to nature-worship, or the first idealistic breathings towards the infinite and the unknown; and in her tracings from the primitive and mysterious through the different ascents to prophetic religions evincing man's morality touched by devotion, she presents a kind of pantheistic temple, in which Jew and Gentile, Rationalist and Ritualist, may find something congenial to his taste and more or less tantamount to a support of his faith. She mingles the antediluvian world and that of external nature with the adornments of the churches of the East, in which Paganism and Deism, the Law and the Prophets, prefigure the forms, the affinities, and the antagonisms of the newer developments of our race.

The atmospheric light is seen passing through the fern forms of the antediluvian jungle, and striking the lotus-flower, the emblem of receptivity and reproduction adorning the modern altar, itself a sun of hope to the Christians; and this light again, in its transmission through the seven-coloured media, symbolic of the seven works of the Spirit of God, gives rise to the idea of transition from one sphere to another higher in degree of the worship of the creative principle acting upon chaos, till it eventually culminates in the Christian formula.

In the caterpillar, the chrysalis, and perfect butterfly, you realise the genesis, the growth, and maturity of life; whilst other forms typify mortality, the mid-shades, and immortality beyond. The observer may

trace the indications of the alpha and the omega of organisation, in the simplest of living forms, blending with the highest of entities terrestrial and assumed heavenly.

The device on one of the capitals in the apse is a bird eating an amphibious animal like a frog, probably meant for the sacred Ibis consuming the product of an earlier age, that of chaotic mud; and if divested of this interpretation, simulating the gradatory flow of organic development, itself pointing to a grand and substantial basis of a natural theology that seeks affinity with the reign of law and a great Lawgiver. On other capitals are clusters of grapes, emblematic of exuberance; and scripturally woman has been compared to the fruitful vine, around whom as a *bona dea* may be associated the goddess of nature.

In the seraph, the open lotus-flowers and pomegranate, the seeds of which fruit recall Persephone's experience of Hades, and open out new fields of thought, Nature in her broader genetic aspects is clearly indicated. And as the voluptuous language of the Song of Solomon has been rendered typical of Christ and His Church, so have the mythological attributes been made subservient to the call of modern ecclesiologists, with or without wisdom in the choice and adaptation. However this may be, the ornamentative forms of Wreay Church—be they foliage, flowers, or fruit, be they insects or reptiles, birds or beasts—portend creation quickened by one Spirit, and that Spirit pervading the universe *ad infinitum*. Coming down to the historic period, you observe a transcript of Egyptian forms prior in date to, as well as those belonging to, Solomon's temple and the Jewish syna-

gogue; then the pagan basilica and curial chair transformed into a Christian church, with its thirteen sedilia for the Founder and His disciples, or the Bishop and his clergy; and these again modified to suit the wants of "modernism," or, if you choose, the prevailing sentiment of these latter days.

Miss Losh's insight into the past is marked by largeness of view, and a spacious conception of human worship through its initiatory stages of fetishisms, mystic longings and superstitions, onward to the more modern interpretation that seeks solace in churches and an ordained priesthood. Unbiassed by dogma, she sought in her novel construction the general wants of mother Church in and around Wreay. At the same time, she could not deny the higher instincts of her own nature, and the pleasure of carrying out an architectural design of original character, in the hope of indoctrinating others with sentiments and aspirations analogous to her own. She wished to raise the parochial mind to a higher contemplation of the Deity attended by devotional feeling, than was likely to be engendered by bare walls, cabined seats, and rude masonry; and in doing so, manifested her own æsthetic taste and regard for the historical of all churches—be that regard derived from the decorative emblems of an Eastern temple, the bold moulding of the Norman, or the incense-serving stand of the Tudor-Elizabethan era. And curious it is to see how she wove the prehistoric, and the mythologies of primordial man, with modern Christian doctrine that aspires to ennoble all. There is unity of purpose throughout the work, showing the development of the different Cults, from the time of Osiris and

his Nilotic nymphs, through the days of the wise King, bright in his polygamy and home virtues, down to the monogamic non-virtuous Anglo-Saxon, accredited with representing the latest phase of civilization! The lady of Woodside, in giving full scope to her powers, seems to have approached the idea of race and faith determining the character of the temple; that as Olympian morality was reflected in the Parthenon, the noblest and purest art structure the world ever saw, so did mediæval Christendom evoke York Minster; and Commonwealth Puritanism find its proper habitat in the meagre structures not ill defined by George Fox, the Quaker, as "steeple houses."

Guided in part by her *penchant* for archæology, and the belief that her ancestral name was Arlosh,* she took much interest in the tower† of the ancient church at Newton-Arlosh, in Holm-Cultram, and on one of her visits was not a little chagrined to find the villagers carting away the stones of the ruined

* It should have been noted in a previous page, introducing the family history of the Loshes, that in the list of Cumberland gentry returned by the Commissioners 12 Henry VI., the name of Arlosh occurs along with others whose residence is not mentioned, and whose continuance became more or less doubtful after the year 1500.

† This tower, like that of the ancient church at Burgh-on-Sands, and others, was a place of defence against the inroads of the Scotch. In constructing the foundations of the new church, several Roman coins were found—one or more dedicated to Jupiter Ammon, a fact that may bear on Miss Losh's design of the ram's head on the east wall of her building, and which gave rise to some discussion. The number of adult human skeletons found in one place during the excavations would imply that a bloody struggle had taken place around the old tower in days gone by. Tradition has it that Cromwell's troops and the Parliamentarian forces met here, but probability points rather to Border conflicts of a serious nature as the cause.

mediæval edifice. To arrest this iconoclasm she wrote to Bishop Percy, offering to build an Episcopal church favourable to the incorporation of the ruins of the early fourteenth-century one. The Bishop rejoiced at this proposal, as a church was much needed; and parochial opinion being directed to the subject, steps were taken in furtherance of Miss Losh's scheme, upon which, it is said, she spent several hundred pounds. No one who has seen Wreay Church can visit the new church at Newton-Arlosh without at once detecting the Losh architecture throughout its design.

The place was originally Arlosh, and only received the additional Newton-Arlosh when the inhabitants of Skinburness were driven by the inroads of the Solway Firth to take up their quarters further inland, adding so greatly to the population of Arlosh as to require a market early in the fourteenth century. Newton-Arlosh, defined as the new town near the marsh, is the mother Church of the Abbey Holme, whilst the Abbey Church ranged with the old conventual establishment; this has been evidenced of late years in the clergymen of the said Abbey Church having "to read themselves in" amid the ruins of the ancient church of Newton-Arlosh.

Miss Losh practised a large benevolence, and in a most catholic spirit, knowing neither creeds nor politics in the distribution of her bounties. Infirmaries, schools, blind asylums, and other charitable institutions, found in her a good friend. Her subscriptions were large, as the public lists showed; but her private charity was even more extensive, and meant to be unknown beyond the recipients. The last act of her

life was a donation of £70 to a school at Upperby, without which aid the school might have remained in abeyance for some time. All her spendings at home were upon her friends and a handsome hospitality; upon herself literally nothing but good books. Her servants were well cared for during their service, and pensioned off and rendered comfortable in their old days. You rarely dined at Miss Losh's table without meeting superior-minded company in various walks of life; and it may be mentioned, as exemplifying the catholicity of her regards, that I have seen around her social board Unitarians and Episcopalians, Catholics and Christians unattached. Visitors enjoyed staying at Woodside, where the active and ardent mind of a gracious hostess showed

> "A fancy pregnant with resource and scheme
> To cheat the sadness of a rainy day,"

however much it clouded the landscape of the neighbouring vale; and might well commend

> "The consummate harmony serene
> Of gravity and elegance, diffused
> Around the mansion and its whole domain;
> Not, doubtless, without help of female taste
> And female care."

Miss Losh was specially mindful of the interests of those in a humbler position of life, seeking their advancement and well-doing as if she revered,

> "And would preserve as things above all price,
> The old domestic morals of the land,
> Her simple manners, and the stable worth
> That dignified and cheered a low estate."

As illustrating her ability to cope with difficulties of no ordinary kind, and her sympathy with those who

stood in need of friendly aid, Miss Losh took up the case of a poor woman involved in a lawsuit, and unable to employ a lawyer; and after sifting all the evidence *pro* and *con*, established data necessary for the defence of *her* client's claims. These she set forth in so lucid a manner that the plaintiff's solicitor viewed them as incontrovertible, and therefore advised *his* client to withdraw his action.

> "Observant, studious, thoughtful, and refreshed
> By knowledge gathered up from day to day;
> Thus had *she* lived a long and innocent life,"

in the enjoyment of tolerable if not robust health. Though liable to bronchitis for a couple of years or more, it was not till March 1853, when the biting east winds seized upon a frame somewhat debilitated by a few days' illness and the growing despondency of age, that she showed signs of decadence. The last hours of this good lady, witnessed by myself, were calm and dignified; and to her the end of all things came on the morning of the 29th March 1853. Her remains were interred in the Losh enclosure of the Wreay Chapel burial-ground, by the side of her much-loved sister and Aunt Margaret. A rectangular stone covers the grave of the two sisters, upon a smooth surface of which is inscribed: "Katherine Isabella Losh, died February 1835, aged 47. Sarah Losh, died March 29, 1853. *In vita divisæ, in morte conjunctæ*" (Parted in life, in death united). "Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us." Under the inscription is represented a large coralline and scallop-shell, which the good lady herself used to associate with the pilgrimage through life.

On the 19th April 1853 the villagers of Wreay

planted two lime-trees on the village green in memory of Sara and Katherine Isabella Losh. All the scholars of both schools attended and assisted in planting the trees, being made specially cognisant of how much they owed to Sara Losh.

The villagers of Upperby also testified their unanimous regard for the memory of their great benefactress by planting a lime-tree in contiguity to the schoolhouse, which she had been mainly instrumental in erecting. Both these neighbourly doings were a pretty tribute to one who had ever shown a love of trees and the beauteous in nature.

Thomas Addison M.D.

THOMAS ADDISON, M.D.

BORN A.D. 1793. DIED A.D. 1860.

"Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit."

AT noon on Thursday, the 5th July 1860, the venerable Priory of Lanercost received within its hallowed enclosure the mortal remains of a great physician—one of Nature's true aristocracy. Without the show of pageantry, and under the branches of an ancient yew, by the side of his uncle, Dr Samuel Addison, the obsequies of Dr Thomas Addison were performed in the presence of a few friends, the mode and the place of interment being alike accordant with the wishes and character of the departed. Lanercost Priory has a time-honoured history of seven and a half centuries. Within its precincts the warrior knight, the lordly abbot, and yeoman bold of times gone by, sleep their last sleep; but from the days of Robertus de Vallibus, the founder, through the stirring period of "Belted Will Howard," down to our own day, no truer man in science and honour and practical usefulness lies there enshrined than Thomas Addison, M.D.

The foregoing sentences were written by me on

the day of Dr Addison's interment, exactly thirteen years ago, and appeared in the Carlisle newspapers as part of an obituary notice. The further knowledge gained of his history has tended to strengthen the exalted opinion I had then formed of his medical career and philosophic character.

Dr Thomas Addison sprang from the ranks of the yeomanry of Cumberland; men who cultivated their own acres and practised the economy and thrift common to their order, and thereby enjoyed an honest independence. During the Commonwealth his forefathers resided at "The Banks," or "Banks House," in the parish of Lanercost, occupying a considerable elevation on the right bank of the river Irthing, a mountainous stream that separates the far-famed Border Castle of Naworth from the ancient Priory of Lanercost. Branches of his family also lived at St Mary's Holme, the vale named after the dedication of the church. The first of the family clearly cognisant in history was Thomas Addison, born in 1636, who had a Mary for spouse. Their names come down to us in true Cumbrian fashion on a neatly carved oaken couch, locally termed a "wooden settle," preserved as an heirloom at the Banks, and with such care as to be in good order after two centuries of use. In bold letters are inscribed upon this "settle" $\frac{A.}{T.\ M.}$—date 1676, and the following quaint yet happy injunction, "When God doth thee in store, remember thou the poor."

John Addison, the son of Thomas, resided at the pretty homestead and farm of St Mary's Holme; he was born in 1673, and lived to the patriarchal age of

ninety years. He had a son Jonah almost as long lived as himself, as a tombstone in Lanercost churchyard records his having died on April 1, 1804, aged eighty-four years and nine months. The wife of Jonah attained her eightieth year, and died in 1806. Jonah Addison's sons were too numerous to be comfortably housed at the Banks, and of necessity had to seek other walks than agriculture. Samuel, for instance, became a doctor of medicine, and seems to have died at the Banks in November 1799, aged thirty-four years. Joseph, an older brother, and specially concerned in this narrative, was brought up to farming pursuits, and also had a trade interest, said to be a grocery, at Longbenton, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, upwards of forty miles distant from the Banks.

This Joseph Addison found a wife in Miss Sarah Shaw, supposed to be a grocer's daughter in or near Newcastle, and by her had two sons, John and Thomas; the last-named, Thomas Addison, is the subject of this memoir. From conversations with Mr John Addison, the brother of Dr Addison, I have the impression that their mother generally resided at the Banks, but having accompanied her husband to his workshops at Longbenton, there gave birth to Thomas. However this may have been, Dr Thomas Addison was born at Longbenton, and the date of his birth is assigned to April 1793. By the accident of his birth he was a Northumbrian, though no one can call in question his Cumberland blood and origin. Dr Addison's father died in 1823, aged sixty-seven years; and his mother died at the Banks in 1841, aged eighty years. When I saw Mrs Sarah Addison

she was far advanced in her seventies, yet retained a good deal of bodily vigour, and showed much character and shrewdness of observation.

Those who have sought to claim in the physician of Guy's Hospital a son of "canny Newcastle," will, it is to be hoped, rest satisfied with this explanation of his Cumbrian descent, and it may strengthen their belief to know that Dr Addison always looked upon the Banks as his home. He repaired thither for his holidays every autumn; and under the ancient roof-tree of his Commonwealth ancestors assembled his guests on his marriage-day. Moreover, he used to express a hope that his last resting-place would be among his kinsmen, under the shade of the old yew-tree at the north-eastern boundary of Lanercost churchyard.

He clung to the Banks as the Addisonian home, and with all the more pleasure that it was in the midst of attractive scenery and historical surroundings, ancient and mediæval. The long line of elevations on the northern bank of the Irthing, from Gilsland westward, seem to culminate at the Banks, where you overlook the picturesque winding valley through which the Irthing flows in sweeping curves and long-tracked lines of beauty. Addison's home was on the very site occupied by the noble Roman during his construction of the Great Wall that traversed the narrow part of the island from the German Ocean to the Solway Firth. From Burdoswald, or *Amboglana*, the most significant station now on the Wall remaining to the archæologist, westwards to the Banks, the direction of both Wall and Fosse is distinct. The fine mediæval and historical

Priory of Lanercost reposes in a luxuriant valley, bounded on the north-east by the heights along which the Roman Wall is carried, and on the south by the Park of Naworth, rising abruptly from the river Irthing, its well-wooded banks of ancient oaks and beeches hiding from view the old Border castle of "Belted Will Howard." This glance at the topography of the Banks reveals the presence of three noble masonic structures—the Roman Wall, the Priory of Lanercost, and Naworth Castle—not to be matched historically throughout the length and breadth of Britain.

Thomas Addison received his chief education at the Grammar School of Newcastle-on-Tyne, under the direction of the Rev. Edward Moises, A.M.; and there acquired such a masterly knowledge of Latin that he was enabled to take notes of the lectures of the Edinburgh professors in that language, and also to speak and write it fluently. He did not follow the ordinary usage of the day, that of being apprenticed to a surgeon-apothecary, but went direct to Edinburgh to commence his medical studies. His father had a wish to make him a resident pupil of Dr John Thomson, in that city, for three years, at an annual premium of £100 a year; but the young aspirant preferred to rely on his own exertions and larger independence of action.

Addison was no ordinary student, but a successful cultivator of every department in the medical curriculum. As a proof of his general attainment, superiority of character, and marked debating powers, he was elected one of the annual presidents of the Royal Medical Society; a society distinguished then (1814),

as it has ever been since its foundation upwards of 130 years ago, by the enrolment of the best men of the Edinburgh school of medicine. Its list of presidents constitutes a fair index to the development of some of the leading and more promising Esculapii of Britain, of whom Richard Bright and Marshall Hall of England, J. Y. Simpson, John Reid, and John Goodsir, of Scotland, may be taken as high examples, along with the name of Thomas Addison. He took his degree of Doctor of Medicine in Edinburgh in 1815, selecting for his inaugural thesis, "De Syphilide et Hydrargyro." It is generally supposed that after his graduation he visited the Continental schools of medicine, but on this subject there is more or less doubt.

Dr Addison chose London as a field for practice; and in this he acted wisely for himself, and not less well for the interests of a profession he ennobled so much. A man of his scope and talents and acute sensibilities would have fared badly amid the professional jealousies and bickerings too often met with in provincial towns. Not born to greatness, and not likely to have it thrust upon him, he determined to achieve it for himself; and where could this be done so satisfactorily as in the great metropolis?

His first residence was in Skinner Street, Snow Hill, in one of the so-called haunted houses, probably deriving its evil repute from the Cock Lane ghost story of Dr Samuel Johnson. He had but one acquaintance in London, a former fellow-student, who lived at Kennington. Far from being daunted by this isolation, he happily believed that he could play a worthy part in the great world around him. His

first year's fees, I have heard him say, fell short of sixty guineas; and his second and third years' income did not reach a hundred guineas; but each year afterwards there was a tolerably steady increase. Seeking for a public appointment, he became connected with the Lock Hospital, where he acquired a practical knowledge of a subject that had engaged his thoughts in Edinburgh; this knowledge he might have turned to good account pecuniarily had he been disposed to follow a special department of medicine.

Moving to Hatton Garden, he became one of the medical officers of the General Dispensary, and for sometime studied skin diseases under the celebrated Dr Bateman, and with marked care and success. He sought for clear generic distinctions, and in course of time reached the finer shades of individual instances or their varieties—nay, gave such promise of a rare aptitude in the discrimination of these complicated forms of disease, that not a few of his professional brethren were disposed to invest him with the mantle that fell from Bateman's shoulders. He laboured for eight years at the General Dispensary, and with his characteristic zeal and ability. The governors of the institution were so pleased with his services, and the gracious manner of his treatment of the sick poor, that they presented him with a silver claret jug or tankard, on which is inscribed their testimony of regard. It was a rare gift, and the worthy donors, in their grateful remembrance of Dr Addison, deserved the thanks of the profession at large.

For the second time Addison appeared to miss his mark in life. He had thrown aside the opportunity that a special study of sexual diseases afforded him;

and after acquiring great proficiency in skin affections, made no more account of them than any ordinary physician. Both fame and fortune were to be had from either of the walks he had abandoned. With Addison the investigation of any disease meant the full exercise of his abilities till he had mastered it, and having done this, he could not rest till he broke up fresh ground for tillage. No one was better fitted to extend our knowledge of skin diseases, and to realise the reward of success, so that his withdrawal from their more direct cultivation betrayed a want of worldly wisdom. An innate feeling of hostility to anything bordering on a "specialty in medicine" seems to have possessed him, possibly arising from the fear of falling into a groove of quackery, which he abhorred; or as probably due to the comprehensiveness of his mind, that would not tolerate a stilted or narrowed walk in a profession of such amplitude as medicine.

Those who had the benefit of listening to Addison discussing the general status of his profession in England, and the various paths pursued in the metropolis by men more anxious for pecuniary results than scientific reputation, could not fail to see the direct and honourable aims guiding his opinions. In antipodal attitude to all that pertained to exclusiveness of thought, he looked at special forms of disease not as phenomena to be studied *per se*, but as portions of the entire science embraced under the term "general medicine." He always held that if you wished to be a good physician, you must know the constitutional forms of morbid action incident to surgery; and, on the other hand, a safe practice of surgery beyond the

operative part required a large knowledge of medicine proper.

Soaring higher than dispensary work, he was so fortunate as gain the attention of the authorities of Guy's Hospital, who, recognising his superior judgment and practical knowledge, appointed him Assistant Physician in 1824. Within three years (in 1827) he obtained the Chair of Materia Medica at Guy's, and in this position not only gained the esteem of his colleagues, but so won the confidence and regard of the students that they flocked to him in vastly increasing numbers. So great was his popularity that it is said his class of Materia Medica realised as much as £700 or £800 a year. In five years from the date of his connection with this metropolitan hospital he was marked out as "the man of Guy's" upon whose shoulders the future fame of the institution would very much rest.

About the time of his appointment to Guy's, Dr Addison, in conjunction with his surgical colleague, Mr John Morgan, instituted an inquiry into the physiological action of poison; and in 1829 they published "An Essay on the Operation of Poisonous Agents on the Living Body" (Longman, 8vo, pp. 92). The interest attached to their inquiries was greatly enhanced by the fact of their being the first Englishmen to investigate the phenomena of general poisoning. The experiments they devised were novel and ingenious and theoretically faultless, yet, from the nature of the circumstances attendant on the action of all subtle poisons, liable to some difference of interpretation. Messrs Morgan and Addison believed that the sympathetic action of some poisons is unequivocally

established by the great rapidity of their effects; and their experiments went so far to prove that the nervous expansions on the inner membrane of the blood-vessels received the impressions made by some poisonous agents. It is to be regretted that they did not continue their well-directed investigations, as both men were fitted for the task—one of the most difficult, it must be admitted, in the whole range of experimental inquiry.

Dr Addison was in New Street, Spring Gardens, in 1830, when he was induced to publish in a pamphlet form his observations "On some Disorders of Females." In these observations he recounted his experience of this class of diseases, and further showed that much error prevailed regarding both their nature and treatment. His opinions were well-timed, and should have found an earlier response among his professional brethren, the majority of whom had been too prone to the adoption of depletory means, when rest and soothing treatment were much more to the purpose. In concluding the lecture upon which his published essay was founded, and fearing that he had detained his class too long on the subject, he nobly expressed himself: "Gentlemen, if you require an apology for detaining you so long, I find ample material for that apology in the lively interest which we must all feel in the comfort and happiness of the other sex, doomed as they are, both by the decrees of Providence and by human institutions, to drink deep of the bitter cup of suffering. Whatever may be *her* lot in this world, we, as men, must at least acknowledge that, whilst Infinite Power gave us being, Infinite Mercy gave us woman."

After ten years' service as Lecturer on Materia Medica, he was appointed Physician to Guy's Hospital, and at the same time selected as the colleague of Dr Richard Bright in the duties of the Chair of Medicine. He had now attained the highest rung of the ladder as an hospital physician and teacher of medicine; and no man could have proved himself more worthy of the distinctions conferred upon him. His co-operation with Dr Bright was more visibly brought out by their joint editorship of a practical work, "Elements of the Practice of Medicine," the greater part of which was written by Dr Addison. A volume backed by such names as Bright and Addison was sure to be welcomed; but neither the favours of reviewers, nor the solicitations of private friends, could induce Addison, after his colleague's death, to complete the work.

He made sure of the eminence he had gained as a metropolitan teacher by assiduous labours in the wards and anatomical rooms of the hospital—thus laying a foundation for future fame such as no rich patrons and no nepotism could have conferred. Possessed of a strong constitution, and earnest beyond measure in the acquirement of professional *status*, he lost no opportunity of extending his knowledge of medicine and the collateral sciences. And as the artist, in his attempts to delineate form and colour, makes his canvas the recipient of his experiences, hoping in time to reach a lofty ideal or perfection; so Addison, by daily study of disease, impressed upon his brain the most faithful copies of nature in her abnormal states, and was able in mature years to depict in language more forcible than highest art could illustrate the various types of

disease, from the faintest tint of colour to the deepest Rembrandt.

In 1837 he read to the Guy's Physical Society his "Observations on the Diagnosis of Pneumonia" (inflammation of the lungs); and six years subsequently, in 1843, the same society benefited by his "Observations on Pneumonia and its Consequences." These valuable monographs opened out new fields of inquiry, and at the same time stamped his own character as a diagnostic physician.

Diseases affecting the lungs claimed large observation at his hands, and he was ready not only to discuss their pathological condition, but to enter the field of the anatomist, and to throw fresh light on the arrangement of the intimate structures of these vital organs. Thus in 1840 his "Observations on the Anatomy of the Lungs" were read to the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, where he combated the views of Riesseissen and others, and inculcated original views of his own of no small value in the elucidation of the pathological condition to which the lungs are so liable, especially in humid countries like England.

In January 1845 his views on the pathology of phthisis (consumption) were communicated to the Guy's Physical Society. The opinions which he had been led to form in 1837 were more fully expanded in this essay, and tended to strengthen his belief that "inflammation constitutes the great instrument of destruction in every form of phthisis."

Addison's views of inflammation ruling strongly in every form of consumption were so irreconcilable with current opinions that the profession in England

were tardy in adopting them; yet they came to be recognised by Continental physicians; and Niemeyer, a great authority, seems to have fairly established Addison's claims as an original and accurate observer. In a review of Niemeyer's work (*British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*, April 1870), it is stated that "Dr Addison, perhaps, did more than any one else in England to advance the doctrine of 'pneumonic phthisis.'" In the same *Review* (April 1871), when noticing the New Sydenham Society's publications, it is remarked: "The translator, Dr Bœumler, has done justice to our countryman, Dr Thomas Addison, by noting that at a period when Laennec's teaching had just commenced to dominate over the pathology of lung diseases, this independent observer arrived at and firmly held the opinion which has in more recent times been established by Reinhardt and Virchow and their disciples, and which forms the key-note of these lectures on consumption —namely, that, to use Addison's own words, 'inflammation constitutes the great instrument of destruction in every form of phthisis.'" Among the distinguished physicians in London disposed to support Addison's views both as to phthisis and pneumonia, may be mentioned my eminent friend Dr Andrew Clark.

Considering his early appearance in the field as a supporter of Laennec's views, and his own acknowledged powers of auscultation and diagnosis of chest affections, the profession were hardly prepared for Dr Addison's essay "On the Difficulties and Fallacies attending Physical Diagnosis of Diseases of the Chest," read before the Guy's Physical Society, February 28,

1846. He treated his subject under forty-two propositions, and showed that in the medical profession all truly valuable and practicable knowledge is only to be attained by a proportionate sacrifice of time and labour. He concluded his essay by modestly trusting that the difficulties and fallacies which he had to encounter might not prove so embarrassing to other stethoscopists. After passing a high eulogium on Laennec—who, like all original discoverers, had to encounter his full share of doubt and denial, misrepresentation and ridicule — and expressing his regret that the cause of the French physician had sustained more serious injury from indiscreet and indiscriminate advocacy than from the most determined hostility, he writes: "Credulity may be less unamiable than scepticism; we may be disposed to regard the former as an infirmity untainted by selfishness, whilst we look upon the latter as too often blended with envy, hatred, or malice; still are they alike opposed to the advancement of truth. In the present instance, indeed, the man of science may be permitted to dissent from the moralist, since scepticism, whatever shape it may assume, or from whatever motives it may proceed, serves but to provoke discussion, to encourage inquiry, and to subject all novel pretensions to the searching test of repeated and careful experiment; whereas, the tendency of an easy belief is just as certainly to create and strengthen prejudice, to engender misguided enthusiasm, and to pervert or suspend the exercise of that calmer judgment so essential to the honest and impartial investigation of facts."

Among other valuable and original contributions

of Dr Addison's to British medical literature may be noted, "Observations on Fatty Degeneration of the Liver;" "Certain Affections of the Skin;" "On the Disorders of the Brain connected with Diseased Kidneys;" and "On the Influence of Electricity as a Remedy in certain Convulsive and Spasmodic Diseases." The general aim and purport of this memoir forbids the discussion of these and other subjects so strictly technical; suffice it to say, that Addison threw considerable light on each and all of the medical questions that came under his observation. Preciseness, originality, and deep research marked all his works, physiological or pathological; and thoroughly verified the motto heading this biographical sketch, "Nihil quod tetigit, non ornavit."

Dr Addison deserved high place among the chief men of his times, whilst in the capacity of physician he stood second to none of his order in an age unusually prolific of men of true eminence. In personality, be it feature or type that shows character he was imposing and grand. No one could mistake the lofty bearing of the man, and his gentlemanly demeanour, exalted by a natural self-esteem, yet guarded pride.

> "Active and nervous was his gait; his limbs
> And his whole figure breathed intelligence."

He looked a man at all points—nay, character was manifest in every inch of his make. Perfect in build, of commanding presence and firm significant step, he possessed a keen penetrativeness—indeed, a special discernment that never failed him in private life, and but rarely at the bedside of the sick. He stood before you the impersonation of power and

dignity and independence. With an active and ardent mind, the noble purpose was his; and he manifested it in looks and in words, not less in the discharge of his professional duty. Enjoying the force that attends a redundance of vitality, he was capable of constancy of purpose in any pursuit he chose to adopt, and in his own walk assuredly achieved lasting fame. He was largely endowed both mentally and physically, and his many years of arduous investigation of disease proved the good use he made of Nature's gifts.

The portrait of Dr Addison presented in this volume is taken from Mr Towne's excellent bust, occupying a prominent place in the Pathological Museum of Guy's Hospital. Every feature of Addison's face was well defined, and comported well with his finely-proportioned massive head. He had dark hair, large eyebrows, and eyes of deep hazel colour; his nose was pronounced, his lips full and voluble and rather special in action, and his chin firm and broad; and his general physiognomy was stamped with vigour and unmistakable character throughout. The disciples of Gall and Spurzheim would have rejoiced to point out his highly-developed perceptive faculties, well balanced by those of causation and comparison, with their manifestations of function in Addison, as corroborative of the views of the phrenological school. He had a deep penetrating eye, not educible by sculpture or perhaps pictorial art, that became full of life and light when engaged in debate. The more active cerebral manifestation found expression in his eyes and a certain muscular movement of the lips, a facial expression

difficult to define in a man of such emphatic character.

Few men entered the profession so well qualified to promote its interests, and none could be more zealous to advance its repute as a special department of science. To Addison his profession offered boundless attractions: it was the sum and substance of his daily life; and these hourly thoughts pursued him into the night, and shadowed forth the temper of his dreams. The *Ars Medicinæ* was not with him merely a calling or means to an end, but full of purpose grand and ennobling. At times its higher proclamation raised in him a spirit of mental adoration that in part simulated certain forms of Eastern devotion.

He would extol the progress of all sciences in a manner that befitted his full rhetoric; but the real earnestness of the man was still held as a *corps de reserve* as long as the science spoken of did not embrace in its application the advancement of medicine. A more devoted son of Esculapius than Addison could not be met with in these latter days of progressive England. He was of the type of Boerhaave, Sydenham, and Hunter, exemplars of the best of their order in the past of medical history. As a lecturer and teacher of practical medicine he probably had no rival in Britain, and on personal knowledge of some extent I question much if any of his contemporaries on the Continent surpassed him in that notably special walk.

Addison was disposed to poise all things in the medical balance, the scales of which bore the stamp of Guy's Hospital—the weights, the *drachmæ* and

grana, being his own; and perhaps in the days of Richard Bright, Thomas Addison, and Aston Key, no more correct standard of practical medicine and surgery prevailed in Britain. Addison *per se* personified Medical Justice not in her blindfoldedness, for his was the eager scan that could detect the nice adjustment and fractional disturbance of the equilibrium; and his was no less the generous spirit that could award honour to whom honour was due. The use of the figurative recalls to my mind that Addison oft advocated the balance, the practical import of which in developing the science of modern chemistry was well known, and hoped the day might come when the same accuracy would be extended to the elucidation of physiological and pathological phenomena.

If he hailed in medicine a noble study, he was not less ready to admit the doubts and difficulties besetting its pursuit and application. Patience, perseverance, and large observation, he maintained, were essential to the acquirement of medical knowledge; and even in the hands of the most intelligent cultivators of the art, only leading men to the threshold of the temple within which the honours of discovery might some day be found.

His habit of exact observation was not misled by mistaking effects for causes, and he had the art of divining what was essential and what was mainly incidental in the history of a case. Whilst every one admitted his unrivalled diagnostic powers, a notion prevailed that he had too much disposition to rest there, and to give less heed to the treatment of disease. This opinion may have grounds of support, but it does not accord with my own observation of Addison. Ex-

cept in urgent cases, he seemed averse to heroic remedies, and the risk of aggravating the disease by any undue interference, but rather sought the removal of disturbing agencies to give free scope to the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, by which, in the vast majority of instances, normal and healthy action could be restored. Each day adds to the number of those who prefer more or less of the "expectant method" to the constant meddling that guided our forefathers in medical treatment; and wisely too, if I dare presume to offer an opinion based on some experience of the modes practised in the North, and especially among country practitioners, in whose hands the use of the lancet and the administration of calomel and antimony went far to strengthen the dictum of Dr James Johnson (*Medico-Chirurgical Review*), that more people died of the doctor than of disease.

The facility with which Dr Addison read disease on the countenance of his patients was a striking thing to behold. He seemed to possess the divining rod, so great was his intuitive vision of the workings of morbid action. How much might be said on the extraordinary abilities and critical acumen distinguishing him from all his contemporaries! suffice it to say, that in the case of a gentleman who had consulted some excellent authorities in London, none of whom could agree regarding the nature of the malady, Addison was called in to solve the problem. He applied his unrivalled diagnostic powers for an hour, and then declared his positive opinion that the patient suffered from a special disease affecting the supra renal capsules, whose functions in the adult, marvellous to say, had never been discovered. The astonish-

ment of his brethren may be understood by the fact that no such disease had ever been heard of, and if it existed, so small and insignificant in structure was the organ itself that it could hardly be supposed to influence health, much less cause death. Addison, however, held by his opinion, and diagnosed a speedy termination of the disease. The patient died, and the disease predicted, and that *alone*, was found! Medical London rang with the news that Addison had made *another* extraordinary diagnosis. The affection, new to the world, was soon traced both at home and abroad; and the French physicians, headed by Trousseau, named it after its discoverer, *La Maladie d'Addison* (Morbus Addisonii), and doubtless as long as medicine has a history the description of *Addison's Disease* will be found recorded in its pages.

Guy's Hospital had long had a deservedly high reputation, to which Sir Astley Cooper, Dr Bright, and others lent additional lustre; but some are of opinion that Addison, single-handed, raised a higher column than any of his predecessors of the present century. He was admitted to be one of the most impressive teachers of his day, and assuredly popular among the students, many of whom were attracted to Guy's on his account alone. He raised the tone of the hospital in various ways, not less by his own indefatigable will and superior sagacity, than by his infusing into the young minds around him a noble professional ardour. He showed a painstaking interest in his class, and endeavoured to evoke the talents and aim of every individual member of it. His mode of instruction was well fitted to

develop the latent worth of the aspiring student, and his example could not fail to reproach the idle and apathetic to be found in every great school of medicine.

How many men coming under the immediate eye of Addison rose to distinction, and frankly owned their success in professional life to his good guidance! Some of his prominent disciples are gone, like Dr Golding Bird, to the same bourne as their master; others, happily, remain to us, of whom there is no better type and example than my friend Sir William Gull, Bart., to testify to the excellent training of their worthy chief. Great in himself, he strove to make others great; and hailed with pleasure the introduction of fresh blood into the hospital, hoping thereby to see the wave of fame rising higher and higher with the increasing years in its history as a medical school.

The pathological department of Guy's Hospital, so illustrative of every branch, and so applicable to teaching purposes and the interest of the medical student, bears Addison's stamp upon it in all but the strictly surgical divisions. His early predilection for the study of skin diseases led him to suggest the formation of wax models and carefully-coloured drawings for special illustration of dermoid affections, and the same mode of illustration was adopted through the whole series of pathological inquiry.

In lecturing on Materia Medica he gained the highest favours as a London teacher; but in practice of medicine, and above all, in clinical medicine, a branch of the healing art that fairly tests both the character and the experience of the physician, and not less his descriptive powers and accuracy of thought,

Addison may be said without exaggeration to have equalled if not surpassed all men of his time. It required a rare combination of talents to reach this exalted position in a metropolitan medical school. Years of study and application—resting on hourly observation of disease, from its first inroads to its pathological termination—a large intuitive faculty, strengthened by trained powers of philosophising, were essential; and these, again, had to be supplemented by the clear interpretation resting on certainty of belief, and expressed with the force that well-directed language can confer.

Dr Addison was highly sensitive to any interference with his declared opinions on hospital affairs, and especially in the clinical wards, where he ruled supreme. An instance may be cited. Addison had been absent from Guy's for a few days, and one of his colleagues in charge of his wards thought fit to change the treatment of a case of pleurisy. The clinical clerk, to Addison's inquiry regarding this change, replied that Dr —— looked upon the case as one of pneumonia and solidification. "Ah, indeed!" said Addison, "give me a trocar;" and no sooner said than done, the trocar was plunged into the chest, and a few ounces of fluid drawn off to make certain the accuracy of his own diagnosis. Those who knew Addison's manner —as incisive as the finest Eastern blade—would like to have witnessed his expression on the occasion, and his no less prompt surgical solution of the medical problem. Placed in his position, most men would have gone over the signs of pleurisy and pneumonia as a lesson to his pupils; but this did not suit the temperament of Addison, who, in cutting the Gordian

knot in true Macedonian fashion, left a profound impress on the minds of his class.

The fertility of Addison's mind came visibly before me in the autumn of 1860, when his kind widow forwarded for my examination and use all his manuscripts. I should gladly have spent some months in digesting and epitomising his arduous labours, but all my efforts to unravel his semi-hieroglyphics proved unavailing. It cannot be otherwise than a source of regret, to all who knew the bent and genius of the man, that Addison did not find time to give the world a *résumé* of his thirty-six years' experience in one of the largest and most complete of London hospitals. No man in England was more capable of writing a standard work on practical medicine, based on observations and facts closely scrutinised and clinically set forth, and as clearly capable of being reduced to a correct generalisation. It has been well said by Dr Wilks of his teacher, Dr Addison, "that nothing short of a laborious investigation of clinical facts, and the pathological corroboration of them, could satisfy his accuracy and rigid causality."

He of all others had the art of presenting a life-like character to his definition of disease. In his terse and forcible way the pathognomonic signs and other descriptive forms stood out as great landmarks to the student of the phenomena of disease. Possessing the very manner that knowledge directed by a comprehensive mind can confer, Addison carried the pupils of Guy's as if by subtle traction, making the path of their inquiries not the less agreeable by offering the results of his information in language as clear as oral prelections could be given.

Dr Addison was a musician, and required but small experience to enable him to play on any musical instrument. He was slightly deaf in one ear, and, as is not uncommon, had acute hearing in the other. His good ear, trained to stethoscopic purposes, in part aided his diagnosis of lung and heart diseases. Fortunate it was so, as he is credited with being among the first to bestow attention upon Laennec's discoveries, and to express his belief in their value, when some of the heads of the profession were disposed to smile at the Frenchman's new mode of diagnosis—nay, to cast heaps of ridicule upon the "new-fangled instrument."

Addison was thoroughly patriotic; he loved England and her time-honoured institutions. Though non-demonstrative on public questions, and much too wise to forsake his science for the bubble reputation and political plaudits of the hour, he was a zealous adherent of the Tory school; not approving, however, of the bigotry of Eldon, much less of the shifting policy of Disraeli. His mind was too generous to rest with the *status quo* of the former, and his dread of equality much too strong to sanction the "leaps in the dark" by which the masses were admitted to privileges, the exercise of which implied the previous possession of intelligence and worth. Loyal to the throne, the church, and constitution, he would have valiantly defended them all with his last breath; but had he been an actor in repelling the Volsci from the shores of England, he would not have appeared in the forum, showing the wounds obtained in his country's service, to win civic approval through the fitful voice of noisy demagogues. His own part would have been

that of the noble Coriolanus. There was not a trace of the *ad captandum vulgus* in his nature, but rather an indication of *hauteur* arising from conscious superiority and dignity. As his patriotism was sincere, and would in case of need have been sacrificial, he contemned the spouting leaders of the rabble, whose assumed patriotism fairly came under Samuel Johnson's definition of being the last refuge of scoundrelism.

Whatever had been his position in life, be it senatorial or military, clerical or legal, he would have shone among the best. He had brain power without stint, love of approbation, self-esteem, and a worthy ambition that soared no higher than its wings could sustain; and this was a lofty height, nobly attained in the profession of his choice.

Addison would have been a power in the Senate, and a leader to claim respect, defending his colours with surpassing ability and manly commanding rhetoric. His high-mindedness would never have allowed him to tamper with well-established principles, or to make any compromise for the purpose of a party gain at the risk of losing an iota of party integrity, and that more valued consideration in his eyes, personal honour and uprightness.

He would have wielded the sword with a will and a power; and prompted by an ardent patriotism, achieved glory worthy of Nicholson at Delhi in the service of his country. How Addison's heart was touched by the Crimean War and the record of military deeds! As you looked upon his martial attitude and read his sympathy with the pursuit of arms, both so declarative of his readiness for the fight, you were

led to believe that the army would have offered a field as congenial to his powers as that of medicine.

Had he sought divinity, and found scope for his energies in the Established Church, the integrity of which he always sought to uphold, he would have adorned the English pulpit with a rare eloquence; whilst his innate zeal and high purpose would have proved exemplary and winning far beyond parochial bounds. He had certain intellectual affinities with both Paley and Arnold, and might have rivalled them in the history of his Church. But be the walk chosen ever so arduous, Addison having entered the lists would have won his spurs against all comers. To him competition was life, and difficulties but fresh ground for the display of his energies and the fuller development of his intellectual grasp.

Dr Addison was a man of unimpeachable honour and integrity. There was no swerving in the direction of his path, no diplomatic seekings after position and place; and not a tinge of quackery in his dealings with the profession. Could the same high standard of character been meted out to all the sons of Esculapius as to Addison, no legislative measures and no ethico-medical societies would have been required. Charlatanism, medical factions and intrigues, received no unsparing condemnation at his hands. When some of the medical journals thirty years ago issued biographical sketches of living authors, he was applied to for information. He refused point-blank to give any countenance to what he called puffery. It was argued that Sir B. Brodie and others had sanctioned the procedure, and in some measure written their own biography. No matter, he would not.

Whatever gains might have accrued from the publicity of his well-earned reputation, he would not consent to weave his own laurel wreaths. All honour to the Cumbrian who could take so manly, so honourable, and so independent a course!

In September 1847 Dr Addison was married at Lanercost Church to Elizabeth Catherine, widow of W. W. Hauxwell, Esq. A few friends accompanied him and his bride from the Banks to the ancient church, where an incident occurred worth noting. The storm of the early morning had destroyed part of the roof of the edifice, and this had fallen upon the altar table, a circumstance unknown when Addison and myself walked into the church before the others. On seeing the *débris* of lath and plaster in place of the altar, Addison clutched my arm and said, "Good God, Lonsdale! is this not ominous?" Seeing that his countenance betrayed his feelings, I remarked, "Doctor Addison, you are too much of a philosopher to heed the results of a gale of wind upon an old dilapidated roof; besides, any part of the building will do for the ceremony." The rest of the party coming in, and the smiling bride joining in the laugh over the *contretemps*, the doctor regained his natural expression, and all went off satisfactorily. In the course of the day, however, he reverted to it, showing that a tinge of superstition remained. The shivered altar proved no barrier to a happy wedded life of thirteen years' duration. There was no issue. Mrs Addison, an extremely agreeable person, survived her husband nearly twelve years, and died in May 1872.

Addison relied too much upon his hospital work, and too little on the publicity to be gained in other

directions. Had he contributed some of his researches to the medical journals, or got his lectures reported therein, he would have been better known both at home and abroad. The published reports of Guy's Hospital, however excellent, were far from being universally read, hence much of his work never reached the eyes of the profession. And it is only of late years that the value of his work has come to be known and appreciated.

All his writings bear the high stamp of power and originality, and there is no reason to doubt of their continued permanency in the annals of British medicine. He attached most weight to his quarto volume on the "Constitutional and Local Effects of Disease of the Supra Renal Capsules" (1855, Samuel Highley, London), containing several coloured illustrations, by which work he is best known in the Continental schools. Great as a teacher, it is fair to presume that had he bestowed more attention on the culture of medical literature, his fame as a physician would have found larger acknowledgment wherever medicine was pursued with philosophic aim over the civilised globe.

Though looked upon as a proud and haughty spirit, Dr Addison was nervous and timid. Others as well as myself have heard him say that he never addressed a meeting, even of the Physical Society at Guy's, where he was surrounded by his pupils, without being more or less disconcerted on first rising. Dr Wilks, the esteemed colleague of Addison,* properly

* "A Collection of the Published Writings of the late Thomas Addison, M.D." Edited for the New Sydenham Society, London, by Dr Wilks and Dr Daldy.

observes: "In what degree a resoluteness of expression, and an undue energy of manner, is unconsciously adopted to cloak a covert *physical* nervousness, no one but the wearer of the cloak can fully estimate. We have reason to know that Addison suffered most acutely from this physical enervation. No doubt Addison was credited with great physical and moral energy without recognising that a quick, hasty, and impassioned manner of expression is not unfrequently the result of a deficient controlling power. We know that his mind was to the last degree susceptible, and that, although wearing the outward garb of resolution, he was, beyond most other men, most liable to sink under trial. We lay some stress upon this peculiarity for the purpose of vindicating his character from the unamiable spirit which we have heard sometimes laid to his charge.

Speaking of Addison's *disposition*, Dr Wilks justly observes: "Viewed in its professional aspect, no character on record has presented in a higher degree the sterling hard qualities of true professional honesty. We have never heard a single instance in which a word of disparagement against a professional brother escaped him. He would always strenuously, and with all his natural vigour, maintain what he believed to be the truth, but never for the purpose of underrating the opinions of others. His whole bearing in the profession was to the last degree honourable, and anything like jealousy or ill-will against another professional man never entered his mind."

Dr Addison did not attain the position in the metropolis that was really due to his transcendent merits as a physician and man of honour. He was highly

esteemed by his colleagues, and almost idolised by the students of Guy's Hospital; and these were among the most gratifying circumstances in his medical career. He was elevated by the leading men in the profession of London to the presidential chair of the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society, a position he filled ably and creditably. There were, however, other avenues to distinction in the eyes of the medical and general public to which he was not called: one only need be adverted to. He received no favours at the hands of the Court—yet who in the profession was better entitled to a share of the honorary distinctions at its disposal? Looking back thirty years ago to the list of physicians in high places, there need be no hesitation in frankly saying, that Addison compared well with the best of the profession. Had he been the adviser of the Court, there would have been no such error of diagnosis as marked the Flora Hastings case; and possibly less reason for foreigners of medical note inquiring the modes of elevation to queenly appointments in England. If he obtained neither Court preferment, nor all that he deserved at the hands of his countrymen, he reaped honours abroad, where partiality could only arise from a full knowledge of his merits as an original observer and discoverer. Being called upon to make a professional visit to one of the Rothschild family in Paris, he met with the most cordial acknowledgment of the great men of the French capital. Messieurs Trousseau, Nelaton, and all the *élite* of the profession attended a public dinner in his honour; and the exalted opinion entertained of Addison as a medical discoverer was enhanced by the force and eloquence of his reply to

"the toast of the evening," which he spoke in admirable French. So spontaneous and hearty a reception as Addison met with at the hands of his French contemporaries had seldom if ever been accorded to any English physician.

His health had been as usual till the winter session of 1859–60, when symptoms indicative of incipient brain disease compelled him to retire from hospital duties, and to seek the sea-breezes of Brighton, where he remained till his death on the 5th July. A letter of condolence had been addressed to him by his pupils, and he replied in the following affectionate words:—

"*March* 17, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR,—A considerable break-down in my health has scared me from the anxieties, responsibilities, and excitement of the profession: whether temporarily or permanently cannot yet be determined; but whatever may be the issue, be assured that nothing was better calculated to soothe me than the kind interest manifested by the pupils of Guy's Hospital during the many trying years devoted to that institution.

"I can truly affirm that I ever found my best support and encouragement in the generous gratitude and affectionate attachment, as well as my proudest reflections, in the honourable and most exemplary conduct of its pupils. Present my sincere regards and best wishes to every one of them, and believe me,

"Yours truly and affectionately,

"THOMAS ADDISON.

"E. GALTON, Esq."

The disease referred to above continued to progress, and produced an amount of excitement that eventually proved fatal to poor Addison on the 29th June 1860. His remains were brought to Lanercost, and interred there on the 5th July, as already described. A suitable tombstone, recording his name

and age, and thirty-six years' physicianship to Guy's Hospital, is erected over his remains.

On the western wall of the abbey is a tablet erected by his widow, and inscribed :—

"In memory of THOMAS ADDISON, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London, and late President of the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society of England. He was during 37 years Physician and Lecturer at Guy's Hospital, London, the duties of which position he performed in a manner to secure to himself eminence in his profession, and the gratitude of his numerous pupils. To his talents and industry that school is mainly indebted for the celebrity it has attained. He died 29th June 1860, aged 68 years. His body is interred near the north-eastern corner of the adjoining churchyard. This tablet is erected by his widow, Elizabeth Catherine Addison, March 1862."

In the Pathological Museum of Guy's Hospital—a collection, it may be observed, which he enriched so greatly during his long term of office as physician to the institution—is the admirable bust of Dr Addison by Joseph Towne.

On the pedestal the following inscription is placed :—

"THOMÆ ADDISON, M.D., *qui ingenis et moribus insignis, scholæ huic medicæ diu et honeste prefuit effigiem hanc marmoream Collegæ Sui debito honore prosequentes statuere*, MDCCCLXII."

A marble tablet is placed in the chapel of Guy's Hospital with the following inscription :—

"In memory of
THOMAS ADDISON, M.D.,
For 36 years Physician and Lecturer at this Hospital,
Who died 29th June 1860, aged 68 years.
Whilst earning for himself by his discoveries
A distinguished place in the records of Medical Science,
He no less affectionately secured,
Through the able and zealous discharge of his duties
At this Institution,

The attachment and esteem of the Patients and the Students.
As Lecturer, he attracted the admiration
And won the confidence of the latter by his profound
Knowledge and earnest eloquence.
As Physician, he was beloved by the former
For the unwearied attention and kindness with which
He devoted his eminent talents to the
Cure of their ailments
Or the relief of their sufferings."

I am informed that one of the medical wards in the new wing of Guy's is named "Addison Ward." All these tributes to his memory conclusively establish the high repute in which he was held by the ruling authorities of Guy's Hospital; and assuredly of the many excellent men who have figured in the annals of that famed school, none surpassed Dr Thomas Addison in real ability and worth.

In concluding this inadequate notice, I cannot help recalling my last day with Addison at Banks House, on the eve of his departure for London in September 1859. It was Sunday, the atmosphere clear and balmy, and the sun descending when we walked upon the lawn in front of the family residence.

"How pleasant, as the sun declines, to view
The spacious landscape change in form and hue!"

Looking from this high position, we commanded one of the most extensive and picturesque views in Cumberland: there the Irthing, in its winding course from St Mary's Holme along the vale—the wooded banks, the castle and park of Naworth, backed by the purply heath-covered fells—the ruins of Lanercost Priory lying in umbrageous repose—the meadows and flocks and rich harvest-fields; then more to the west, the richly expansive vale

of the Eden, the ancient city of Carlisle, its Castle and Cathedral; and towards the horizon the Solway Firth, like a line of light traversing Burgh Marsh, and lofty Criffel in the extreme distance. The setting sun shone gloriously, lighting up the beauties of the scene. Addison looked upon it with intense delight, and, as if prophetically impressed with its being the *Omega* of his home joys, exclaimed, "What can be more heavenly than this?"

Yours truly
H. L. Pattison

HUGH LEE PATTINSON.

BORN A.D. 1796. DIED A.D. 1858.

"The mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands."—LORD BACON.

THE wedge-shaped portion of territory at the south-eastern extremity of Cumberland, abutting on the county of Durham, and separating the counties of Northumberland and Westmoreland, constitutes the district of Alston Moor. No part of inhabited Cumberland surpasses Alston Moor in bold, rugged, and mountainous character; it includes the northern portion of the old "British Alps" or Apennines, now designated the Penine chain of hills, extending from Derbyshire to the northern counties of England; and has its western defence in one of the highest of these—Crossfell, 2900 feet above the level of the sea. Being so inaccessible, few travellers cared to visit Alston, and those who ventured so far from the beaten path of tourists got the notion of perpetual mists prevailing in its valleys, and perpetual snow resting on its highest summits. Thus a county historian, at the close of the last century, described the town of Alston* as "a small market town meanly built, situated at the declivity of

* Aldstone, Aldeston, and other varieties of spelling used to prevail; the modern mode is Alston.

a steep hill, inhabited by miners. The fatigue of passing bad roads was in nowise alleviated by the scene which presented itself here. Pent in a narrow valley, over which mountains frowned with a melancholy sterility and nakedness; the wind tempestuous, impending clouds stretching forth a dark and disconsolate curtain over the face of morning, rain beating vehemently against the windows, which were not able to resist the storm; a few trees standing near the inn tossed by the heavy blasts which howled down the valley: such were the objects which presented themselves to us at Aldston. . . . We might be bold to challenge Derbyshire or even Cornwall to produce so peculiarly a wild spot as Aldston Moor; where all that the earth produces is from its bowels, and where the people also are so generally subterraneous."

Alston Moor, however, claims a place in history. In constructing the greatest of all their works in Britain—the Wall and Vallum of Hadrian and Severus, extending from the German Ocean to the Solway Firth—the Romans were in close proximity to Alston Moor, and most probably knew of its metallic treasures; at any rate, they made a military road, known as the "Maiden Way," that traverses the district from the Great Wall towards Westmoreland and the south. After the Romans came St Augustine and his forty missionaries, who achieved the miraculous feat of expelling the demons of the storms, from which Fiends' Fell had its ancient name, and of erecting upon it a cross, a belief that led to the modern name of Crossfell.

The chief interest attached to Alston Moor is its possessing rich lead-mines. These mines were worked

in the days of the last of the Norman kings, and have continued in operation to the present time. In the twelfth century there was a mint at Carlisle, and in the year 1226 the Northumberland Pipe Roll contains a charge of £2154 for "the rent of the Mine of Carlisle," which is identified with the Alston Mine by a record of 1356 A.D., and another of 1414 A.D.

In the year 1768 there were 119 lead-mines in the parish of Alston, 103 of which were held on leases under Greenwich Hospital; and in the last decade of the eighteenth century the clear yearly produce of the Alston mines was stated at £16,000, and the number of persons employed in the mines at 1100. The quantity of land under tillage in the whole parish of Alston did not exceed 100 acres in the year 1796, when the population, independent of the 1100 miners, was calculated to be 4500; and in the same year a boy named Pattinson was born in Alston, who lived to raise the reputation of his native place, and to contribute no small amount of wealth to the kingdom at large. His life and character form the subject of this memoir.

Hugh Pattinson* was born on Christmas Day 1796, when the "Waits," with their violins and flageolets and rural carols, heralded the morn, and lent soothing influences to the expectant mother. His birth came auspiciously at the great feast of the year when the Yule log blazed on the hearth, and the larder was replenished; when dried legs of mutton, wheat-flour

* The name is spelled Patison in the records of the Society of Friends; sometimes you find Pattison and Pattinson, and occasionally Paterson—all synonyms. The modern spelling, Pattinson, is retained in this memoir, as it is generally in use in Alston district and elsewhere.

cakes, currants, and honey, displaced the ordinary fare of bacon, oatmeal porridge, and barley bread. Hugh was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth; moreover, at his advent, Alston Moor was still living in the age of horn spoons, pewter plates, and brown pottery ware. Rough and substantial fare was needed to rear the sons of toil, men of bone and sinew coping with the hardships of manual labour, burrowing the earth for its uncertain yield, and living among the fells, the habitat of wild game and black-faced sheep.

The population of Alston Moor consisted chiefly of miners; customary tenants of small holdings of land; and here and there a yeoman, or "bit of a statesman," who managed his own acres: the market town had its shopkeepers and artisans. The miners were thrifty men, with a good deal of rough practical intelligence, and that kind of independence that is not altogether devoid of rudeness of manner. Shrewd and apt in remark, they were not without a large share of prejudice, superstition, and profanity of speech.

The Pattinsons were a family of Quakers, sober-minded people of good repute, residing in the little town of Alston. Thomas, the father of Hugh, kept a shop for groceries, drapery, and other goods suited to the requirements of a working population. It is probable that he also had a share in some mining venture, as was the custom of the Alstonians who had saved money; and who, by the way, often lost it in such precarious speculation. Margaret, the wife of Thomas and mother of Hugh Pattinson, was of the family of Lee, long known in the district as well-to-

do farmers or yeomen. Mrs Pattinson's grandfather, William Lee, was "moor-master" under Lord Derwentwater.

They were respected members of a self-denying religious body. The father showed industry and thrift; the mother was a capital instance of the old school of matronly Quakers, thoughtful, good-tempered, kindly in manner, and full of neighbourly offices; so that Hugh was blessed with a nice guiding hand on the maternal, and to him the most influential, side of the house.

Hugh got his A B Cs with Dame Turnbull, a Quakeress; and his three Rs and some knowledge of mensuration under Mr Guy, who had a private school in the town. He was afterwards at Tirrel school, near Penrith. He reaped great advantage from his parents being of the Society of Friends, all of whom are well taught, neat and orderly in person, and much given to mental improvement. Now exactitude and culture were distinguishing features in Hugh's character from his earliest days. His active brain and sanguine temperament felt the sobering influences arising from his home lessons in industry, and reading, and thoughtfulness. In those days lads were soon turned to practical account, and Hugh was called upon to aid in the management of his father's shop, a service dreary in details and highly distasteful to him all along. With the accession of his teens arose a growing impatience for a definite pursuit more bracing to his nerves than the daily arrangement of small merchandise. He early showed himself to be a lad of good parts, ready to avail himself of any opportunity in his way; but his growing mind was not likely

to rest its nutrition on the sap flowing from the indoctrination of others. He was shrewd and observant, painstaking in effort, and always inquiring after information on all subjects. This thirst for knowledge, and a wish to mingle with his superiors in age, led him to approach the small groups of men who used to meet in the summer evenings in the market-place, or occasionally under the quadrangular roof of the old market-cross, resting their backs against the rude Doric columns supporting its quaint architecture. Listening to their conversation, the little curly-headed boy, with face radiant as his light auburn locks, would interpolate his remark, and now and then call in question both the accuracy and the logic of the statements set forth by men more than twice his age. His method was to sift everything to the very bottom, and nothing less would serve him from infancy upwards to old age. His boyish companions, afraid to approach adult groups, were amazed at his assurance; but Hugh wanted to *know* things, and did eventually come to know very much more than any of his compeers—nay, even to surpass "the oracles" of the market-cross.

Hugh had the elements that go to the formation of character—elements out of which could be raised a right good composite structure, requiring but manly training and fair play to give it breadth and practicability in the world. The drawbacks to his education and progress lay in the isolation of his birthplace, and the stagnation of ideas predominating around him. Material interests naturally ruled the Alston community, and so far wisely and well; but these exclusive tendencies were apt to blunt rather than develop the

faculties of ingenuous youth, and assuredly gave little scope for the higher cultivation of the mind.

In his sixteenth year Hugh lost his worthy father, who died on the 19th May 1812, at the age of fifty-seven years. In the register of the Society of Friends, Thomas Pattinson is described of "Alston town, merchant, and of Allendale monthly meeting;" and his place of burial is further specified as "near the Meeting-house door." Widow Pattinson was left with two sons, Thomas and Hugh. Thomas, her oldest son, was married to Rachael Watson at Allendale meeting-house on the 16th September 1812, and subsequently lived at Allendale Townhead. He died in early manhood, leaving a son and daughter. The former, W. W. Pattinson, manifesting great ability for "manufacturing science," rose to be the manager of the Felling Chemical Works, of which he has been for many years an active partner. On her son Thomas leaving her, Mrs Pattinson had but one prop to her house, her loving son Hugh, and what to do with his precocious ability oft puzzled her. She was content to go on with the business, but she clearly saw that he was meant for something higher and better.

Hugh outshone his schoolfellows in many ways, and enjoyed special repute as the only youth in the town who could measure the extent of the drift in mines; and in this capacity he earned useful cash, and more useful credit for ability. The miners, it should be explained, were in the habit of labouring for long periods on a weekly-subsistence payment, and then had their work, say for three or even six months, measured and paid for accordingly. It was on these

settling-days at Alston, when hundreds of men had to be paid in gold and silver brought from Newcastle, that an armed protective force of the money-bags became needful across the hilly country. The arrival of the *posse comitatus* of musketeers and golden liveries was a great day for Alston.

For a time Hugh served something like an apprenticeship to a joiner; but on acquiring a tolerable use of the carpenter's tools, he abandoned it in favour of more delicate mechanical operations, where skill and knowledge should play a larger part. In mending and in the construction of clocks and watches he showed considerable ingenuity, and in the belief that this artisanship was his *forte*, formed a sort of co-partnery with George Greenwell, a watch and clock maker in Alston. Hugh was obliging, ingenious, and clever, hence his services were in demand in the adjustment of household contrivances of various sorts, or other "natty" work that baffled ordinary artisans. In time he came to be looked upon as a lad of genius who could turn his hand to the most cunning work.

Like all youths who could work with a will and a success, he had time for leisure and play. His companionship was much solicited on account of his superior ability—indeed, the best-educated lads of Alston and its vicinity thronged to his side.

In his early adolescence he established a debating society, consisting of a dozen or more young persons, whose meetings were held in the upper room of his mother's house. He was the life and soul of the society, and it throve vigorously under his direction. His good mother doted on Hugh, and when she got a hint from some of his companions that he was likely

to address the meeting, she crept near the door to hear him, and this was a great satisfaction to the maternal heart. She saw in him a lad of real promise, and took interest in all his doings, watching over him ever so tenderly. Though more than once afraid of the third storey of her house parting company from the rest of the building under his blastings and hot furnaces, she never could say "nay" to his experimental efforts.

His industry was indefatigable; then he was so clear-headed, and ready to grasp any theoretical opinions and reduce them to practice. With a fine perception and a facile hand, he was doubly armed in the cause of knowledge: such rare advantages bore their true fruit in his constructing apparatus of various kinds to illustrate the doctrines of science, and to prove their practical operation and utility. Given a moiety of information, which some men possessed and could not extend, and he would make up a whole. To him the history of a subject was nothing unless rendered complete to his comprehension.

It was a proud day to Mrs Pattinson when the curiosity of her neighbours was excited to visit her up-stairs room, for the purpose of examining the electrical machine that Hugh had constructed in his seventeenth year; and prouder still was she to see her young electrician sitting on an isolated stool, like a magician in his weird's circle, whom nobody could approach without drawing a spark from him. What a lad, and what wonders! Well might the fond mother be puzzled by so strange a phenomenon. Did Hugh borrow his work from studying an instrument in the possession of the Alston doctor? or had

he picked up a stray volume of an encyclopædia treating of electricity, and mastered the leading principles, like the Fifeshire lad, John Leslie, who, similarly favoured, laid the foundation of a fame that was recognised by the world of science?

Hugh studied the works of Gall and Spurzheim on phrenology along with a young medical student of Alston, and for a time would examine the heads of his companions and friends with the view of testing the new psychological doctrines.

An opinion has prevailed that Hugh received his first impetus in the direction of chemistry from listening to a lecture on the subject at Alston. His companion, Mr John Pattinson, has no remembrance of this; and it is curious, if true, as a lecturer of the itinerating class would no doubt try to astonish the natives by his doctrinal exposition, his detonations, and sensational devices. The only lecturer heard of in Hugh's juvenile period was William Martin, a brother of John Martin the great painter, who, by the way, styled himself in his public announcements a "professor and philosopher,* and whose lecture was as high-flown and grandiose as his assumed titles. Hugh had as much faith in his own knowledge as the peripatetic philosopher, and did not attend. Martin had heard something of Hugh's powers, and when his lecture was disturbed by some noisy lads outside the premises

* "Philosopher Martin" recalls an itinerant lecturer on electricity, hailing from Newcastle thirty years ago, who experimented successfully, and gave very practical expositions of the ordinary phenomena of the science, but whose self-esteem and candour were fully shown when, after describing an experiment and the explanations in vogue, he would say, "Dr Faraday thinks or affirms so and so, but *h*us and *h*uther philosophers don't agree with him on the subject."

of the Turk's Head, where he was holding forth, he got angry and said the disturbance was caused by a young Alstonian, evidently meaning but not naming Hugh Pattinson, whose rivalry he seemed to fear!

The mining operations, the smelting and other chemical processes carried on in the district, afforded a large field of inquiry upon which he would gladly have embarked; but where were the means to guide his hands, or the science that was essential to the exact interpretation of the phenomena around him? Much cosmogony and mystery ruled the Alstonian mind; but Hugh looked with anxious gaze for more tangible ideas of the physical structure of bodies, their actions and reactions upon each other, also their composition and uses. Now, the knowledge he aimed at was either locked up in the laboratory of the chemist or clothed in the vernacular of expensive octavo volumes; and to him both were pretty much alike inaccessible. Probably some simple treatise or catechism of his young Esculapian friend's gave him a clue to elementary chemistry, and at a very early age; moreover, his chemical *penchant* bore direct home, and was almost entirely confined to metallurgy. He attempted a laboratory up-stairs, erected furnaces and other apparatus for manipulating lead ores to a new purpose; he also constructed an engine, the motive power of which should be not steam but gunpowder. The latter effort proved rather too fiery an ordeal, and though he saved his person and limbs, he nearly blew up the roof and gable of his mother's dwelling. "Nothing venture, nothing win," was Hugh's motto, and he stuck firmly to it during the days of his self-

dependence and long-continued search after the laws of mechanics and chemistry.

At the age of eighteen years Hugh Pattinson fell in love, and showed right good taste in selecting for that love the prettiest girl around Alston. Her name was Phœbe Walton. The Waltons, a hearty lot of fellsiders, were small landed proprietors, and long held the estate called "The Nest." Phœbe's grandfather, John Walton, was a liberal-minded, jolly personage, who took a leading part in all the sports and fun of Alston Moor, and was known as "the old Cock of the Nest." He held large shares in mines, and when he and his partners found a good vein of ore, they brewed a peck of punch in its honour!—generally on the Saturday or pay nights of the miners. Unfortunately this jollification of the laird's was apt to extend over Sunday and Monday—nay, Tuesday sometimes witnessed his "homeward bound"—and then he feared to encounter the ruffled feathers of his "Nest" mate. Approaching very cannily the threshold by a small flight of steps, he would open the door of the house and cry, "Mary, lass!" then throwing his cocked hat into the kitchen, where he expected his spouse Mary would be sitting in the "doldrums," would ask, "Is that welcome, Mary?" If there was no response after repeating the question, the silver-headed stick followed the cocked hat, and, "Is that welcome then, Mary?" On the first trial of this mode of conciliation on the part of the "Old Cock," who had absented himself for three days, Mary was in no melting mood, and sat silently; finding no welcome, jolly John picked up his head-gear and stick and returned to Alston for another carouse. This was a home lesson not lost on

Mary, who being appealed to on similar occasions, would call to John, standing behind the door, "Come in wi' thee, thou ne'er-dui-weel, and hae some tea!" and all was straight again.

Phœbe Walton was the observed of all observers at church and market, and the *belle* of the happy social meetings in and around Alston at Christmas-tide. She was tall and fair, with beautiful blue eyes; her brown ringlets adorned a splendid complexion; and, in short, she was a fascinating person. Of course she had lots of suitors, and the fact of her sometimes helping her brother, who had a draper's shop in Alston, afforded bashful wooers and blither lads the double opportunity of buying handkerchiefs and courting the fair saleswoman. The coy maiden, pleased with the pretty attentions of handsome fellows, felt all the more indignant that a person of feeble body and feebler mind should solicit her hand in marriage. Being determined to get rid of his importunities, she sought the aid of her brother and his friends—Hugh among the rest—and it was managed that she should feign compliance with "Dicky's" proposal of a Gretna Green marriage. Accordingly the expectant bridegroom hired the best nag and the softest pad for his Phœbe's comfortable sitting behind him, and waited punctually at the trysting-place. The "young doctor," who personified the bride, mounted, and "Dicky," so elated with his prize, could only dwell on the prospective pleasures of bliss without giving a moment's thought to his partner's silence; at length this silence was broken by a burst of laughter that had long been repressed, a sudden descent and flight of the supposed bride! Further

description is uncalled for, as Shakespeare has drawn the picture in his "Merry Wives of Windsor," in the character of Mr Slender finding a "big lubberly boy" instead of his "Mistress Anne Page."

Hugh and Phœbe knew each other from infancy, and were under Dame Turnbull's tuition when he joked her and said she must marry him when the time came. This childish regard of Hugh's found no response in Phœbe when age might have revived his wish; nor did he show her any marked attention till Martinmas 1815, when he had the good sense to declare his love. There were other suitors in the field for the lass with the tocher and good pedigree, but Hugh's abilities were of a winning order, and far eclipsed the efforts of the slow and bucolic competitors in the race for Phœbe Walton. Having faith in the old song, "Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing," the young couple would get married before the end of the year.

A difficulty arose as to the marriage of a Quaker with a Church of England woman. Either Phœbe must become a Quakeress—a procedure to which dancing and gaiety would hardly be a suitable precursor in the eyes of the elders of drab—or Hugh must be brought within the fold of mother Church by adult baptism. The latter mode was deemed best, and on December 23, 1815, the Rev. Benjamin Jackson, vicar of Alston, met Hugh and his friends at the Angel Inn—an appropriate signboard for the occasion of changing, as Cobbett would have said, an "unbaptized," if not "buttonless," fellow into an orthodox Christian—and there performed the ceremony. The novitiate entered the room as Hugh Pattinson; after

baptism* he stood forth Hugh Lee Pattinson, having adopted his mother's maiden name of "Lee" in her honour.

On Christmas Day, Phœbe, attended by a numerous party, rode on her gallant steed from the Nest to Alston through the snow, dressed very gaily in a Leghorn bonnet, white veil, and handsome riding habit, and in the parish church of Alston took Hugh Lee Pattinson as her husband for better or for worse. The bridal party were entertained at Mrs Pattinson's, and it may be added that chocolate was served up at breakfast as a great treat. The bride and bridegroom having both been born on Christmas Day 1796, completed their nineteen years on their marriage-day.

* Hugh Lee Pattinson, on his baptism, was registered in the parish books as a *draper;* but in the baptismal registers of his oldest children, in 1817 and 1818, he is described as *watchmaker;* whilst registering a daughter in 1820, he ranks as *yeoman.*

CHAPTER II.

PATTINSON COMPARED WITH STEPHENSON—LIFE IN ALSTON —A CLERKSHIP AND SOAP-BOILING IN NEWCASTLE—ASSAYIST TO THE GREENWICH HOSPITAL COMMISSIONERS —HIS ORE-HEARTH, AND DISCOVERY OF DESILVERISATION OF LEAD—THE IMPORT OF THIS DISCOVERY TO HIMSELF AND THE NATION.

As his mother and wife could conduct the shop business, Hugh got more freedom for thoughtful study of his favourite subjects—chemistry, electricity, and the higher mechanics. It was up-hill work amid an unlettered population—indeed, few of the present day can realise the difficulties besetting a man in Pattinson's position, having his bread-and-butter existence to maintain whilst he sought a higher platform in the arts or sciences. There were no mechanics' institutes in Alston, no reading-rooms, no libraries, no cheap newspapers, no schools of instruction in arts—in short, no opportunities for mental culture.

His reading and intellectual thoughts oft kept him in bed beyond Alston hours, and his mother would gently chide him for playing the part of the sluggard, to which he would reply, "Well, mother, I was thinking over some things;" these things were his scientific pursuits. Clock and watch making was his ostensible calling, but his walk of industry was pretty nearly as varied as that of the famed George

Stephenson. Indeed, there is not wanting a resemblance both in feature and action in the growing character and pursuits of these two historical men. Stephenson occupied a much lower position in the social scale than Pattinson, and had to practise every economical art to keep soul and body together, whilst Pattinson had been well educated, and always enjoyed the ordinary comforts of life; for what Quaker's domicile was ever wanting in cleanliness and comforts, provender and proprieties? On the other hand, the Alston lad was cabined and confined to the Ultima Thule of England, deriving its support from one source of industry alone; whilst Stephenson was reared amid the busy hives of enterprise, where the horny hand of labour and shrewd sense and ingenuity met with large encouragement; so that the balance was really in favour of the son of Wylam at the early start, as well as his growth, amid circumstances that contributed to the making of the historical and personal man. As this narrative opens out, the reader will have occasion to note some distinctive mental differences in these two able representatives of "Father Tyne"—a popular phrase embodying those clever and practical men who, during the present century, have created Newcastle and its neighbouring towns into a northern school of science, engineering, and commercial enterprise. Both men had to contend against great odds; but, never daunted, they kept the goal of discovery ahead, and in due time reaped their reward. The one gave a stimulus to chemistry in its application to the arts as powerful as it is lasting; the other earned for himself the proudest name in the history of railways, and effected more for the true spirit of civiliza-

tion than all the warriors and bishops who have figured in the annals of England.

Hugh was the rising man around Alston market-cross; his popularity made his company much courted; and his name had become known to the few commercial men who found their way to Alston, and who were glad to meet him at the hostelry, in whose ingle-nook he occasionally proved his mother wit and told his capital stories of the fell-sides. His pretty spouse, who used in her bridal days to dress in her own hair of brown ringlets set off by a bunch of blue ribbon, had been persuaded, on becoming a mother, to mount the white cap, with its simple border, of the matronly Quakeress; and nothing could be more becoming to a fair complexion like Phœbe's, so that Hugh must have been adamant itself to withstand any admonition she might offer, if such were at all required, on the drinking proclivities of the age.

His hours of study made him sensible of a sphere of action outside the confines of Hartside and Crossfell—a world of competition and progress highly conspicuous since the Peace of 1815; a world creative of ideas that sought expansion and growth far beyond the limits of dynastic and ecclesiastical direction. Several notions as to the part he should fulfil in life were floating in his brain, and had his lot been cast in a happier mould of citizenship in one of the large cities or emporiums of commerce, these notions would have earlier taken shape, or found solution and anchorage.

In practising the domestic arts and mechanics that were to yield him bread and butter, and continuing his crude and tentative methods of acquiring chemical

knowledge, he was training his powers of body and mind on the best of models—self-help and perseverance—and proving his capacities for another walk in life. At this period he was like a bit of good ore imbedded in a gangue or matrix—the stony surroundings had to be washed from the more precious metal, and the metal itself ground and polished to adapt it to its proper uses. He had no patron to befriend him, no guiding hand to appeal to amid the difficulties of his pursuit; he had energy and will, and only needed opportunities, but these were not available in the county of his birth. Eastward was Newcastle, the real capital of the north, including the district bordering on the rivers Tyne, Wear, and Tees; and there would Hugh bend his thoughts as offering a field for the development of his intellect, and its cultivation in the future. This feeling no doubt influenced him when he accepted the situation of clerk and assistant to Mr Anthony Clapham, a soap-boiler in Newcastle, about the year 1821, on the stipulated wages of eighteen shillings a week—by the way, occasionally paid in copper coinage—a sum which may be interpreted either as an indication of the state of his finances at the time, or a strong earnestness to seize any chance that offered by which he could cast his lot among the denizens of coaly Tyne.

The operation of soap-boiling implied a knowledge of chemistry, the rudiments of which being mastered would afford him the initiative to the more complicated adaptations of the science to the industrial arts in general. And this was his aim; for though he was but another unit in the great throng of Newcastle, he had got a footing that might be turned in due season

to good account. He joined in March 1822 the Literary Philosophical Society, and made the best use of its library, lectures, &c. He also entered with zeal into all schemes for promoting serviceable commerce and the educational institutes of the district. The favourite study of his leisure hours was electricity, that gave him an insight into the great arcana of nature, and made him long for a better comprehension of the higher sciences.

About the year 1825 the office of Assayist to the Greenwich Hospital Commissioners, lords of the manor at Alston, became vacant, and Pattinson at once made up his mind to apply for it. The thought was a bold one: he had no experience of the work, no friends in the court; moreover, that court held its sittings in London, and whilst the expenses of the journey were great, his chances of success appeared to others, if not to himself, very doubtful. Mr Pattinson, however, with a good deal of Alston metal in his veins, believed that if he had the opportunity, he could master the assaying processes as he had mastered other things. The story of his application and determination to win is illustrative of his character and the buoyancy of his hopes to advance himself in the world. Armed with introductions from Newcastle, he set off to London, and called on Mr Taylor, the chief mining engineer to the Greenwich Hospital. After some preliminary conversation, Mr Taylor asked the applicant if he had any experience of assaying. "No," replied Pattinson, "I know nothing of the business, but I 'll undertake to learn it in a very short time." The mining chief might have been posed at this, had he not, previous to putting

the above pertinent question, been struck with the open countenance and intelligence of his new acquaintance, and believed there was something in him that would develop to his own and his employers' advantage; so without hesitation he rejoined, "Well, Mr Pattinson, if you think you can discharge the duties, I am so well pleased with you that I think I can promise you the appointment." Ready to prove that he was as good as his word, Pattinson went to Cornwall to see the mines there and learn the art of assaying. In a few weeks he returned to Alston in his official capacity, to the great delight of his mother and numerous friends, and to the enjoyment of £170 a year as salary.

His duties as assayist consisted in seeing that the royalties of the lead-mines, which are paid in ore, are fairly levied both in respect to quality and quantity. This post, it need hardly be added, required on the part of its occupant both honesty of purpose and a knowledge of metallurgical chemistry.

Mrs Pattinson, senior, only lived about a year after her son's return to his native place, having died on the 26th August 1826, at the age of sixty-one years, and was buried at Alston. Nor was this his only grief; he lost his first-born, Thomas Walton (born December 24, 1817), when two or three years old, by croup; one who was looked upon as his "very image;" in whom also other parental characteristics were readily traced: so the sorrow was deeply felt, and for many months afterwards he went about his occupation in a dull and listless way. No man had finer or more affectionate feelings for children. To his own he was tenderly attached, but whenever he heard of death

presenting itself among the rising generation, his sympathy for the sorrowing ones was largely exhibited.

Whilst Assay Master to the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, and dating from Low Byer, Alston, Mr Pattinson contributed the following papers to the "Philosophical Magazine," viz.: "On the action of Steam and Quicklime upon heated Galena," new series, vol. v. p. 192, for 1829; "On the Fossil Trees found in Jefferies Rake Vein at Derwent Lead-Mine, in the county of Durham," vol. vii. p. 184.

In the year 1831 Mr Pattinson published an admirable description of the Ore-hearth and the mode of constructing it: "An Account of the Method of Smelting Lead Ore and Refining Lead practised in the Mining Districts of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Durham" ("Transactions of the Natural History Society of Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle-on-Tyne," vol. ii. part i. p. 152). Dr John Percy, in his work on "Metallurgy," p. 285, writes, "In my opinion this is one of the best metallurgical descriptions in the English language."

Settled down in his native place, and in a position of all others to his mind, he resumed his earlier studies of the geological features of the great mining district of which Alston is the centre. As a matter of business, the chemical processes to which the lead, its chief mineral product, is subjected, claimed his first consideration. He laboured zealously and successfully in the arts of metallurgy, nor did he omit the investigation of other branches of chemistry calculated to advance his appreciation of the general laws of the science, and their application to the indus-

trial economy of England. In his earlier manhood he had felt the pressure of ignorance in various departments of knowledge, owing to the want of opportunities at Alston; and now arose the wish to help his townsmen to a better state of things. He delivered a course of popular lectures on chemistry and electricity, illustrated by experiments, which gave much satisfaction to large audiences in Alston and Allendale Townhead. The managers of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle lent Pattinson their philosophical apparatus for the occasion, and thus showed their appreciation of his laudable effort to indoctrinate the Alstonians with a love of scientific truths. His position offered golden opportunities for both acquiring and imparting information, and he made golden use of them; and as early as January 1829, whilst trying to separate particles of silver from lead ore, he fell upon a process that was happily crowned with an important discovery in metallurgy.

Previous to the description of this, it should be noted that of the 66,000 tons of lead annually raised in the United Kingdom, a very considerable portion is found in the mountain limestone and its associated strata. "These measures," to quote from Mr I. L. Bell ("Reid's Handbook," p. 221), "rise to the surface, and form the elevated ground in the neighbourhood of Alston Moor and Weardale districts, which from time immemorial have been extensively worked for this useful metal, and at present yield about 20,000 tons of lead *per annum*." Now the chief portion of the minerals in the Alston Moor district belong to the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, or the Admiralty—once the property of the unfortunate Earl of

Derwentwater. Leases are granted, and the royalty consists in *one-seventh* to *one-tenth* of the produce of the mine. The yield of lead from the ores is about 70 to 75 per cent. Associated with the lead in galena there is generally found a greater or less quantity of the precious metal silver, varying, indeed (speaking of the north of England), from a mere trace to thirty or forty ounces of silver to the ton of lead.

An economical method of extracting silver from lead had long been a desideratum. Pattinson continually reverted to this, and engaged in various experiments on the subject, both in the dry way and by the application of liquid menstrua. In January 1829 he happened to require lead in a state of powder, and to obtain it adopted the mode of stirring a portion of melted lead in a crucible until it cooled below its point of fusion, by which process the metal is reduced to a state of minute subdivision. He was now on the threshold of his discovery, and, as a writer in the *Gateshead Observer* (November 13, 1858) remarked, "One of those pregnant hints of Nature offered to ordinary minds in vain, was presented to Pattinson's observant eyes, and the secret of success was his. He saw and was struck with the fact, that as the lead cooled down to nearly its fusing point, solid particles like small crystals made their appearance among the molten mass, gradually increasing in quantity as the temperature fell. Having watched the phenomena twice or thrice, he began to conceive that possibly some difference might be found in the proportions of silver held by the part that crystallised and the part that remained liquid, and following up his conjecture by experiment, its truth was demonstrated—the

liquid portion yielding much more silver than lead."

Dr Percy wrote of the origin of the discovery as follows: "If my memory does not deceive me, Mr Pattinson told me that he accidentally dropped a crucible containing lead which had partially solidified, the still liquid portion running out upon the floor. He assayed both portions, and found that the liquid contained notably more silver than the solid portion."

He did not make his discovery known, owing, it is supposed, to his inability to take out a patent, that would cost about £180, or £10 more than his annual salary. Whilst this matter was in abeyance during 1831, a manager was wanted for the lead-works of Mr Wentworth Beaumont, the manufacturing portion of which is at Blaydon-on-Tyne, and which represents the largest work of the kind in the world, no less than 10,000 tons of lead being treated annually. Mr James Losh interested himself in favour of Mr Pattinson, to whom the appointment was given. This was another step up the ladder of promotion, and his salary was increased to £300 a year. The experiments which he made at Alston for the purpose of desilverising lead now engaged his thoughts, and he proceeded to try on a large scale the efficacy of the process he had tested on a small scale; and being satisfied of the import of his discovery, took out a patent on October 28, 1833, No. 6497, entitled "An improved Method of separating Silver from Lead." This was his first great achievement in the arts, and one of great significance not only to himself as a discoverer, but to the interests of the world at large.

The reader's interest will be best consulted by an

extract from Mr I. Lowthian Bell's valuable chapter on the "Industrial Resources of Newcastle and its Neighbourhood," in which Mr Pattinson's merits are fully and appropriately discussed by one thoroughly conversant with the subject. Mr Bell writes :—

"Previous to 1833 the silver was extracted by placing the lead containing it in a peculiarly-constructed furnace, where it was melted, and a current of heated air passed over its fluid surface. This treatment converted the whole of the lead into an oxide, or litharge, as it was termed, leaving the nobler metal behind—silver being unaltered by the operation. The litharge so obtained was then placed with coal in a reverberatory furnace, and its lead recovered by a second process of smelting. The additional treatment was not only a source of expense for labour and fuel, but was also very costly, from the great loss of lead, first, in the process of oxidation; and secondly, in the reducing of the litharge so produced. The effect of all this was that lead containing under six to eight ounces of silver could not be profitably refined, as it is termed; hence all lead containing less than that quantity was so much loss of silver to the community, besides the escape of many tons of lead evaporated during the refining of such as would pay for the cost of the process.

"This was the state of things when Mr Pattinson, who at that time filled the office of Assay Master to the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, directed his attention to the subject. Various were the first trials he made, but with no success; in vain he attempted to distil the lead, and thus leave the silver behind; equally fruitless were his endeavours to separate the two by subsidence; at length, wishing to obtain lead in a granulated or powdery state, he proceeded to do that which had been frequently practised before.

"The lead under treatment was melted in a crucible, and during the process of cooling stirred with an iron rod. In doing this he noticed what had previously escaped attention—viz., particles of the metal in a semi-crystalline condition fell to the bottom, while the remainder continued fluid for some time longer. Never losing sight of the idea which had engrossed his attention for some years, the supposition that these two portions might vary in richness of silver occurred to his mind.

Assays were made, and, as he supposed, a great difference in this respect was found to exist. The lead crystallising first, left the silver behind, squeezed out, as it were, from the less valuable metal during congelation. The crystals, still containing some silver, are melted again a second and third time, and a further quantity of lead, rich in silver, obtained, and the crystals resulting from the operations containing less than an ounce to the ton. In like manner the rich lead obtained is subjected repeatedly to the crystallising process until it contains 200 ounces of silver to the ton. The silver is not capable of complete separation by the Pattinson process, as it is now called; it still remains united with lead, and the portion thus enriched is submitted to the usual process of refining by converting the lead into litharge; but as lead originally only containing 10 ounces to the ton is brought up to 200 or 300 ounces to the ton, the quantity to be so treated is not above five to ten per cent. of the original weight, besides saving the lead formerly dissipated into vapour, which, in the refining of 18,000 tons, Mr Pattinson considered amounted to 1000 tons. About a similar weight of 18,000 tons of this metal can now be refined, which formerly, containing under six ounces of silver per ton, could not be so treated; so that a considerable quantity of this latter metal is annually added to the wealth of our country by the process just described.

"In a paper read before the British Association in 1838, and printed in full in their Transactions, Mr Pattinson calculated 54,000 ounces to be the weight of silver thus obtained. Besides the ores obtained in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, others from various parts of the world are brought to the Tyne for smelting, as well as about 10,000 tons of pig lead annually, in order to be refined by this process."

Prior to Pattinson's discovery, the extraction of silver from lead could only be pursued with profit where the more precious metal was present in the proportion of 20 ounces to the ton. The minimum was now reduced to three ounces; lead-mines, before neglected, could be worked with advantage; and the new mode of working came into use far beyond the limits of our own island.

From a statement made to Dr Percy it would appear that Mr Pattinson gained £16,000 by his invention—not a large sum, considering the wealth it has conferred upon many other persons. Circumstances prevented his reward being commensurate with the importance of the invention itself; and to this probably Pattinson alluded when he assured Dr Percy "that not long after its introduction it added £5000 a year to the income of a certain lead-smelter in the north, who nevertheless grudged the inventor even his comparatively very small share of the profit."

Dr Percy, in another part of his work, writes: "To Mr Pattinson, therefore, the world is indebted for a most valuable, and, in a metallurgical point of view, most interesting invention, which everywhere bears the name of its author. The Germans have made the verb 'Pattinsoniren,' and the verb Pattinsonise may with equal propriety be employed in English. The French have made the substantive 'Pattinsonage,' to designate the process of desilverisation by crystallisation."

Circumstances arose between Mr Beaumont and his manager in connection with the latter's discovery that eventually led Mr Pattinson to leave the service of Mr Beaumont at Blaydon.

With the £16,000 accruing to him from his important discovery—the desilverisation of lead—he entered into copartnery with Mr John Lee and Mr George Burnett, and established the Chemical Works of Felling, two or three miles from Gateshead, about the year 1834. These works during his lifetime rapidly extended—nay, covered a larger area than the Crystal

Palace, and have since become one of the most important in the Newcastle district.

In relation to this subject, the following figures are worthy of attention :—

According to the Government returns, the mines of Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland produced in 1861—

	LEAD. Tons.	Cwts.		SILVER. Oz.
The three counties yield .	19,867	10	containing	115,380
Add to this imported. .	10,000	0	„	470,000
Ore imported and smelted, 2500 tons, yielding 50 per cent., say . . .	1,250	0	„	37,500
	31,117	10	„	622,880

In 1864 the amount of lead imported into Newcastle-on-Tyne was 12,459 tons. This hard lead contains on an average about 50 ounces of silver per ton, so that the quantity of silver extracted on the Tyne is upwards of 600,000 ounces *per annum*, or an addition of £70,000 to our annual material wealth by Pattinson's discovery.

The produce of lead in Cumberland in the same year was 6241 tons, whilst Northumberland and Durham yielded 16,564 tons.

CHAPTER III.

RELIGIOUS DISCUSSION—LECTURES ON ELECTRO-MAGNETISM—BRITISH ASSOCIATION—ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA—OXY-CHLORIDE OF LEAD—MAGNESIA—MESMERISM EXPOSED—AMERICAN EXPERIENCES—GATESHEAD EXPLOSION—ASTRONOMICAL INQUIRIES AND LITERARY STUDIES—GENERAL CHARACTER AND DEATH.

MR PATTINSON'S walk in life was neither narrow nor exclusive, but, on the contrary, wide and comprehensive. His fertile mind surveyed many fields of thought: some of these proved acceptable and enjoyable; others were less responsive, if not futile in aim. In his early Alstonian days he commenced a Commentary on the Bible, and got a long way in the work; but the result of his researches never became known. As any outspokenism on the biblical Genesis in the days of severe, if not unlimited orthodoxy, was dangerous, he exercised the prudence of Quakerism in not communicating his views. At the same time, those who were aware of his studies were not slow to mark his reticence on the subject. He had been brought up as a Quaker, and held more or less affinity with the Society of Friends after his finally settling in Newcastle; but his Alston baptism had necessarily created a barrier to his full membership, and as he grew in age and experience *his* views gradually diverged from *theirs*, and possibly to the unknown. "The Friends" liked to claim him as a

half, if not a full brother of their order; so that on his publishing a small pamphlet (irrecoverable to-day) not deemed of orthodox flavour, he was waited upon by an aged and estimable member of that body, who remonstrated with him on his supposed heretical opinions.

The two had a long argument on the point at issue, and probably Pattinson had the best of the discussion, for the Friend at length said, "Hugh, I can make nothing of thee, for thou art like a strong man armed;" to which Pattinson replied, "When a man without armour attacks a strong man armed, he not unfrequently gets the worst of the encounter."

On taking leave, the venerable Friend said, "I fear, Hugh, thou art pursuing a course that will not lead to peace at last." The reply was, "Truth, Thomas ——, is truth, let it lead where it will."

Of his or any other man's inner thoughts who chooses a line diverging from acknowledged formulas of faith, it is impossible to speak; but his Newcastle associates, and almost all the leading minds of the place, were Unitarians, and there is reason to suppose that his views accorded with them. To a comprehensive mind like his, the doctrines upheld by Newton and Locke and Milton might appear as trustworthy as the voice of the churches of any denomination.

A scientific friend, spending the Sunday with Mr Pattinson, was asked if he would like to go to church; on declining this, mine host said, "Well, I daresay we can spend our morning as profitably at home; do you know anything about the polarization of light?" His friend professed but a limited acquaintance with the subject, so Mr Pattinson set to work and enlightened him by two hours of as good talk and as clear exposition

as ever fell from the lips of any scientific teacher of the day. Here was a Sunday morning well spent in Philosophy and Natural Theology.

He should have followed out several inquiries upon which his mind was occasionally bent, but in the midst of his science there came business matters of great and essential interest to claim his attention. His high regard for the promotion of electrical science and its kindred phases required but steady cultivation to have produced excellent and probably original work : he was thoroughly conversant with all that was known on the subject, and had constructed costly apparatus to enable him to unravel some of the phenomena engaging the great masters of the science.

In his first public effort to give currency to his opinions on electro-magnetism, before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, Pattinson, timid as to appearing before such an audience, sought the co-operation of the Rev. Mr Turner, the highly-esteemed Unitarian minister, and one of the chief promoters of the society itself. Mr Pattinson showed his own apparatus and its workings, whilst Mr Turner gave the theory of the science. As the lecture proceeded the practical electrician got more confidence, and on seeing that his clerical friend had not sufficiently explained the gist of the argument, he rose to rectify the deficiency, and having caught the spirit of the meeting, continued the exposition in his own telling and familiar way of address.* His lectures and

* This reminds one of George Stephenson, who sought the aid of Mr Nicholas Wood to explain his safety-lamp to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, and on finding Mr Wood's interpretation less clear than he liked, stepped forward and described his own contrivance in broad Northumbrian.

experiments were a success, and happily came before the public at the time that the attention of philosophers were being drawn to the analogy subsisting between the different forms of the electric fluid. Dr Bruce says that Pattinson "made a deep impression on his auditory," and that he was looked upon "as a man from whom great things might eventually be expected."

In connection with the foregoing paragraph, it should be noted that when the "British Association for the Advancement of Science" held its meeting at Newcastle in the year 1838, they appointed him one of the Vice-Presidents of the Chemical Section. At this meeting he made valuable friendships with many of the most eminent men in science—Sir John Herschel, Dr Faraday, Professor Buckland, &c. The Chemical Section solicited him and Mr T. Richardson to take charge of a pecuniary grant from the Council of the Association for "galvanic experiments on rocks in the vicinity of Newcastle." At the close of the meeting he accompanied several of the members to Alston, as their guide to the lead-mines of this district. The commission entrusted to Messrs Pattinson and Richardson brought forth "A Report of Galvanic Experiments to determine the Existence or Non-existence of Electrical Currents among Stratified Rocks," presented in 1839, the result being that no such currents could be detected.

The *Athenæum* for November 27, 1858, assigns to Mr Pattinson the credit of being the first person in this country to observe the electricity of a jet of steam; the opportunity of doing so arose out of circumstances worth noting.

On September 29, 1840, William Patterson, who attended a steam-engine at Cramlington Colliery, about eight miles from Newcastle, happening to take hold with one hand of the lever of the safety-valve of the boiler, while his other hand was in the steam which was issuing from a fissure, received an electric shock. The engineman also found that when one hand was immersed in the jet of steam he gave a shock to every person he touched with the other, whether the person was in contact with the boiler or merely stood on the brickwork which supports it, though the shock was greater when the person touched the boiler. These curious phenomena came to Mr Pattinson's knowledge when he was residing at Bensham Grove, and he immediately communicated a paper, in which he explained his views, to the *Gateshead Observer* of October 1840, and to the *Philosophical Magazine* of the following month, in which serial will be found Sir W. Armstrong's letters to Dr Faraday on the same subject. The phenomena were fully discussed in subsequent numbers of the same magazine by Pattinson, Armstrong, and Dr Schafhaeutl, and eventually elaborated by Sir W. Armstrong to practical account by his invention of the well-known hydro-electric machine.

The illustrious Faraday wrote of the phenomenon observed at Cramlington: "It gives us the evolution of electricity during the conversion of water into vapour* upon an enormous scale, and therefore

* Since Faraday's time, it has been considered that the evolution of electricity under the circumstances described in the text, is due not to the evaporation of the water, but to the friction consequent on its escape from the boiler.

brings us much nearer to the electric phenomena of volcanoes, water-spouts, and thunderstorms, than before."

Mr Pattinson had been long impressed with the costly nature of the process of converting metallic lead into the pigment known in commerce as white-lead which, in point of fact, is a compound of oxide of lead and carbonic acid. The mode of obtaining this substance is by exposing sheets of the metal for many weeks to the fumes of vinegar. Instead of metallic lead, Mr Pattinson employed the substance described in the joint patent of himself and Mr W. S. Losh—viz., the chloride of lead. To a solution of this salt he added lime-water, and threw down what is chemically known as oxychloride of lead. In introducing this substitute among the manufactures of the country, he was assisted by his son-in-law, Mr I. Lowthian Bell, under whose direction the extensive chemical works were erected, and by whom the various forms of apparatus required in the new progress were designed. The new compound, oxychloride of lead, was exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and has been manufactured at the Washington Chemical Works for above twenty years, and continues to be produced in considerable quantities at that establishment—say from 1000 to 1200 tons per annum.

Mr Pattinson's oxychloride of lead is superior as an opaque covering body to the common carbonate of lead, inasmuch as it contains free oxide of lead that unites more perfectly with the oil; indeed, he was the first person who pointed out that it is by the fuller union of the oil and metallic oxides that an opaque

covering body is obtained—and this observation of his threw much light on the preparation of pigments generally.

Magnesia Alba.—In his researches upon the mode of precipitating lead, and partly aided by the suggestion of another person, he fell upon a process for the manufacture of *magnesia alba* (carbonate of magnesia) so perfect in its kind as almost to exclude all other processes for obtaining this substance.

The chemical history of carbonate of magnesia, its manufacture and constituents, have been much discussed by eminent men—Berzelius, Pereira, and others; hence the value of Pattinson's discovery—a discovery that links his name with the *medicamenta* of civilised nations. His mode of obtaining magnesia was to dissolve that earth from magnesian limestone by carbonic acid. The soluble bicarbonate of magnesia is separated from the insoluble carbonate of lime; and from this solution the *magnesia alba* of the druggist is precipitated by heat, and it is then dried and ready for the market. Exposing the substance to a moderately high temperature gives calcined magnesia.

At the beginning of the last century, *magnesia alba* was sold in Rome as a secret nostrum, under the name of Count Palm's powder, and at a very costly price. Mark the change brought about by chemical and scientific progress. The Washington Works, established by Mr Pattinson and ably carried on by his sons-in-law, manufacture a ton of magnesia daily. The demand for the article is chiefly in Spain, Italy, and the United States; but it is pretty generally used over the civilised globe for its antacid properties, and

possibly in certain stages of vinous fermentation, or to make palatable beverages for our Transatlantic brethren.

It is stated on good authority that a chemist from the United States of America crossed the Atlantic to read a paper before the British Association at the Birmingham meeting in 1849, for the purpose of informing the scientific world that magnesia could be dissolved by means of carbonic acid gas! The President of the Chemical Section seeing Mr Pattinson in the room, asked him if he knew anything of the solubility of magnesia in this acid, which appeal drew forth the true discoverer of the process, who informed the section that he was manufacturing upwards of two tons a week of magnesia on the principle described by the author of the paper that had just been read. The American, it need not be said, was no little disconcerted on finding that what he had viewed as his original discovery had eight years previously been patented and worked by Mr Pattinson, and on a large scale, partly to meet the demands of North America.

During one of the mesmeric epidemics apt to seize upon the uncultivated English mind, an itinerant lecturer on spiritual phenomena appeared at North Shields, who professed to mesmerise a boy, and to place him *en accord* with himself in everything. Having previously bandaged the boy's eyes, the lecturer stood on the platform and solicited the audience to come up singly and impress his body either by striking or pinching him, or pulling his hair, and then watch its influence on the boy mesmerised. When the man had his hair pulled, the boy raised his arm to ward

off the offender, and so the acting went on to the great amusement and wonder of the meeting. Mr Pattinson was for a time puzzled with the cleverness of this exhibition, for of the collusion between the mesmeriser and the boy he had no doubt. Ascending the platform, he said, "Well, Mr ——, your experiments are very curious and strikingly wonderful." The operator, thinking he had another of his dupes beside him, got disarmed by the flattering comments on his mesmeric operations; when Mr Pattinson, seizing his opportunity, got into a position where he could tread with all his might on the lecturer's foot, and in a way to hold it with great firmness. The boy made no signs whatever, but remained perfectly quiescent, whilst his master was suffering agony over his instep and toes. Mr Pattinson, with his finger pointing to the boy, then addressed the lecturer, "Ah! you are indeed a most skilful operator; having seen this, I may now bid you good-evening."

An American brought from the United States a quantity of ore for Mr Pattinson's analysis. The ore was exceedingly rich in silver, and the analyst interrogated his new acquaintance very closely as to its find and extent, and the geological bearings of the locality which produced it. The American professed surprise at the extraordinary yield of silver, and went on to say that the ore was abundant on his estate in South Carolina (?), and the mine could be bought for £10,000. Mr Pattinson called some of his enterprising moneyed friends together and explained the circumstances to them. The parties consulted were ready to co-operate in the proposed scheme, provided Mr Pattinson would visit America and see that the mine

was found consonant with the representations made to them. They showed the utmost confidence in his integrity and judgment, and filled up cheques to the amount of £10,000 without any stipulation whatever as to its use. Accompanied by two practical miners, Pattinson went to America. He was cordially welcomed by the proprietor of the estate, who seemed more ready to feast him with hospitalities and "tall talk" than to make the character of the mine at all known. When Pattinson pressed the business upon which he had come, mine host wished the bargain to be concluded first and the money paid down. In reply to this it was of course urged that, in accordance with the proposals made in England, the nature and extent of the mine had first to be ascertained. After much discussion and prevarication on the part of the Yankee, ocular inspection of the mine was permitted; but as the use of any implement was withheld, nothing satisfactory could be elicited beyond the presence of several nodules of ore similar to that submitted for analysis at Newcastle, and ingeniously placed in the strata of the excavation! With Pattinson's firmness not to accede to any terms until he had made a *bona-fide* exploration, the American and his household showed not only unpleasantness, but growls and threats of an alarming kind, making it needful for the exploring party to decamp stealthily during the night.

When Mr Pattinson was about to start for America his thoughts reverted to his old friends at Alston, many of whom he knew had family relations in the new country. Visiting his native place for the purpose, he offered to convey letters or gifts from the home

circle, or to make the wishes of the unlettered folk personally known to their kindred in the Far West. He little dreamt of the arduousness of this self-imposed labour, involving much out-of-the-way travel and expense. All the commissions, and they were not a few, entrusted to him were carried out. His reward was the joyous goodwill with which he was everywhere hailed by those who, so far distant from home news, still retained their love for the old country, and above all, the hills and dales and cosy hearths under Hartside; and who felt, if they did not utter, the touching words of Susanna Blamire—

> "Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
> May still continue mine?
> Or gin I e'er again shall taste
> The joys I left lang syne?"

An individual of enterprising mien visited Newcastle for the purpose of showing a new apparatus for separating gold from its ore or accompanying matrix. He had previously exhibited it in London, and convinced several influential persons of the feasibility of his scheme. The construction of his machine displayed ingenuity; but only one person in Newcastle gave much heed to its practical application, and he some months subsequently solicited Mr Pattinson's advice on its use for extracting gold from the contents of the vein known as "the Backbone of England." The sage counsellor stood aback and said, "Why, man, there's no gold in the Backbone, and I have tested it often." Young Hopeful replied, "Oh! but I know it's there; I sent a portion of ore to Mr —— in London, and he reports most favourably of the quantity of gold found in it.'

Pattinson rejoined, "Let us put the matter to a fair test; get five tons of ore, send one ton to London, one to myself, and distribute the other three as you think best, so as to get five independent reports." The ton of ore reached Felling, and was operated on by Mr Pattinson without discovering a vestige of gold; but Mr —— sent glowing accounts of the auriferous yield, and offered to prove his words. The speculator in the "Backbone" repaired to London, saw the gold in the course of separation, and admired the beautiful workings of the apparatus upon what he was assured was *his* Alston ore. It need hardly be added that Mr Pattinson saved his sanguine friend, and helped to burst the new bubble.

The crowded population on both banks of the Tyne were awakened on the morning of the 6th October 1854 by a terrific explosion in Hill Gate, Gateshead—an explosion that caused the death of fifty persons! The warehouse in which the catastrophe took place contained some hundreds of tons of sulphur in its basement storey, and great quantities of nitrate of potass and soda in the upper storey. The first ignition, from whatever cause, affected the sulphur; then the timbers above gave way, and the nitrates fell into the burning mass, giving rise to an explosion of the most fearful nature. It actually affected a ship twenty miles off in the German Ocean, and the captain entered in his log-book, "A violent concussion of the atmospheric air;" the record in the log corresponded with the time shown on the Gateshead church clock, the operations of which were at once stopped by the force of the explosion. This sad calamity excited so much public interest that the

Government sent Professor Taylor, the toxicologist, down to Gateshead to attend the coroner's inquest on the bodies. In accounting for the explosion the general belief was that gunpowder had been stored in large and improper quantities, many chemists holding that sulphur and nitre could not explode if unaided by carbon. At the inquest Mr Pattinson proved, by a series of experiments shown to the coroner's court, that under certain circumstances explosion does take place between these two substances, sulphur and nitre, and so exonerated the proprietors of the warehouse from all blame and public indignation.

Towards the year 1850, Mr Pattinson, feeling the straining influence of many years' toil, sought retirement from the active superintendence of business, and devoted himself to a life of study, chiefly of mathematics and the physical sciences, so as to make himself master of astronomy. To give practical zest to his astronomical studies, he had an equatorial telescope, constructed by Mr Cooke of York, erected at his own residence, Scot's House, near Gateshead-on-Tyne.

In 1856, when Professor Smythe was preparing for "his residence above the clouds" on the Peak of Teneriffe, to make astronomical observations untroubled by the lower depths of our atmosphere, Mr Pattinson, with characteristic liberality, placed at his service the Scot's House telescope, of which the learned professor spoke in his report as "the great Pattinson equatorial."

Amid other mining speculations, he held shares in the Caldbeck Mines of Cumberland, and during his

superintendence these mines are said to have proved successful. From time to time the old Alstonian spirit would revive in him, and lead him to fresh fields of investigation. Thus, when he had attained his sixtieth year, he went to Spain to visit the pyrites mines of Huelba, and satisfy himself of their capability of producing sulphur ore in sufficient quantities for the chemical works of this country. This journey did him no good in point of health; the modes of travel were irksome, and the dietaries of the Spanish hostelries were fatty and distasteful, and pernicious to a man then labouring under incipient liver disease.

It has been truly said of Pattinson by his son-in-law, Mr I. Lowthian Bell, that "his work sufficed to place his name in very honourable prominence among the promoters of the national industry. His scientific pursuits were neither exclusively directed to the acquisition of wealth nor to the establishment of lucrative concerns; on the contrary, extensive reading and actual experimental research in almost every branch of natural science gained for him a generous welcome and great consideration among the most learned men of the day." And it is pleasant to note that on the recommendation of Sir John Herschel and Dr Faraday, the great chiefs in science, Hugh Lee Pattinson obtained the Fellowship of the Royal Society. He was also a Fellow of the "Royal Astronomical" and "Geological" Societies of London. His long services to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle obtained for him the honour of being one of its vice-presidents.

The Rev. Dr Bruce conveyed his high regard for his old friend Mr Pattinson in the following kind and

appropriate words: "His great success in life, and the many honours which were showered upon him, did not destroy the simplicity of his character; he was a peculiarly genial man; he had a rich fund of strong common-sense; his quiet and racy humour never flagged; in every society where he was found he was necessarily a prominent member of it, dispensing his information in a free, kindly, and telling manner. He was peculiarly a man of honour; his integrity was unbending; anything disingenuous or low was his scorn. The natural benevolence of his heart took an eminently practical turn. Anxious to do good, he was desirous of doing it in the most efficient way. Hence he befriended the cause of education amongst the poor. In the vicinity of his own extensive works he established schools of first-rate excellence, in which the children of his workmen might obtain that education which would fit them for occupying any station in life to which circumstances might lead them. Every scheme for social progress met with in him a very steady friend. He did not actively mingle in political struggles, but his views upon all social questions were of the most enlarged and liberal nature. His high scientific attainments procured for him a world-wide reputation, and gave him access to the most favoured haunts of literature and science."

Mr Pattinson was a great reader, not only of works of science, but of general literature, history, biography, and belles lettres. He had a most excellent memory, from which he could at any time educe quotations from various authors. Shakespeare and Lord Byron were his favourites, and to the last months of his life he could cite long passages from Byron, and all the stir-

ring monologues of the great bard. The writings of Addison and Steele, Dean Swift and Dr Smollett, he knew well, and was specially fond of Dickens. He had a great fund of anecdote, and told many a racy story drawn from the fells and dales of Alston. He retained his Alston accent through life, and notwithstanding its homeliness, he never addressed his conversation to any one of the literary or scientific class without at once impressing the listener with his superior abilities and the clearness of his views on every topic of discussion. He seemed to touch the note of other people's minds without any exertion on his own part.

He was a man of great benevolence, and did many good actions, for which his memory will long be revered. He was a genial man, ever conciliatory, and oft displaying to his more intimate friends a warmth of affection that gladdened with their joys, and felt deeply moved by their afflictions. Willing to aid others with both money and advice, and lavish in his commendation of worth and well-doing, he had the profoundest contempt for ill-founded pretensions and snobbishness.

If Alston used to rejoice in having given birth to a Lord Mayor of London—a gentleman, by the way, who, in the midst of civic honours, was not unmindful of his fell-side origin and the local wants of the old market town—it has more substantial grounds for reverencing the memory of Hugh Lee Pattinson, whose chemical discoveries conferred great and beneficial effects upon the mining interests of the Tyne district, and no less important advantages upon the world at large. One who knew Mr Pattinson intimately, and who fully appreciated his generous character and

laudable efforts in the cause of education and science, offers the following testimony to his efforts on behalf of the little market town where he first saw the light: "For Alston, the place of his birth, he ever cherished the warmest interest, and among the last acts of a well-spent life was the active promotion of an establishment within its precincts, which is destined to afford to the youth of his native hills those advantages in education, of the value of which none were more thoroughly impressed, and for which few have contributed with a more bountiful hand" than Mr Pattinson.

He collected a great number of mineralogical specimens; and his love of science was abundantly manifested by his possession of astronomical clocks, optical instruments, electrical and other philosophical apparatus of important value, in addition to his "great equatorial."

It is doubtful if his withdrawal from his old habits was at all judicious. He had been accustomed to much exercise in the open air, varied mental occupation, and the wear and tear of business; and these he threw aside for mathematics and other abstract studies. Outdoor engagements, along with an active play of the muscles in the sun and sea breeze; observing nature in her varied seasons, and joining in the fitful pursuits of humanity—in short, the invigorating influences should have been kept in view, instead of the cosy parlour and the bodily inertia that destroys the real man. Nature rebelled against the confined rooms, and more confined thoughts of the old fellsider; diseased liver and the usual symptoms supervened—dropsy, drowsiness, and death.

The great comet of 1858 was the great topic of every English hearth at the fall of the leaf of that year, and Mr Pattinson hearing so much of its splendour, consented to be driven out one evening for the purpose of observing it. On reaching the open ground the long nebulous line was unusually distinct, and his family thought of the pleasure he would have in looking at it; but whilst he stared in that direction, there was no mental response on the part of the philosopher: his light had gone; and on the 11th November 1858 that light had gone for ever. His remains were interred at Washington, being followed to the grave by a large circle of mourning friends and many hundreds of workmen and others engaged at the Felling and Washington Chemical Works.

Mr Pattinson left a widow to mourn his loss, and she survived him but two years. Of his sons, the oldest, bearing his own name, Hugh Lee Pattinson, is the present manager of the great chemical works at Felling, and resides at Scot's House, near Gateshead-on-Tyne. The youngest son of Mr Pattinson was travelling in South America with a gentleman whose acquaintance he made there. After visiting Para, they went on board their ship; his friend was attacked by yellow fever, and compelled to land on shore, where he died. Young Pattinson, unwilling to leave his friend among strangers, sat by him and nursed him to the end; he then took the fever, and in a few days succumbed to its mortal influences.

Mr Pattinson's oldest daughter is married to Mr R. B. Bowman of Field House, Gateshead. His second daughter is married to Mr I. Lowthian Bell of the